ESSEX INSTITUTE.

—o—

LIBRARY CONDITIONS.

The Library to be under the control of the Directors, who may withhold such books from circulation, as they may deem expedient.

Each Member shall be entitled to take from the Library, one folio, or one quarto, or two of any lesser fold, with the plates belonging to the same, upon signing a receipt for the same, and promising to make good any damage which may be sustained when in their possession, or to replace the same, if lost.

No person shall lend any book belonging to the Institute, except to a member, under a penalty of one dollar for every offence.

The Directors may permit other persons than members to use the Library. No member shall detain any book longer than four weeks, after being duly notified that the same is wanted by another member, under a penalty of twenty five cents per week.

On or before the first Wednesday in May all books shall be returned, and a committee of the Directors appointed for that purpose shall examine the Library and make a report of the condition at the Annual Meeting.

THE

J. Brooks,
Salem, Mass

POLYANTHOS.

VOLUME I.

We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth...*Dr. Johnson.*

Me in silvam abstrudo densam atque asperam...*Cicero.*

Boston:

PUBLISHED BY J. T. BUCKINGHAM,
WINTER-STREET.

1805.

EDITORIAL ADDRESS.

.....

"The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me,
"But shadows, clouds and darkness rest upon it."

WHO is not agitated with fears and hopes, in commencing a new publication? The cold contempt of a censorious world, or the listless gaze of indifference, strikes terrour into an author's mind. But when he contemplates the vice and ignorance of men, he is inspired with the hope of prompting the negligent to acts of benevolence, and reclaiming the devious from paths of iniquity.

Many literary plants have germinated, and though nurtured with care, most of them have soon withered; and those that survive yield a scanty reward to their cultivators. We do not pretend to powers, or resources, superiour even to the least of our predecessors. Conscious of inability, we dare not say, the flowers of the Polyanthos shall be all indigenous. We aim to please the learned, and enlighten the ignorant; to allure the idle from folly, and confirm the timid in virtue. Is there a gem that

sparkles yet unknown, ours shall be the task to place it where its radiance may illumine and adorn society. We will transplant the rose that has hitherto blushed unseen in the field of science, and select flowers of the noblest kind from the variegated carpet of nature.

While we strive to render this publication useful and acceptable, by combining pleasure and instruction, we respectfully solicit the assistance of the classical and refined scholar, the entertaining biographer, and the instructive historian. The religious and moral remarks of the divine, the curious contemplations of the philosopher, the wisdom of the politician, the sportive effusions of the humorist, and the enthusiasm of the poet, may here find a welcome repository. From the liberality and refinement of Columbia, we hope for that patronage, without which "the genial current of the soul" must freeze, and learning bid adieu to earth.

THE

POLYANTHOS.

DECEMBER, 1805.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THE *REV. J. BELKNAP, D. D.*

WITH A PORTRAIT.

BIOGRAPHICAL sketches, or memoirs of persons who have adorned their own characters by their virtues, or improved others by their writings, are useful in every form they are given to the publick. They are peculiarly calculated for periodical publications, by affording an agreeable variety, and making a few pages very interesting to those who know the characters; and instructive to many who read only to pass away a few leisure hours. Men who have been celebrated for great achievements excite admiration, and are most likely to arrest the attention of readers; but literary men are not to be forgotten; nor will they be placed in an inferiour class, by those who value true wisdom and worth, or consider the good which such men do upon earth.

Among the literary men of this country, Dr. Belknap holds a distinguished place. His publications are as much read, and as likely to attract further notice, as any books of the kind. They have certainly excited a grateful esteem for the author.

He was born in Boston, June 4, 1744, and had the rudiments of his education under the care of the celebrated Lovel, who has been styled the Busby of New-England.

He early discovered the marks of genius, and entered Harvard College in 1758. His mind was there cultivated with care, he made considerable progress in classical literature, and was master of a great variety of knowledge, before he took his first degree. At the commencement, A. D. 1762, he received the honours of the college. From this time till he became a preacher of the gospel, he applied himself closely to his studies, and discovered such talents for composition, so much taste and sentiment, that several of the best scholars among the clergy predicted his future excellence. Some part of this time he employed in instructing youth ; and amidst other pursuits, he wrote several fugitive pieces, which were not known to be his, but were read with pleasure, as effusions of a fertile fancy, or the labours of a student, who had more than common parts and learning.

Whilst Mr. Belknap indulged himself in philological enquiries, and studied various branches of science, he had very serious im-

pressions of divine truth; and the more he turned his thoughts to theology, the more he was captivated with the beauties of religion. He no sooner became a preacher than his praise was in the churches. His sermons were excellent; and his grave manner, just emphasis, and distinct articulation, were more striking to well-informed hearers, than those graces of elocution, which render some preachers popular, or which make the fanatical multitude admire. He was ordained at Dover, New-Hampshire, when he was a young man. There he passed several years of his valuable life, with the esteem and affection of his flock; in habits of intimacy with ministers and other gentlemen of the neighbouring places, all of whom regretted his departure from the state. He received marks of attention and respect from the first characters of the community, who persuaded and encouraged him to compile a history, which does much honour to our country, and which has given the author a name and distinction among the first literary characters of the age.

The only publications which appear with the name of Dr. Belknap, while he was a minister in New-Hampshire, beside the first volume of his History, are—A Sermon upon Military Duty, dedicated to Sir John Wentworth, then governour of the province, —A Sermon preached before an Association of Ministers, which has since been reprinted by the Society for propagating the Gospel,

&c.—and the Election Sermon, in the year 1785.

He wrote other pamphlets, and several political speculations in the New-Hampshire Gazette, upon the controversy between Great-Britain and the Colonies. He also wrote in the Boston newspapers, against the African slavery. An ingenious young man in this town, at the desire of a West-India merchant, had written in favour of the African trade, using all the arguments which can be gathered for the lawfulness of slavery, from the scriptures and the practice of nations. He took the signature of *John Marsham*, and seemed to court the controversy, as one able to maintain his ground and confute his opponents. These essays being published in the newspapers, were answered through the same channel, by several able and ingenious hands. Among the best pieces were those which proceeded from the pen of Dr. Belknap. When the Columbian Magazine was published in Philadelphia, he was solicited to become a writer ; and in that work may be seen the first sketches of the American Biography.

Dr. Belknap removed to Boston, A. D. 1787. The church in Federal-street, which had been established upon the Presbyterian model, had agreed to form themselves upon Congregational principles, and they invited him to be their pastor. Nothing could have been more agreeable to the ministers and people of the other churches, and to all who

regarded the interests of the university at Cambridge, with which he became officially connected; being fully confident that he would be a great instrument in promoting the cause of religion and learning. As an overseer of the college, he was attentive to the concerns of the institution; always taking a lively interest in every thing that respected its welfare. During the eleven years of his ministry in this town, the religious society with which he was connected grew and flourished. The attachment was strong and mutual. While they admired his diligence and fidelity, he received from them every testimony of respect, which marks the character of a kind and obliging people. He was very active in encouraging those books, which are designed for the use and benefit of children; for he was their sincere and affectionate friend; and very affable and kind with all classes of people. He gave advice with cheerfulness, and with an attention to the concerns of his acquaintance, which invited their confidence.

The friends of Dr. Belknap were numerous. He became a member of many literary and benevolent societies; and he was active in promoting the good of every association to which he belonged. Wherever he could be of service, he freely devoted his time and talents.

Of the Historical Society he was not only a diligent aud laborious member, but may be considered as the founder. While he

was in New-Hampshire, he collected a great number of facts, dates and circumstances, and a most valuable compilation of manuscripts, which might give information and entertainment to persons who desire to know the history of their own country. The letters which passed between the admiral and general at Louisburg had been copied in a fair hand, to serve for a document of historick information. Col. Sparhawk, who married the daughter of Sir William Pepperell, not only obliged Dr. Belknap with the perusal of them when he was writing the history of New-Hampshire, but expressed a desire that he would deposite them in some cabinet, where they might be read by others, and be useful in future. This idea led Dr. Belknap to devise a plan for multiplying copies of this and other manuscripts, as the only way to preserve them from fire or any accidents. He was the more impressed with the propriety of this, as he was witness to the destruction of Mr. Prince's valuable collection, which had been deposited in the steeple of the Old-South Meeting-house. When he came to Boston, he suggested this to several of his acquaintance. In this town he met with a friend, Mr. Thomas Walcut, a worthy citizen now living, who had conceived the same idea of multiplying copies of old books, which he himself had of manuscripts, and who had made a great collection to keep them for the service of future generations. Dr. Belknap often

mentioned to the writer of this memoir, that what Mr. Walcut suggested, of preserving books, and his own desire to preserve the letters of Sir W. Peperell, were the foundation of the Historical Society : an institution at first supported by the labours of a few, not sufficiently favoured by the publick ; but now claims a very considerable reputation among the literary institutions of America.

As an author, Dr. Belknap appears with great reputation. No one has been more justly celebrated on this side the Atlantick. The *History of New-Hampshire* is full of good information, well arranged, and written in a very handsome style. *The Foresters*, a work which mingles wit and humour with a representation of the manners of the American people, he wrote in his leisure hours. It has passed through a second edition.—The *American Biography* is a monument of his talents, his industry, and his knowledge. He lived to publish one volume, and to prepare another, which has been printed since his death ; and it has been well observed, that this event put a stop to the progress of a useful and interesting work, for which the publick voice pronounced him peculiarly qualified, and which the world of letters hoped he might extend through the successive periods of his country's history.

Other publications of Dr. Belknap did much credit to his character, as a minister of the gospel ; but it is as a historian, biographer, and promoter of general knowledge,

that he holds so distinguished a place among eminent characters. As a theologian, he had his equals; and though his sermons were well composed, and filled with useful observations, yet we have been used to read such discourses ever since the American wilderness has been cultivated by pious hands, or become a part of the Lord's vineyard. But very few have excelled as fine writers, historians, philosophers, poets, like the scholars of the European schools. We have been led, therefore, to set no small value upon the lives of such men as Dr. Belknap and the late Judge Minot; who would have been eminent in any literary society; men, who wrote not so much for the love of fame, as a desire of being useful; yet who gained a celebrity of character, and will be held in everlasting remembrance.

Dr. Belknap was subject to paralytick complaints, some years before he died. These he considered as indications of a speedy dissolution. He died suddenly with a return of this disorder, in June, 1798. That he had premonitions of his death, may be seen by the following lines, which were found among his papers:

When faith and patience, hope and love,
Have made us meet for heaven above,
How bleſt the privilege to riſe,
Snatch'd in a moment to the ſkies!
Unconſcious to reſign our breath,
Nor taſte the bitterneſs of death.
Such be my lot, Lord, if thou pleaſe,
To die in ſilence and at eaſe;

When thou doſt know that I'm prepar'd,
O ſeize me quick to my reward!
But if thy wiſdom ſees it beſt,
To turn thine ear from this requeſt;
If ſickneſs be th' appointed way
To waſte this frame of human clay;
If, worn with grief and rack'd with pain,
This earth muſt turn to earth again;
Then let thine angels round me ſtand,
Support me by thy powerful hand:
Let not my faith or patience move,
Nor ought abate my hope or love,
But brighter may my glories ſhine,
Till they're abſorb'd in light divine.

Boſton, Dec. 7, 1805.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF
COL. THOMAS BUTLER.

THE characters and actions of meritorious men, in all ages, have been read with pleasure. It is a tribute done to virtue to record the actions of those who are worthy of emulation. Our country is young and has long been at peace—war achievements and warlike men are almost forgotten: unless when a newspaper announces, in a few lines, the death of some revolutionary chief—and the type has not been employed in recording the death of one more lamented than the late Colonel Thomas Butler. If virtue, honour, benevolence, honesty, a sound heart and a clear head, united with bravery, constitute a *good man*, he was one. He was, in

the year 1776, (the year so much boasted of—*that tried men's souls*) a student at law with the eminent Judge Wilson of Philadelphia; early in that year he quitted his studies and joined the army as a subaltern—soon rose to the grade of captain, and continued in it till the happy and glorious close of the revolution. There were five brothers of the Butlers that joined the American cause, and fought during the war, and left the service with the following grades, viz. Col. Richard Butler, Col. William Butler, Capt. Thomas Butler, Lieut. Pierce Butler and Lieut. Edward Butler—none of them now living but Pierce Butler. Thomas Butler, whose memory we wish to perpetuate, was in almost every action that was fought in the middle States during the war—at the battle of Brandywine he received the thanks of the illustrious Washington, on the field of battle, through his aid de camp, Gen. Hamilton, for his intrepid conduct in rallying a detachment of retreating troops, and giving the enemy a severe fire. At the battle of Monmouth he received the thanks of Gen. Wayne, for defending a defile in the face of a heavy fire from the enemy, while Colonel Richard Butler's regiment made good their retreat—history records the unfortunate events of that day.

At the close of the war he retired into private life as a farmer, where he enjoyed rural and domestick happiness, until 1791, when he again took the field to meet a sav-

age foe, that menaced our frontier ; and the unfortunate 4th of November of that year is too well known ! He was dangerously wounded, and with difficulty and great hazard, his brother, Capt. Ed. Butler, got him off the field, where they left Gen. Richard Butler a *corpse !* In 1792, he was continued on the establishment as a Major, and was promoted in 1794 to Lieut. Col. Commandant of the fourth sublegion. He commanded fort Fayette at Pittsburgh that year, when his name alone (for he had but few troops) prevented the deluded insurgents from taking the fort.

In 1797 he was named by. President Washington, as the officer best calculated to command in the State of Tennessee, when it was necessary to dispossess some citizens that had imprudently settled on the Indian lands ; accordingly in May of that year he marched with his regiment from the Miami on the Ohio, and by that prudence and good sense that has ever marked his character through life, he in a very short time removed all difficulties, to the satisfaction of those concerned—as a firm and lasting proof of it, he holds the respect and esteem of all the virtuous men in the State. He made several treaties with the Indians while in the state of Tennessee. In the year 1802, at the reduction of the army, he was continued as Col. of the 2nd regiment of Infantry on the peace establishment.

Here his biographer stops,—pauses,—what can he write more ?—He can an-

nounce to the world, that Col. Butler was arrested by the commanding General, in 1803, at Fort Adams, on the Missisippi, sent to Fredericktown, Maryland, where he was tried by a general Court Martial, and acquitted honourably of all the charges, except that of wearing his hair, which he held as a gift of nature, and was of opinion, that no power on earth had a legal right to take it from him—which opinion he held till his death. After his trial he was ordered to New-Orleans, there to take command of the troops, which he did on the 20th of October, 1804, and on the 20th of November following, was again arrested for not cropping off his hair ! ! !—and not until the 1st of July did a court convene for his second trial—the result of their decision is not yet known. Since his last arrest he lost his wife, who, like himself, was universally lamented by the good and virtuous. She died near Nashville, Tennessee. In consequence of her death and the deranged situation of his affairs, he solicited leave from the Hon. Secretary of War and the commanding General to return to Tennessee as soon as the court martial was over—alas ! this application was passed over in silence, no answer ever given him ! He was advised to move out of the city, which he did in the latter part of July, and on the 7th of September paid the great debt of nature, aged 51 years. He has left three sons and one amiable daughter to lament his loss ; yes, and he has left the virtuous world

of his acquaintance to lament his loss ; and none will feel it more severely than the valuable part of the army of all grades.

The writer of this short biography does not wish to wound the feelings of the prosecutor of the deceased ; he himself is old, and will soon have to pay the debt that Col. B. has already paid—Comparison can then be made by the friends to virtue—which of their walks in life were most worthy of imitation.

[*Louisiana Gazette.*]

ON THE ADVANTAGES OF *PERIODICAL PERFORMANCES.*

MAN is the only animal we know, that possesses the power of *aggregate* existence. All other animals may be said to exist individually ; that is to say, each indivual, after it comes into the world, is directed only by its own instincts, observation, and experience, to pursue the mode of conduct that is suited to its nature, and the circumstances in which it finds itself placed. Hence it happens, that the aggregate powers of any one class of animals remain without any change. Their numbers may increase or diminish ; but their faculties are, upon the whole, for ever the same. The distinctive properties of the horse, the ass, the elephant, the bee, and all other classes of animals we know, are precisely the

same at the present moment as in the days of Moses and of Homer, and will continue unchanged till the end of time. But of MAN the same thing cannot be said. Each *individual* of *his* species, like those of other animals, comes into the world endowed with certain instincts and perceptive faculties, which enable him to make observations, and derive knowledge from experience as they do, and from reasoning. This experience, and the knowledge resulting from it, is not, however, in him confined to the individual alone—he is endowed with the faculty of comunicating the knowledge he has individually acquired to others of his own species, and to derive from them in return, the knowledge that other individuals who fall in his way have in the same manner acquired. The young derive information from the old; and thus are enabled at their first entry into life, to set out with a greater share of *acquired* knowledge than any one individual of the human species ever could have attained during the course of the longest life, had he been left entirely to himself, like other animals. He does more —The experience of *ages* thus furnishes an accumulated stock of knowledge for every single person; and the individual who died a thousand years ago may become the instructor of those who are born in the present time. It is this faculty of accumulating knowledge in the aggregate, which forms the distinctive character of the human species, when compared with every other class of an-

imals, and which has conferred upon man that distinguished rank he holds in the universe. It is this circumstance which gives to the man, even of the lowest intellectual powers, that marked superiority he holds above the most intelligent individuals of the most sagacious class of animals in the world: for there is scarcely room to doubt, that if the most sagacious animal in the order of the elephant, and the lowest individual as to intellectual powers among the human species, had been left entirely to themselves, as individuals, the elephant would have appeared to be the wisest animal of the two.

This progressive knowledge of man, considered as an aggregate body, though it has never, that I know, been hitherto contrasted with that of other animals, has long been an object of human attention; and this state of advancement has been denoted by the name of the progress of human society—the advancement of man in civilization—the progress from rudeness to civilization, &c.—and to man considered in this *aggregate* capacity, must be referred the words, manners, habit, custom, fashion, and innumerable others of a similar nature, which it is not necessary here to enumerate.

Man has been distinguished as a *social* animal; but this is by no means a distinctive peculiarity. Many other animals feel the influence of the social principle in an equal, or perhaps superiour degree to man. All the gregarious animals seek society, and shun sol-

itude with an equal solicitude as man ; and most of these, in cases of danger, unite with equal alacrity and firmness in their common defence, so as to derive, in this way, an aggregate power which they could not individually have possessed. The ox, the horse, the ass, do so ; the sheep even, though unjustly characterised by naturalists, as the most stupid of all animals, when in a state of nature, unite in a firm phalanx for common defence, and present an armed front to the enemy so closely compacted, as to be impenetrable to the fox or wolf, who dare not attempt a direct attack, but must watch an opportunity of stealing upon them, when unprepared, to obtain their prey. And the economy of the bee, whose joint labours discover an aggregate effort of an immense number of individuals, conducted with the most unceasing assiduity, persevering industry, and exactest order, towards one common end, has long furnished a subject of wonder and admiration to man, and discovers a much closer system of association for mutual defence and preservation, than ever yet has been found among the human species. It is not, therefore, by the social principle that man is essentially distinguished from other animals ; nor by his sagacity in calling in the aid of multitudes to add to his individual strength : It is to the faculty of communicating ideas from one to another, and the accumulation of knowledge, that, in a course of ages, this necessarily produces, that he solely owes the

superiority he now so conspicuously holds over all other animals on this globe ; and from that circumstance alone derives that irresistible power, by which all the animate objects in nature are subjected to his sway ; and by which the elements themselves are made to minister to his will.

It follows from these premises, that whatever tends to facilitate the communication of ideas between man and man, must have a direct tendency to exalt the human species to a higher degree of eminence than it could otherwise have attained. This the art of printing has done in a very conspicuous manner. Men are thus brought, as it were, to converse together, who could never otherwise have known that such persons existed on the globe : The knowledge that has been acquired in one country, is thus communicated to another ; and the accumulated experience of former ages is preserved for the benefit of those that are to come. But the effects of this art would be greatly circumscribed, were not methods contrived for diffusing that knowledge very generally among mankind ;—and among all the modes that have been devised for that purpose, no one has been so effectual as that of periodical performances. Periodical performances, therefore, though apparently a humble kind of writings, are in effect the most proper means that ever yet have been contrived, for raising human nature to its highest degree of exaltation, and for conferring upon man a

more conspicuous degree of dignity above all other animals, and a more extended power over the elements, and other objects of nature, than he could otherwise hope to obtain.

Men of all ranks, and of all nations, however widely disjoined from each other, may be said to be brought together here, to converse at their ease, without ceremony or restraint, as at a masquerade, where, if a propriety of dress and expression be observed, nothing else is required. A man, after the fatigues of the day are over, may thus sit down in his elbow chair, and, together with his wife and family, may be introduced, as it were, into a spacious coffee-house, which is frequented by men of all nations, who meet together for their mutual entertainment and improvement. The dead are even called back to their friends, and mix once more in social converse with those who have regretted their departure. Could a Pliny or a Cicero have formed an idea of such a high degree of mental indulgence, what would have been the raptures they would have experienced? To them, this most exalted of all entertainments was forbid by fate: But what they could never enjoy, and what Cicero would have gladly purchased at the price of his beloved *Tusculum* itself, is now offered to every inhabitant of America, at a very small expense. Let us then enjoy with thankfulness the blessings that heaven hath bestowed, and make a proper use of those distinguished privileges that the progress of improvement

in society hath conferred upon us ; nor let us fail to add our mite as we pass, to the general store, that posterity may not have reason to reproach us for having hid our talent in the earth, and allowed it there to remain without improvement or benefit to any one.

INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

[*From Wolff's Sketches, recently published.*]

.....

DURING my short stay at Florence, I was somewhat surprised one morning, while at breakfast, by a visit from a young man, whom I immediately recognized to be Charles ——. Many years had elapsed since his abrupt departure from England. His history being peculiarly interesting, I shall take the liberty of here inserting it.—Engaged in commerce at an early age, and taken into the house of his uncle, an eminent merchant in London, his prospects in life were most flattering. From his abilities, his attention, and improvement, Charles became the favourite, and was at length considered as heir to his uncle's large possessions. A partner in the same house, who was a man of superiour sense, but addicted to extravagant vices, blighted this fair prospect almost in the bud ! He was married to a depraved but beautiful woman, with whom he had lived on easier terms. Led on in defiance of frequent serious remonstrances from one act

of expensive dissipation to another, his debts accumulated in an alarming degree, which he still hoped to discharge by means of the gaming table. Surrounded by titled blacklegs, and wary sharpers, he engaged on unequal terms, and increased those debts which in honour he became obliged to pay without delay, or even investigation. The wife either knew not, or heeded not, the private circumstances of her husband. She saw her house filled with the best company : gave expensive entertainments, and resorted with avidity to every publick amusement which had the power of chasing away reflection and care. The husband, eager to alleviate the stings of conscience arising from the neglect of a young family, plunged still deeper into riot and profusion, and paid no longer any attention to the concerns of his mercantile affairs, which had hitherto been in a very flourishing situation. His partner, an easy old man of independent property, who never quitted his arm-chair, was not made acquainted with the excesses of Mr. —— till intelligence from their bankers arrived, stating, that not only the funds of the house were exhausted, but that, from an unusual grant of credit, they had permitted themselves to be considerably overdrawn. The affairs of the house thus involved, the most prompt and speedy measures became necessary, to save their falling credit.—A consultation was held, and a proposition made, and adopted, to employ the talents of young Charles,

who was a proficient in the art of drawing, in forging the names of some eminent mercantile houses, on foreign bills, and thereby raise an immediate supply. Charles, seduced into the practice of this expedient by the treacherous spendthrift, unknowingly committed an act, by which, agreeable to the laws of his country, his life became forfeited. He succeeded so well in the art of imitation, that a second attempt was shortly after made for raising a more considerable sum. In negociating the bills, however, a discovery took place, which instantly obliged the parties to seek safety in flight. Not a moment was now to be lost; Charles was made acquainted with the duplicity that had been practised upon him, and being hurried into a carriage, wherein a few valuables had been packed up, departed immediately with Mr. ——— for Dover. They embarked in the packet, and arrived safe on the continent. Continuing their route, they proceeded to the South of France, where they took up their residence, and remained concealed, unknowing and unknown.

In the mean time the uncle, confined with the gout, was left to support all the horrors of his situation. Bankruptcy ensued, and a disposition manifested on the part of the persons who had been duped, and were the chief sufferers, to have the infirm old man arrested, operated as his death warrant. In a few hours he was found lifeless in his bed, not without strong suspicion of having taken poi-

son.—The sequel of these acts of depravity and guilt was no less fatal to the beautiful but frail Mrs. ———; who, being, in consequence of her husband's elopement, deprived of pecuniary resources, and not inclined to follow or share his fate in a foreign country, accepted an offer that was shortly after made her, of living with a man of fashion. Supported by his liberality, her extravagance was unbounded; but her reign of pleasure was short. Tired of her charms, he quitted his mistress in a few weeks, and left her wholly destitute of future support. One lover succeeded another, till her abandoned conduct soon reduced her to a state of poverty, misery, and contempt; her health had likewise been considerably impaired, and without making one commendable effort to gain a livelihood by industrious means, she sunk from poverty to guilt, and at length attempted to retrieve her fortunes by a deed of unexampled wickedness and cruelty. She had a daughter! a beautiful girl of sixteen, in whose countenance every sweet and gentle virtue was pourtrayed; the bloom of health was marked on her features, and sensibility evinced itself in her every action. But alas! how often are the children of promise doomed, in the spring of life, to mourn

——Their blossoms blasted in the bud!

Upon this maiden flower, just expanding into bloom, fell the rude storm of adversity,

And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shook all its buds from blowing ——

Julia ! it was mine to see thee but once ! yet pity still cherishes a tender recollection of that interview. Thy modest grief ! the dignified serenity that sat on thy brow on this trying occasion ! could I witness these and not participate in thy sorrows ? Sincerely did I share them ; and so lasting is the impression of injured excellence, that revolving years have not been able to efface thy image from my mind.

This artless, exemplary girl had been placed in a seminary, far from her mother's contaminating sight : here she dwelt in peace, improving daily in every virtue and accomplishment that could adorn her sex. The mother, mean time, distressed in her circumstances, in proportion to the decay of those charms which now failed to procure her admirers, resolved, for a pecuniary consideration, to sacrifice her too lovely daughter at the same shrine of prostitution to which she had herself been led a willing victim. The thought was no sooner entertained than executed. She quitted the habitation of misery and contempt, and like an infernal demon entered the abode of innocence and peace. Julia was claimed, and carried, unresisting and unknowing, to her mother's dwelling ; who having, through the means of a common pander of vice, obtained the promise of a large sum from an abandoned reprobate, to whom her daughter was to be sacrificed, disclosed the plan, cloked under the false garb and specious mark of pleasure, to her own

offspring. From so infamous a proposal, even thus coloured and disguised, the virtuous, innocent Julia shrank, as at the sight of a basilisk. From arguments and entreaties her mother proceeded to threats, in case a promise of compliance should not be given within the period of a few days. Neither the prayers nor tears of her virtuous daughter, in the mean time, made the smallest impression on the obdurate heart and debased mind of the vicious parent. A sense of filial duty prevented the suffering Julia from disclosing the horrid scheme in agitation. The debauched dotard, who, by dint of bribery, was to triumph over such virtue, saw her in this trying situation, and was just meditating to seize upon his prey, when, with fearful steps, she flew for relief to a former friend of her father's. She mentioned not her situation such as it was—the dreadful alternative that awaited her—the brink of ruin on which she stood—but only solicited to be reinstated in her former residence, where she might once more find happiness in retirement. This was readily promised, but alas! too late to prevent the sad catastrophe that ensued.

Julia returned home, but to what a home! a fiend awaited her arrival! she had to encounter immediate infamy, dishonour, and ruin.

Here let me draw a veil over this melancholy history: suffice it to add, that Julia, in the hour of despair, friendless, unprotected,

and left to her distracted thoughts, sought refuge in another and a better world. Hers had not been a life of pleasure, but it had been a life of peace and innocence; could then her unsullied mind bear up against the stigma of vice, the scorn of the severely virtuous, of such whose hearts had never possessed half her innate modesty or worth, yet to whose slights and contumely she must have been hourly exposed? Her soul shrank from the prospect; urged by despair, she hurried from her mother's blasted sight; and bereft of reason, rushed unbidden into the presence of her Maker! Poor Julia! and shall a deed, committed in the hour when reason was overpowered by the phrenzy of despair, cancel the purity of thy life, unmarked by errour? Ah, no! the many acts of virtue thou hast done shall plead for thee at the throne of Mercy, and thou mayest still look down and witness the tear of sympathy I shed on thy sorrows and untimely fate. Peace to thy manes!—sweet Julia.

ON OMENS.

WITH HISTORICAL EXAMPLES.

.....

OMENS, or at least incidents which carry that appearance, are not always regardable. The gallant Epaminondas, a little before the battle of Leuctra, on being told that several inauspicious omens seemed to

portend bad success; nobly answered, in a celebrated verse of Homer, Ἑις οιωνος αριστος αμυνεσθαι περι πατρης: i. e. The best omen we can have, is to fight manfully for our country.

When William the Norman, commonly called William the Conqueror, was landing on the Sussex coast, his foot slipped and he fell to the ground. One of the soldiers gave the incident a very courtly turn, by crying out, with a loud voice, "Joy to you, Sir! you have already taken possession of England." A short time after, when the same prince was arming himself for the battle of Hastings, he perceived that, in his hurry, he had put on his coat of mail the lower side uppermost; but, instead of showing any symptoms of superstitious discouragement, he cheerfully said to his attendants, "By this I prognosticate that my dukedom is turned into a kingdom."

Julius Cæsar, (if I rightly remember the person) is reported to have fallen, in landing on the shore of Africa: and, lest his followers should be disheartened by so unfavourable a beginning, he turned it off with saying, "Thus, Africa, do I embrace thee."

But though it be true, that all omens are not worthy of observation; and though they should never be so regarded as to shock our fortitude, or diminish our confidence in God, still they are not to be constantly despised. Small incidents have sometimes been pre-

lusive to great events; nor is there any superstition in noticing these apparent prognostications, though there may be much superstition in being either too indiscriminately or too deeply swayed by them.

A most singular chain of uncommon circumstances preceded the assasination of that excellent monarch, Henry IV. of France. In the morning of the day on which he was murdered by Ravaillac, (viz. Friday, May 14, 1610) his Majesty was exceedingly pensive. In the hope of composing his spirits, he threw himself on his bed, but was unable to rest. Thrice he rose, and thrice he fell on his knees in prayer. Soon after repairing to the presence-chamber, his attendants endeavoured to divert the melancholy which preyed upon his mind. Being naturally amiable and cheerful, he tried to fall in with the well meant pleasantry of his nobles, and attempted to smile, but concluded thus: "We have laughed enough for Friday; there will be weeping on Sunday."

His queen (Mary Medicis) had been crowned but the day before his murder. One La Brosse, a physician, is by some reported to have said to the Duke de Vendome on the evening of that day, "If the king survives a mischief which threatens him at present, he will live these thirty years. The Duke intreated the king to grant this physician an audience, and repeated what the old gentleman had been saying. His majesty, with unusual asperity and hastiness, replied,

"He is an old fool for telling you such things, and you are a young fool if you believe him." The Duke's rejoinder was firm, respectful, and sensible: "Sire, one ought not to believe such things, but one may fear them." The same day, as the king and queen were walking through an apartment of the palace, the king stopped to speak with somebody present. The queen stopping at the same time, he said to her, as by a spirit of involuntary prophesy, *Passez, passez, Madame la regente*, i. e. "Go on, go on, Madame the regent."

A few nights before the catastrophe, the queen dreamed that all the jewels in her crown were changed into pearls, and that she was told pearls were significative of tears. Another night she started and cried out in her sleep, and waked the king, who asking her what was the matter? She answered, "I have had a frightful dream; but I know that dreams are mere illusions."—"I was always of the same opinion," replied Henry, "however, tell me what your dream was." "I dreamed," continued she, "that you was stabbed with a knife under the short ribs." "Thank God," rejoined the king, "it was but a dream."

I have already noted that, on the morning of the fatal day, his majesty was unusually chagrined; and he said, more than once to those about him, "Something or other hangs very heavy on my heart." Before he went to his coach, he took leave of the

queen no fewer than three times; and then stepping into his cariage, had not passed through many streets, ere Ravaillac gave him that fatal stab, which deprived France of one of the most generous and humane sovereigns she ever had.

Let the reader observe that I nakedly relate the above facts, without wishing to build any theory upon them, or to deduce from them any superstitious inferences. It is, however, my own private opinion, that absolutely to cashier all omens, without distinction or exception, would be to fly in the face of ancient and modern wisdom, as well as of ancient and modern history.

BEAUTIES OF THE DRAMA.

MISANTHROPY....BENEVOLENCE.

From "Who wants a Guinea?".....By GEORGE COLMAN, *the Younger.*

TORRENT *reading a newspaper, with his back to the door, through which enters* BARFORD, *without observing him, and throws a small bundle on the table.*

Bar. REST there, my whole property! the remains of many a wreck, rest there!

Tor. (starting up) Eh! 'zounds! Wreck! He looks like a gentleman. Pray, sir, how came the wreck of all your property to be tied up in such a very small pocket handkerchief?

Bar. By what right, sir, do you enquire?

Tor. By the right that lugg'd me out of the horse-pond—the right of running to any man's assistance, who seems to be stuck in the mud.

Bar. (turning from him) Pshaw! Sir, you are obtrusive.

Tor. Why, it was rather rude to be reading in the newspaper in my own room, when you chose to walk in and interrupt me.

Bar. This is the parlour of a village inn, sir; where 'tis the custom to huddle people together, indiscriminately. 'Tis an emblem of the world; men mingle in it from necessity, as we do now, till they part in dislike, as we may do presently.

Tor. We seem to bid fair for it; for I detest misanthropy.

Bar. 'Tis the opium to our affections; an antidote to the drivelling unwillingness dotards feel to be swept from hypocrites who have profess'd to regard them.

Tor. Opium—and antidote! You've dealt with a very bad apothecary. Hatred to mankind is Lucifer's own laudanum; and whenever he coaxes a christian to swallow it, he sends one of his imps to shake the bottle. All men hypocrites! Zounds! here's a doctrine! So, then, love, and friendship, and—

Bar. Love and friendship are, at best, life's fading roses; but reject the roses, and you escape many a thorn.

Tor. How should you like to lose your legs?

Bar. Why my legs, sir ?

Tor. They are a part of the fading blessings of life, like love and friendship ; but you may have the gout. Reject your legs, and you escape many a twinge in your great toe.

Bar. I have suffer'd deprivations enough already, sir.

Tor. I give you joy of them ; for, according to your own account, they must make you very comfortable. But you have deprived yourself of that, which your worst enemy's malice should never have taken from you.

Bar. What is it ?

Tor. Universal benevolence ; the chain of reason, in which we all, willingly, bind ourselves. Nature gave us the links, and civilized humanity has polished them.

Bar. And how often are the links of reason and nature broken by sophistry and art !

Tor. I'm sorry for it. I know there are rascals ; but the world is good in the lump ; and I love all human kind ; kings, lords, commons, dutchesses, tallow-chandlers, dairy-maids, Indian chiefs, ambassadours, washer-women, and tinkers. They all have their claims upon my regard, in their different stations ; and, whatever you may think, hang me, if I don't believe there are honest attornies !

Bar. You have been fortunate in the world, I perceive.

Tor. I have been fortunate enough in my temper to keep the milk of human kindness from curdling.

Bar. By having no acids squeezed into it.

Tor. Plenty: who hasn't? But, when you were put out to nurse, hang me if I don't think you sucked a lemon! You have a fine field to fatten in upon others' calamities here. Only look out. *(pointing to the window)* Pretty havock from the fire! There's a house, now, that would just suit you. It sticks up by itself, gloomy and gutted, in the midst of the rubbish.

Bar. That *was* my residence, sir; my refuge, as I hoped, during the remainder of my life, from ingratitude and treachery.

Tor. Did—did—did you live in that house?

Bar. Eight months ago I entered its door, to take possession of an humble lodging; and last night I leap'd with difficulty amidst the flames, through the window.

Tor. Out at—that window?

Bar. Yes; with that wreck of property, on which you have been pleas'd so much to question me.

Tor. My dear sir, you are an unfortunate man; I have behaved like a brute, and I beg your pardon. *(seizing his hand)*

Bar. I feel no anger, sir. *(coldly)*

Tor. Then you despise me. I know you must, for I have treated you cruelly; but as you have taken offence at all the world, don't think me too contemptible to be left out of the number. Pray, be angry with

me, then shew me you forgive me by telling me how to serve you—I happen to be rich.

Bar. And I happen to be poor; but I will always be independent, and will accept no favours.

Tor. That's right: but I have taken a house in the neighbourhood—Dine with me every day. That will only be doing me a favour, you know.

Enter AMY.

Amy. Here's a letter for you, sir. *(to Bar.)*

Bar. To me? Who should write to me!

Amy. 'Tis from the parson of the next parish. [*Gives the letter and exit.*

(Barford opens the letter and reads to himself.)

Tor. (while Barford is reading) Independent! That's the proud lie of a decayed gentleman—It sometimes gives truth the ear-ach—but it always gives pity the heart-ach, —and to prove that I don't believe you, *(going to the table)* here goes my pocket-book into your bundle. There! *(stuffing it in)* You are now a hundred and fifty pounds nearer to independence than you imagine.

Bar. (folding up the letter) This bears the semblance of kindness, and 'tis from a clergyman. His profession commands respect. I will wait upon him, and decline his offer.

Tor. (hastily) What is it? *(checks himself)* I beg pardon; but I ——

Bar. His house, sir, if you must know, in my calamity.

Tor. That's right—don't take it—cut the parson and come to me.

Bar. I fix in no residence, sir, which I cannot call my own.

Tor. Well, you may call mine your own; and bring the parson with you—I like that parson.

Bar. Excuse me: *(takes his bundle from the table)* but, before I leave you, sir, one word, which I think I owe you.

Tor. I won't take back a shil—I mean, you don't owe me a syllable.

Bar. Pardon me, and I must pay it. Your impulses, apparently, proceed from benevolence; but your impetuosity may render you an offence to the sensitive and a dupe to the designing. Farewell, sir. [*Exit.*

Tor. That advice is a little too late to a man of fifty. My impulses are like old radishes; they have stuck so long in the soil, that whenever they are drawn out, they are sure to be hot.

MODERN POETRY.

IT may be a question whether, as fashion is always tending to extremes, we are not now as much verging toward too insipid and careless a simplicity, as we lately were too fond of cumbrous and tinsel ornaments in our poetry. "There is, indeed," as is well observed," a great distinction between simplicity

and meanness. The charms of a fine thought like those of a beautiful person, are most touching when they are least ornamented; but the nakedness of a homely figure is disgusting." To degenerate into the coarse and prosaick plainness of the ancient ballad, the entertainment of a rude and uncultivated age; and in many cases to exercise no refinement in the selection of circumstances, or in the elegance or harmony of language, is perhaps, little less absurd than the corruption of a gaudy and overlaboured pomposity. The calmer efforts of the less inspired Muse, the illustrations of moral axioms, the precepts of didactick poetry, at least require to be dignified and enlivened, by the arts of *judicious* composition. Taste alone, and the study of the ancient models, more especially Virgil, can teach us the limits between an elegant simplicity, and a tawdry splendour.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

.....

From "The Journal of a Tour into the Territory North-West of the Allegany Mountains."

BY THE REV. THADDEUS M. HARRIS.

.....

"Behind me rises huge a reverend pile
"Sole on this desert heath, a place of tombs,
"Waste, desolate; where Ruin dreary dwells,
"Brooding o'er sightless skulls and crumbling bones."

WE went out this morning to examine the ancient monuments about Grave Creek. The town of Tomlinson is partly built upon

one of the square forts. Several mounds are to be seen. I think there are nine within a mile. Three of them, which stand adjoining each other, are of superiour height and magnitude to those which are most commonly to be met with. In digging away the side of one of these, in order to build a stable, many curious stone implements were found; one resembled a syringe; there were, also, a pestle, some copper beads of an oval shape, and several other articles. One of the mounds in Col. Bygg's garden was excavated in order to make an ice-house. It contained a vast number of human bones, a variety of stone tools, and a kind of stone signet of an oval shape, two inches in length, with a figure in relievo resembling a note of admiration, surrounded by two raised rims. Capt. Wilson, who presented the stone to my companion Mr. Adams, observed that it was exactly the figure of the brand with which the Mexican horses were marked.* One of the mounds was surrounded by a regular ditch and parapet, with only one entrance. The tumulus was about twelve feet high, and the parapet five.

The "*Big grave*," as it is called, is a most astonishing mound. We measured the perpendicular height, and it was sixty-seven feet and a half. By the measurement of George Millar, Esq. of Wheeling, it is sixty-eight feet. Its sides are quite steep. The diame-

* This singular marking-stone is now deposited in Mr. Turell's Cabinet of Curiosities, Boston.

ter of the top is fifty-five feet : but the apex seems to have caved in ; for the present summit forms a bason, three or four feet in depth, Not having a surveyor's chain, we could not take the circumference, but judged that its base covered more than half an acre. It is overgrown with large trees on all sides. Near the top is a white oak of three feet diameter ; one still larger grows on the eastern side, about half way down. The mound sounds hollow. Undoubtedly its contents will be numerous, curious, and calcluated to develop in a farther degree the history of the antiquities which abound in this part of our country.

As there are no excavations near the mound, and no hills or banks of earth, we infer that it must have been principally formed of sods skimmed from the surface, or of earth brought from a great distance. The labour of collecting such a prodigious quantity must have been inconceivably great. And when we consider the multitude of workmen, the length of time, and the expense, requisite to form such a stupendous mound ; when we reflect upon the spirit of ambition which suggested the idea of this monument, of great but simple magnificence, to the memory of some renowned prince or warrior, we cannot but regret that the name and the glory it was designed to perpetuate are gone—LOST IN THE DARKNESS OF THE GRAVE !

For the Polyanthos.

ON PRESUMPTION.

"To whom would the king delight to do honour more than to myself?"

AMONG the many portraits of human nature with which the scriptures are interspersed, none, perhaps, is more striking and conspicuous than that of Haman. Throughout the sacred volume there is more to admire in the genuineness of narration, and ease and simplicity of expression, than may, perhaps, be found in the writings of any author, ancient or modern. He that looks into the historical and biographical parts of the Old Testament with an indifference to its contents, as a lounger does into a toy-shop, is often induced to continue its perusal from an admiration of its beauty, and an interest, secretly imbibed, in its sentiments.

Haman is briefly and impressively represented. Possessing few virtues, and an unamiable disposition, he does not, when he arrives at power, like Solomon, implore the Deity to give him wisdom and understanding to govern, and to look upon others with kindness and philanthropy; but persuades the king of Shushan to issue an edict, that all the Jews in the kingdom be destroyed; because he had a hatred to Mordecai, a Jew, who "bowed not, nor did him reverence."

When the king heard it read in the chronicles, that a conspiracy against his life had

been discovered by Mordecai, he wished to show him some peculiar favour; and enquired of Haman, in what manner he should promote the man whom he delighted to honour. To this, Haman, with that vanity which often flushes the greatest minds, makes this mental interrogation: "To whom would the king delight to do honour, more than to myself?"

Thus, forgetting our own unworthiness and infidelity, we often imagine in our own vain hearts, there is none whom heaven would sooner delight to honour, to prosper and felicitate, than ourselves. We even dare to insult the Most High with our impious invocations, vainly conceiting there is none more entitled to supernal protection; and are many times led to charge heaven with neglect, if such favours are not received as our own crazy imaginations may have anticipated. We are even tempted at times to think our God, if not unmerciful, sparing in his benedictions; while our thoughts and conduct are at war with his immaculate nature, and opposed to his precepts. Do we not often, when we see a flattering prospect of acquiring riches, or augmenting our pleasures, adopt the soliloquy of Haman, "On whom would heaven delight to bestow favours, more than ourselves?" Such presumptuous thoughts should never be indulged, lest we build our own gallows, and, like Haman, are hung thereon. RUMINATOR.

Dorchester.

To the Editor of the Polyanthos.

.....

Sir,—If, with me, you think the following of sufficient importance to preserve, please to give it a place in the Polyanthos, and oblige your friend, W. M.

.....

Publius Lentulus's Letter to the Senate of Rome, concerning Jesus Christ.

[☞ It being the usual custom of the Roman Governours to advertise the senate and people of such material things as happened in their respective provinces,—in the days of the emperor Tiberius Cæsar, Publius Lentulus at that time being president, wrote the following epistle to the senate, concerning Christ.]

"Conscript Fathers,

"There has appeared in these our days a man of great virtue, named Jesus Christ, who is yet living among us, and of the Gentiles is accepted for a prophet of truth; but his own disciples call him the Son of God. He raiseth the dead and cureth all manner of diseases. A man of stature somewhat tall and comely; with a very reverend countenance, such as the beholders may both love and fear; his hair of the colour of a filbert full ripe, plain to his ears, whence downward it is more orient of colour; somewhat curling and waved about his shoulders. In the midst of his head is a seam or partition of his hair, after the manner of the Nazarites; his forehead plain and delicate, his face

without spot or wrinkle, beautified with a comely red; his nose and mouth exactly formed; his beard thick, the colour of his hair, not of any great length, but forked; his look innocent, his eyes grey, clear and quick. In reproving, terrible; in admonishing, courteous; in speaking, very modest and wise. In proportion of body, well shaped. None have seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep. A man for his singular beauty surpassing the children of men."

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTION.

LEARNING

IS the life of reason and the light of nature, where time, order, and measure square out the true course of knowledge; where discretion in the temper of passion, brings experience to the best fruit of affection; while both the theorick and the practick labour in the life of judgment, till the perfection of art show the honour of understanding. She is the key of knowledge that unlocketh the cabinet of conceit, wherein are laid up the labours of virtue, for the use of the scholars of wisdom; where every gracious spirit may find matter enough worthy of the record of the best memory. She is the school-mistress of wit, and the gentle governour of will, when the delight of understanding gives the comfort of study. She is unpleasant to none

that know her, and unprofitable to none that love her. She opens her treasures to the travellers in virtue, but keeps them close from the eyes of idleness. She makes the king gracious, and his council judicious ; his clergy devout, and his kingdom prosperous. She gives honour to virtue, grace to honour, reward to labour, and love to truth. She is the messenger of wisdom to the minds of the virtuous, and the way to honour in the spirits of the gracious.—She is the storehouse of the understanding in the practice of memory. She makes age honourable, and youth admirable. In all ages she hath been and ever will be, the darling of wisdom, the delight of wit, the study of virtue, and the stay of knowledge. [*N. Breton*, 1615.]

KNOWLEDGE

Is a collection of understanding, gathered in the grounds of learning, by the instruction of wisdom. She is the exercise of memory in the actions of the mind, and the employer of the senses in the will of the spirit. She is the notary of time and the trier of truth. She is the pleasure of wit and the paradise of reason. She is the king's counsellor, and the council's grace, youth's guard, and age's glory. She is the enemy of idleness and the maintainer of labour. She clears errors, and cannot be deceived ; corrects impurity, and will not be corrupted. She converseth with the best capacities, and communicates with the soundest judgments ; dwells with the di-

vinest natures, and loves the most patient dispositions. Her hope is a kind of assurance, her faith a continual expectation, her love an apprehension of joy, and her life the light of eternity. [*Ibid.*]

KNOWLEDGE OF NATURE IN SHAKESPEARE.

It has ever been considered as one of the most distinguishing qualities of Shakespeare, that he appears acquainted with human nature to the bottom, and that his knowledge in this respect is so ready and so intimate, that it is always before him ; and in whatever mode his characters may appear, he never forgets what nature requires under such situations. There is a striking instance of this in the beautiful play of Romeo and Juliet : —Romeo being enamoured of Juliet, at the masquerade of the Capulets, is desirous of knowing who she is ; he enquires, and is answered by the nurse. Juliet makes the same enquiry from the same cause, but makes it in a very different manner ; Romeo had put the question at once. Let us see how Juliet enquires :

Juliet. Come hither, nurse. Who is yon gentleman ?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Juliet. Who's he that now is going out of door ?

Nurse. He, as I think, is young Petruchio.

Juliet. Who's he that follows here and would not dance ?

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague.

Here we see that she enquires the name of every stranger before that of the only one who at that moment possessed her sole thoughts. How natural is this timid modesty, this girlish artifice!

REGULATION OF DESIRE.

THOUGH there should be persons who desire nothing, it is not because nothing is wanting to their station, but because they know how to do without those things they cannot easily obtain. The world is like a fair, where the generality of people walk about, notice various objects, and cry, "What a number of things are here that we want!" Socrates, in the same circumstances, was of a different way of thinking: "What a number of things are here," said he, "which I do not require!" It must not, however, be thence concluded, that Socrates was in want of nothing; but that he could, very easily, do without what was not in his power to have; while other men are subjected by the loss, or absence, of such things, to disappointment and chagrin.

ON ADOPTING THE SENTIMENTS OF THE MULTITUDE.

ZIMMERMANN says, "Weak minds always conceive it most safe to adopt the sentiments of the multitude. They never venture to

form an opinion on any subject, until the majority have decided. These decisions, whether on men or things, they implicitly follow, without giving themselves the trouble to enquire who is right, or on which side truth preponderates.

POWER OF INWARD FEELINGS.

'Tis strange, yet true, that according to our feelings, we behold external objects by a kind of wonderful sympathy; it seems as if inanimate nature participated in our joys and griefs; when we are pleased, we think, as Milton says, that the earth gives sign of gratulation.

But, when black Melancholy sits within our souls,

"She round us throws
"A death-like silence and a dread repose;
"Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
"Shades every flower and darkens every green,
"Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
"And breathes a browner horrour o'er the woods."

FRIENDSHIP.

Hudibras beautifully tells us, that a *sincere* friend is

"True as the dial to the sun,
"Although it be not shone upon."

And another observer of life very philosophically says, "A *false* friend is like the *shadow* on a sun-dial, and vanishes at the smallest cloud."

THE GOSSAMOUR.

.....

SWEETS OF THE OTHER WORLD.

A PERSON who among the Methodists is called an *obliging preacher*, addressing himself to his female hearers, observed to them, that the heavenly Canaan was a land flowing with *tea and sugar !*

SPECIMEN OF CONCISENESS.

AFTER the loss of Minorca to the French, the English secretary at war found in his office the following billet :

" SIR,—I was a Lieutenant with General Stanhope when he took Minorca, for which he was made a Lord—I was a Lieutenant with General Blakeney when he lost Minorca, for which he was made a Lord—I am a Lieutenant still. Yours, ——."

EXCESSIVE POLITENESS.

COMPLAISANCE is no longer confined to the polite circles. A captain of a vessel was called out of a coffee house some little time ago by a sailor, with the following address : "An't please your honour, the *tide* is *waiting* for you !"

NEAT HIT.

A STROKE of wit, accompanied by a delicacy of insult, was played off by a lady, who was engaged shortly to be married. The intended bridegroom, perceiving her talking

for a considerable time, and with much apparent pleasure, to another gentleman, said to her, "I will be revenged of your infidelity, and show the letters which you have written to me." "Do, (said the lady) I have nothing to blush for, except the *direction*."

EPIGRAMS.

PHILOSOPHERS, I'm told, agree,
That there no *vacuum* can be;—
But, with a heart that's aching,
As ruefully I oft survey
My empty pockets, day by day,
I fear they are mistaken.

CRIES Nell to Tom, midst matrimonial strife,
"Curs'd be the hour I first became your wife."
"By all the powers," cries Tom, "but that's too bad,
"You've curs'd the only civil hour we've had."

SELECT SENTENCES.

TO be received, *at first*, with indifference, is *more disagreeable* than the scrutinizing glance of the keenest observer can ever prove *embarrassing*. *Neglect* is more hateful, particularly during youth, than the most *prying* examination.

GRIEF may find some relief in a certain novelty of objects, when they are in *harmony* with it; but it is *irritated* by *contrast*.

PHYSICIANS tell us, that there is a great difference between taking a medicine, and the medicine getting into the constitution. A difference not unlike which obtains with respect to those great moral propositions, which ought to form the directing principles of human conduct. It is *one* thing to assent to a proposition of this sort; *another*, and a very different thing, to have properly imbibed its influence.

A GOOD heart will, at all times, betray the BEST head in the world.

WHAT some people call *freedom* is nothing else than a liberty of saying and doing disagreeable things.

I FIND increasing years cause me to *esteem fewer* people—yet to *bear with more*.

BEN JONSON says, "Princes learn no art *truly*, but that of horsemanship. The reason is, the brave beast is *no flatterer*; he will throw the prince as soon as his groom."

I WOULD much rather be present with men of talents, who excel me, and listen to their conversation, than with fools, to applaud my sayings.

VANITY is *conspicuous* self-love. Modesty is self-love *concealed*. Who thinks not of himself is neither vain nor modest.

"GENEROSITY," says Madame de Sillery, "does not consist in *giving*, but in making some *sacrifice* in order to give."

THE MINSTREL.

For the Polyanthos.

POWER OF LOVE.

ADDRESSED TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

WHAT binds the heart of man to man
In friendship's warm alcove ?
Say, if in consciousness thou can,
If 'tis not power of Love.

The swain, that whistles at his plough,
Or falls the stately grove,
With simple speech can tell thee how
He tastes the power of Love.

The shepherd, happiest in life,
Who guards his little drove,
Unknown to worthless show and strife,
Enjoys the power of Love.

What bids the tender, feeling heart
Sigh like the turtle-dove,
When from its mate 'tis forc'd to part,
If 'tis not power of Love ?

What is it spreads a lively charm
Around the winter's stove,
That can the roughest looks disarm,
If 'tis not power of Love ?

What holds our thoughts from damp despair,
And bids them cheerful move,
If 'tis not hopes of better fare,
From heavenly power of Love.

What leads the liveliest thoughts we have
To the Supreme above,
Or holds them from the gloomy grave,
If 'tis not power of Love?

Then Thou, who couldst my heart engage,
And still thy friendship prove,
Shall find me thine in every age,
Rul'd by the power of Love.

AMALISSA.

Dorchester, Dec. 1805.

For the Polyanthos.

The following humourous piece is the *classical* effusion of a former son of Harvard, and though once published, is in my opinion well worth reprinting. B.

Cum ita semper me amares,
How to reward thee all my care is,
Amice admodum amande,
Prithee leave off thy drinking brandy;
Vides quo sorte jaceam hic,
And all for this, oh sick! oh sick!
Jam fumi vexant matrem piam;
Tom Row was ne'er so sick as I am;
Et properat mors cito pede;
Then thus my chattels I bequeath thee.
Imprimis, terræ do cadaver;
But for my soul I know who'll have her.
Secundo, mi amice bone
My breeches take, but there's no money.
Caligas, calceos, dabo hos,
Tho' they're not paid for yet, God knows.
Et vestes etiam tibi dentur,
Wear them for my sake if you'll venture.
Pediculos (si possis) pellas,
But lice i'faith are gentlemen's fellows:

Do libros tibi et totam musam
If I should live I ne'er should use 'em.
Spero quod his contentus eris,
But I've a friend almost as dear is.
Vale, nec plura tibi dentur,
Adieu, dear Tom, my love pray send her.

CANZON.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF CAMOENS.

[Among the numerous imitations of Anacreon's Wandering Cupid, there is none in which the playful character of boyhood has been so well preserved as it is in this little Poem. The destruction of the flowers is an act of mere childish mischief, which admirably accords with the "young adopted's" age...*Translator*.]

I MET Love wandering o'er the wild,
In semblance of a simple child ;
I heard his name, and in the sound
So much of sweet persuasion found,
That, piteous of his tears, I preſt
The little darling to my breast,
And watch'd his quiet slumbers there,
With all a father's tender care.

From day to day the orphan grew,
And with him my affection too ;
Till at the last, around my mind
The winning boy so closely twin'd,
I learnt his baby form to prize,
Like one of those within mine eyes,
And lov'd the young adopted more
Than ever sire did son before !

I had a bank of favourite flowers,
Which blossom'd e'en in wintry hours,
Content, the bosom's thornless rose,
And Innocence, and Heart's repose ;

—Love, like a rude and wanton boy,
Broke into my bowers of joy,
Tore Content's young roses thence,
Kill'd Repose——and Innocence!

Ah wretch! what mischief hast thou done
To him who lov'd thee like a son!
How couldst thou dim the doating eyes
Which did thee like their babies prize!
How break the heart of him who prest
Thee, cold and weeping, to his breast,
And watch'd thy quiet slumbers there,
With all a father's tender care?

CANZONET.

FROM THE SAME.

SINCE in this dreary vale of tears,
No certainty but death appears,
Why should we waste our vernal years
In hoarding useless treasure?

No—let the young and ardent mind
Become the friend of human kind,
And in the generous service find
A source of purer pleasure!

Better to live despis'd and poor,
Than Guilt's eternal stings endure;
The future smiles of God shall cure
The wound of earthly woes.

Vain world! did we but rightly feel
What ills thy treacherous charms conceal,
How would we long from thee to steal
To Death—and sweet repose!

CANZON.

FROM THE SAME.

O WEEP not thus—we both ſhall know
Ere long a happier doom ;
There is a place of reſt below,
Where thou and I ſhall ſurely go,
And ſweetly ſleep, releas'd from woe,
Within the tomb.

My cradle was the couch of Care,
And Sorrow rock'd me in it ;
Fate ſeem'd her ſaddeſt robe to wear,
On the firſt day that ſaw me there,
And darkly ſhadow'd with deſpair
My earlieſt minute.

E'en then the griefs I now poſſeſs,
As natal boons were given ;
And the fair form of Happineſs,
Which hover'd round intent to bleſs,
Scar'd by the phantoms of diſtreſs.
Flew back to heaven !

For I was made in Joy's deſpite,
And meant for Miſery's ſlave ;
And all my hours of brief delight
Fled, like the ſpeedy winds of night,
Which ſoon ſhall wheel their ſullen flight
Across my grave !

TO A BUTTERFLY.

ANACREONTICK.

FLUTTERING inſect, child of Spring,
Spread thy painted ſilken wing ;
Spread it wide, and gaily play
In Aurora's cheering ray.

Let me trace thy brilliant hues,
Beauteous reds and soft'ning blues;
Green of emerald, sparkling bright,
Next a diamond to the sight.
Let me see thy little eye
Revel every flow'ret nigh.
Where the wanton Zephyr blows,
Mark the blushes of the rose;
See, she courts thee—"Come," she cries,
"And sip the sweet ambrosial prize."
Haste, then, to her banquet haste;
Please thine eye, and greet thy taste:
Ponder o'er her lovely charms;
Clasp her fondly in thy arms.
Chaste her kisses—bliss be thine—
Die in ecstasy divine;
For short's the pleasure in thy power—
Thou'rt but the pageant of an hour.

SONNET TO HOPE.

Oh, ever skill'd to wear the form we love!
To bid the shades of fear and grief depart,
Come, gentle Hope! with one gay smile remove,
The lasting sadness of an aching heart.
Thy voice, benign enchantress! let me hear;
Say, that for me some pleasures yet shall bloom!
That fancy's radiance, friendship's precious tear,
Shall soften, or shall chase, misfortune's gloom.
But come not glowing in the dazzling ray
Which once with dear illusions charm'd my eye!
Oh strew no more, sweet flatterer! on my way
The flowers I fondly thought too bright to die.
Visions less fair will sooth my pensive breast
That asks not happiness but longs for rest!

THE DRAMA.

"See the players well bestowed—let them be well used; for they are the abstract, and brief chronicles, of the time."

Shakespeare.

.....

BOSTON THEATRE.

It is with pleasure we notice the unusual excellence of our theatrical performances the present season. The constant exertions of Mr. Powell, the manager, deserve the gratitude of the publick. A judicious choice of plays, and in general an appropriate distribution of the parts, have discovered discernment and ingenuity in the management. The brilliant, respectable, and frequently crowded assemblies, evince a desire to promote innocent amusement, and cherish the growth of taste and refinement.

Among the performers, Mr. Cooper is pre-eminent. As a tragedian, he is without a rival in our country: and we regret the necessity of his ever appearing in comedy. Whoever has read Shakespeare's plays with pleasure, will hear them pronounced by Mr. Cooper with delight. Passion lives in the language of his look; and all his accents speak the voice of nature. With equal ease he swells in all the rage of angry pride to act the tyrant; or sinks in melting strains to win a woman's heart.

Mr. Usher supports some characters with energy and propriety. Though not an act-

or of the first order, he is a valuable acquisition to our theatre. He is particularly happy in the expression of contempt.

Mr. Dickenson is a very respectable actor. He never falls below mediocrity, and often rises to excellence. The characters of comick old men are those in which he is seen to most advantage, and which he appears wisely to choose. He does not succeed, nor does he often make an attempt in the pathetick. His performance of Adam, in *As you like it*, ought, however, to be mentioned as an exception to this remark.

> — "He that doth the ravens feed,
> Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
> Be comfort to my age,"

was delivered with an energy that found immediate access to the heart.

Mr. Darley, as a lover, is always pleasing. As a singer, he is undoubtedly the first in America.

Mr. Fox is generally and deservedly received with approbation.

The comick department has been supported by Mr. Bernard and Mr. Twaits, with success unparalleled in the annals of our theatre. Their great versatility of talent, and occasional interpolations of original wit and local allusions highly entertain the audience, and raise the song of mirth in every heart.

Of the female performers, Mrs. Powell and Mrs. Darley occupy the first places, and give respectability to the stage by their dignified and graceful deportment; and

continue to receive the applause due to their respective merits. Mrs. Powell's Lady Macbeth and Desdemona may be mentioned as specimens of her excellence. Juliana in the *Honey Moon* is likewise done with much feeling and spirit. Mrs. Darley in Ophelia is unrivalled. In the playful Rosalind she appears uncommonly brilliant. In Hester she unites all the charms of modesty and artless innocence. Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Usher possess many good qualities ; and often act with ingenuity and judgment.

While we express an ardent desire for the prosperity of the theatre, as a school of nature, as a mirror in which mankind are seen, we wish to check what too often exists, a propensity to that kind of wit, which savours of indelicacy. All that is written should not be spoken. Cannot the manager erase ? Why then must innocence blush, and modesty hide her face ? The exhibitions of the stage, though they borrow the sublimity of Jove, the strength of Hercules, and the beauty of Venus, should never forsake the chastity and refinement of Diana.

Nov. 1. The *Honey Moon*, a comedy in five acts, was performed for the first time in Boston, and repeated several times with universal approbation.

In the plan of this play the author has totally, and, were but common sense our guide, justly, disregarded the vaunted unities of time and place ; but, for the greater perfection of

his piece, he neglected that which ought to be sacredly observed in dramatick composition, the unity of action, as it has been named by criticks, but which would be more intelligible to young students were it rigidly inculcated as the unity of fable. By this it is understood that there should be but one story, and that every character introduced in a piece should concur in promoting one grand design.

Against this rule also the author has egregiously erred. Instead of one, there are three stories, and as many designs: a design to make a lively coquet play on the feelings of her lover; a design to ridicule and subdue a woman-hater; and a design to correct the haughty and angry temper of a termagant.

This last is the principal design; and in the manner of executing it, the appropriate nature and pleasantry of the sentiments, and the flowing and frequently poetical diction of the author, the sterling merit of the play consists. The plan of the fable is so far from new, that it appears to be an absolute imitation of Shakespeare, not only in the characters of the Duke and Juliana, who are Catherine and Petruchio drawn in a different point of view, but of Zamora, who is as truly a transcript of Viola in Twelfth Night. In the management of the principal plan, when the scene changes from the palace to the cottage, we are no less forcibly reminded of Rule a Wife and have a Wife, by Beau-

mont and Fletcher. The imitations through the whole play, of the authors of that age, are too numerous to be cited; but they are frequently so happily made, and often executed with such an air of originality, that instead of being blemishes, they seem to stamp a sterling merit, and to purify the dramatick gold that had so long and so basely been alloyed.

The Honey Moon possesses another antique novelty: it is chiefly written in blank verse, but interspersed with scraps of prose, which an attentive reader is apt to suspect the author at first intended to versify. He has managed this peculiarity with so great a knowledge of the blank verse which is proper for the stage, that it possesses so much ease and fluency as not to be perceptible as verse, except to delicate and critical auditors.

Of the execution of the three designs it may be said, that the manner of taming the shrew, which is the chief, gratifies while it delights; that the ridicule thrown on the woman-hater, which the author appears to have intended to make no less effective, is sometimes insipid, and in a place or two offensive; and that the sportiveness of the coquet, in the third plan, is a relief to the moroseness of the shrew.

An incident is introduced in the beginning of the fourth act, of a hostess and an apothecary, who conspire to cheat Balthazar, the father of the heroines, of his money, by giving him improper medicines after a fall from

his horse, to detain him as a guest and patient; and of making him, after having listened to their scheme, oblige the apothecary to swallow his own drugs. This scene, altogether, is not well-timed. Dramatick authors should remember that, to introduce an extravagant and almost farcical incident, unless it forcibly and naturally arises out of the subject, is always a very dangerous experiment.

As the poetry of the piece forms one of its striking beauties, to cite a few of the poetical passages may please the reader, or afford him an opportunity of judging should he differ in opinion. In Act I. Rolando, the woman-hater, is seeking for a simile to a woman's tongue, and his companion asks him,

Count. Have you found it?

Rol. Humph! Not exactly. Something like a smoke-jack.
For it goes ever without winding up:
But that wears out in time—there fails the simile.
Next I bethought me of a water-mill;
But that stands still on Sundays: woman's tongue
Needs no reviving Sabbath. And beside,
A mill, to give it motion, waits for grist:
Now, whether she has aught to say or no,
A woman's tongue will go for exercise.
In short, I came to this conclusion:
Most earthly things have their similitudes,
But woman's tongue is yet incomparable.

In Act II. Scene III. Balthazar goes in search of his daughter, and the Count says,

I'll bear you company:
And as the traveller, perplex'd a while
In the benighted mazes of a forest,
Breaks on a champaign country, smooth and level,
And sees the sunshine glorious, so shall you, sir,

Behold a bright close and a golden end
To this now dark adventure.

The following is a fine drawn picture of the follies in which the wealthy indulge: it is near the end of the second Act.

Who then, that has a taste for happiness,
Would live in a large mansion, only fit
To be a habitation for the winds;
Keep gilded ornaments for dust and spiders;
See ev'ry body, care for nobody; [*feeble*]
Lose the free use of limbs, by being mewed up
In a close carriage, next to being bed-rid,
As if, like mummies, we should fall to pieces
By taking air; and, above all, be pester'd
With those voracious vermin call'd attendants?

At the close of the third Act, the Duke gives the following beautiful picture:

Thus modestly attir'd,
A half-blown rose stuck in thy braided hair,
With no more diamonds than those eyes are made of,
No deeper rubies than compose thy lips,
Nor pearls more precious than inhabit them,
With the pure red and white which that same hand
That blends the rainbow mingles in thy cheeks,
This well-proportion'd form (think not I flatter)
In graceful motion to harmonious sounds,
And thy free tresses dancing in the wind,—
Thou'lt fix as much observance, as chaste dames
Can meet, without a blush.

Many more citations might be made, but the above are sufficient to show the poetical talent of the author.

It is unfortunate that the most pernicious moral is inculcated by this comedy, that of deceiving the mind into virtue, or of doing harm that good may be the result. The Duke, having married a shrew, descends to

a continued course of deception, and, without any scruple, repeatedly tells direct falsehoods, that by these means he may reform his wife. The most clear and understanding moralists have maintained, that good ends are not to be produced by such means, and to induce men to make use of them is to administer poison to morality. It has too long been supposed, by dramatick writers, that the grossest falsehoods on the stage were merely sport; it ought rather to be plainly made evident that, when falsehood is practised, the consequences are evil.

The three young ladies are all daughters of Balthazar; a painter, of whose great excellence in his art or renown not a word is said; how he came to have Captains, Counts and Dukes for sons-in-law, and how the three ladies are each so exceedingly different in character from the too others, may be questionable, but likewise may easily be overlooked. Truth requires it to be said of this comedy, that its merits and defects are each of them great, but that the merits are so uncommon that the defects are cheerfully pardoned.

A biographical abstract of the life of the author, John Tobin Esq. will be given in the next number.

Dec. 2. *To marry—or not to marry*, a comedy by Mrs. Inchbald, was represented, and repeated three succeeding evenings.

Dec. 26. Lewis's popular play, the *Castle Spectre*, was represented, partly, we believe, for the purpose of introducing to the

audience, in the character of Hassan, an *American gentleman, his first appearance on any stage.* Either the popularity of the piece or the novelty of a first appearance, attracted a numerous audience, all of whom appeared to be on the "tip-toe of expectation." We are sorry to add, that Hassan never had, nor ever can have, a more unfortunate representative. The part throughout was totally *mis*-represented. His sentences, particularly toward the close, were rapidly uttered, with little emphasis, and that little entirely misplaced. When "in frantick terms he rav'd of Samba," his voice was scarcely audible, and accompanied with none but unmeaning gestures. By his omitting to say to Osmond "Can a mere dream unman you thus?" the principal effect of Osmond's relation was lost. In short, we could not discover the least talent or exertion, that merited the scanty applause he received.

It is an unpleasing task to reprove where we cannot commend; but we feel it a duty to say, that Mr. Kenny's Father Phillip falls below the lowest species of buffoonery. His words and his actions are all "Nonsense, nonsense, nonsense!" *ad infinitum.*

Two new pieces, *'Tis all a Farce* and *Love laughs at Locksmiths*, have been twice performed. We shall notice these more particularly next month.

A new comedy by Colman, called *Who wants a Guinea?* is in rehearsal, and will be brought forward in a few days.

NEW-YORK.

The New-York theatre opened in November, under the management of Messrs. Tyler and Johnson, with *Abaellino* and the *Adopted Child.* Among the performers we notice the names of Mr. and Mrs. Barret, and Mrs. Jones, formerly of the Boston theatre. Mr. B. made his *debut* in that city in his favourite character, *The Great Bandit.* A New-York critick says, he was received by the audience with all that encouraging applause, with which they are accustomed to greet a stranger. It appears, however, from later papers, that he does not give that satisfaction to the audience which they anticipated, nor receive from them the approbation which he thinks due to his merit.

On the 27th of November, the comedy of *The Will* and the opera of *The Padlock* were represented, for the purpose of introducing Mrs. Jones to the audience. She has since played Araminta, Rosina, Little Pickle, &c. Criticism "speaks goldenly" of her performances.

.....

The following lines were written by a lady of New-York, and sent to the managers of the theatre, to be spoken at the benefit of the Miss Hodgkinsons; but as others had been previously provided, they were not adopted. They possess a pathos which will make its way to every heart; and an ease, an elegance, and a finish, which show that

the writer is conversant with the pages of Pope.

When polish'd talents meet an early doom,
And beauty sinks untimely to the tomb,
The muses haste the tuneful meed to pay,
And crown'd with cypress form the elegiack lay,
With pensive mien, around the silent urn,
And mourn, tho' conscious 'tis in vain to mourn;
No fancied griefs now wake th' impassion'd sigh,
No woe fictitious swells the streaming eye;
For pity here two hapless orphans sue,
And raise their little hands with hope to you.
No mother's soothing voice allays their fears,
No father's cheering accent checks their tears;
Bereft of both, to you they gladly turn,
And hope to find those friends whose loss they mourn.
Ah! think how oft their father's magick powers,
Have sooth'd your cares and wing'd the lingering hours:
Think with what transport you've delighted hung,
On the enchantment of their mother's tongue—
Mute is that tongue! those powers to please are o'er!
They'll charm the eye—delight the ear no more!
But while you mourn the parents' early fate,
With pity view their children's orphan state,
Raise them from earth, their infant steps sustain,
Remove the pangs of poverty and pain.
Cheer'd by your favours, by your bounty fed,
Their opening talents to perfection led,
May rise to grace these boards, so often grac'd,
By beauty, merit, elegance and taste:
By you sustain'd, in worth, in charms they'll rise,
And future Hodgkinsons shall bless your eyes.

PHILADELPHIA.

We know nothing of Philadelphia theatricals but what we learn from the publick papers. Mr. Warren has lately imported from the English theatres a fresh supply of performers. We observe in the bills the names of a Mr. and Mrs. Woodman and a Mr. Bray, but have seen no remarks on their acting.

CHARLESTON.

This theatre opened on the 13th of November, under the management of Mr. Placide, with *A Cure for the Heart-Ache* and the musical entertainment of *My Grandmother*; for the benefit of the orphan children of the late Mr. Hodgkinson.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitlock are in the Charleston company; also Messrs. Bates, Jones, and Wilson, formerly of Boston.

FOREIGN THEATRICAL.

The following new pieces have been lately produced at the London theatres:

Thirty-Thousand; or, Who's the richest? a comick opera, by T. Dibdin.

The Land we live in; a comedy of five acts by Francis L. Holt, Esq.—The Reviewers do not speak very highly of these two pieces.

The School of Reform; a comedy in five acts, by T. Morton, Esq. received with enthusiastick applause.

The Lady of the Rock ; a Melo-Drame, in two acts, by T. Holcroft.

Out of Place ; an opera of two acts, by Mr. Reynolds—performed twelve successive nights.

Aggression ; a ballet Pantomime.

The Soldier's Return ; a comick opera of two acts—anonymous.

The Venetian Outlaw, a translation of a French piece. The origin of this piece and Otway's admirable tragedy of *Venice Preserved*, are said to be the same, and derived from *La Conjuration de Venise*, by the Abbe Saint Real.

Personation ; another translation from the French. It consists of but two characters ; and the intrigue arises from the young lady sometimes disguising herself, and assuming the character of her gouvernante, and her lover pretending and appearing to be his own steward, while they alternately assume their natural characters.

Youth, Love, and Folly, a comick opera in two acts, with pleasing parts, was received with great applause. It is written by Mr. Diamond, author of the *Hero of the North*.

A new comedy, called *A Prior Claim*, was performed Oct. 29, at Drury-Lane. It is the joint production of Henry James Pye, Esq. Poet Laureat, and his son-in-law, Mr. Arnold. From very simple materials, without any one striking incident, is produced a comedy that received throughout the most un-

bounded applause. The language is elegant and classical; the sentiments are beautiful and refined; and the moral is excellent.

EDITOR'S NOTES.

A PORTRAIT of Commodore Preble was prepared for the present number of the Polyanthos; and a gentleman at Portland obligingly promised a Sketch of his Life and Character to accompany it. As this Memoir has not yet been received, it is presumed no other apology is necessary for its postponement to a future number.

The gentleman who favoured us with several numbers of Holcroft's "Theatrical Recorder," will please to accept our gratitude. They contain a number of Dramatick Anecdotes, and other articles, which shall appear next month.

"Ruminator," on periodical publications, is inadmissible. The author will discover the reason on a moment's consideration.

"An Acrostick on the Seasons," and several other poetical communications, are laid aside for the present. We had rather make selections than insert incorrect originals.

☞ *Biographical Anecdotes, Historical Researches, Liberal Criticisms, and Theatrical Information, from any part of the United States, addressed to the Publisher, will be thankfully received.*

THE

POLYANTHOS.

JANUARY, 1806.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE

AND

CRITICAL REMARKS ON THE THEATRICAL PERFORMANCES OF *MR. T. A. COOPER.*

WITH A PORTRAIT.

Neminem libenter nominem, nisi ut laudem; sed nec peccata reprehenderem, nisi ut alius prodessem.

IN our biographical department we shall ever be happy in tracing the progress of genius wherever it may be found to flourish. Theatrical entertainments have their use. To delineate the sorrows or to lash the follies of our fellow-creatures, frequently answers very valuable purposes. We therefore feel a lively satisfaction in contemplating the character of a gentleman who has attained a degree of celebrity, to which, in our country, no other person in his profession has arrived.

Mr. COOPER was born about the year 1777, of reputable parents. His father was a surgeon, who lived well established

in his profession, at *Harrow on the Hill;* but having quitted this situation, he went to India, and acquired considerable property in the east, under Warren Hastings's Indian administration—but of the greater part, if not all of this, his widow and children were at his death, which was abroad, defrauded and left destitute. When nine years old, Cooper was taken, out of friendship to his family, and in some sort adopted by Mr. Godwin, the well known author of the Essay on Political Justice, by whom he was educated and intended for a writer, and no doubt inducted into the visionary democratical sentiments of his instructor. He is probably one of the very few, who have been apprenticed to authorship; and as it is impossible to determine the bent and much more so the soundness and strength of a mind so young, it is somewhat remarkable that a man of Godwin's understanding should train a boy to write books, before it was certain he could ever be induced to read them.

Such a pupil to such a master must have been roused and delighted by the French revolution. Cooper was scarcely seventeen when his enthusiasm prompted him to relinquish the pen for the sword, and to seek a commission in the armies of the great Republick; the just sprouting sensitive, and uncertain laurels of the author were blasted—civick and mural crowns, ovations, and "*sabres d'honneur*" were much more glittering, and accordingly it was already deter-

mined that he should engage for the banners of liberty and confusion, when the war broke out between England and France, and clouded the brilliant prospects of military promotion and renown in the cause of liberty.—Then it was, he turned his attention to the stage, and communicated his wishes to his benefactor; they were received with coldness and regret, and not till some time assented to, and then with decided disapprobation. His intention, however, being found invincible, Mr. Holcroft undertook to give him some preparatory lessons. When he was thought sufficiently prepared, many difficulties occurred, before a suitable place could be found for his first appearance; at last Mr. Stephen Kemble offered his auspices, and Edinburgh was concluded on. He was at that time a raw country youth of seventeen. On his arrival in Edinburgh, little conscious of his appearance and incompetency, he waited on Mr. Kemble, made up in the extreme of rustick foppery, proud of his talents, and little doubting his success. When he mentioned his name and errand, Mr. Kemble's countenance changed from a polite smile to the stare of disappointment. Cooper had been prepared for Young Norval; but he was obliged to exchange all his expected eclat for a few cold excuses from the manager, and the chagrin of seeing, some nights after, his part filled by an old man and a bad player. During the remainder of the season he

continued with Stephen Kemble, without ever appearing. From Edinburgh he went with the company to Newcastle-upon-Tyne; here he lived as dependent, inactive and undistinguished as before, till, owing to the want of a proper person to fill the part of Malcolm in Macbeth, he was cast to that humble character—in so inferiour a sphere did *he* begin to move who is now become one of the brightest luminaries of the theatrical hemisphere. His *debut* was even less flattering than his reception from the manager had been. Till the last scene he passed through tolerably well, but when he came to the lines, which conclude the play,

> So thanks to all at once, and to each one
> Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone,

after stretching out his hands and assuming the attitude and smile of thankfulness, slight embarrassment checked him, and he paused, still keeping his posture and look—the prompter made himself heard by every one but the bewildered Malcolm, who still continued mute, every instant of his silence increasing tenfold his perplexity—Macduff whispered the words in his ear—Macbeth, who lay slaughtered at his feet, broke the bonds of death to assist his dumb successor—the prompter spoke almost to vociferation—each Thane dead or alive joined his voice—but this was only "confusion worse confounded"—if he could have spoken, the amazed Prince might with great justice have said, "so thanks to all at once"—but his ut-

terance was gone, *vox faucibus hæsit*—a hiss presently broke out in the pit, the clamour soon became general, and the curtain dropped amid a shout of universal disapprobation.

After this discomfiture Cooper returned not a little humiliated to England. His friends Godwin and Holcroft, who were convinced that he possessed the requisites for a performer of eminence, sent him on a tour of improvement on the Provincial Theatres. They expected that he would thus acquire an acquaintance with the stage, and prepare himself for the theatres of the metropolis. An evil genius seemed still to preside over his wanderings. He appeared to the managers in whose corps he was enlisted, as a raw recruit, who possessed no talents for the profession. Characters of importance were considered utterly beyond his reach. Those of inferiour rank he played without success, and he degenerated into a mere letter-carrier. In this manner he murdered a few months, starving on a paltry salary, and then, abandoning his irksome and degrading situation, travelled on foot to London.

Mr. Cooper's friends now abandoned the idea of practice on provincial stages; Mr. Holcroft again took him in hand, and selected some of Shakespeare's most distinguished characters for his instruction. He made him recite passages, and would explain the nature of the characters, the situations in

which they are placed, the passions by which they were influenced. Thus he taught him that great requisite of a performer, to conceive the intention of the author, and enter into the feelings of the character. After some months close attention, in which the extraordinary talents of his youthful pupil were rapidly evolved, he was thought ready for a first appearance. He accordingly at the early age of 18 performed in one week the arduous characters of Hamlet and Macbeth, on the boards of Covent Garden, to overflowing houses, and with the most flattering applause.

On this subject we have heard that Mr. Tyler, at present one of the managers of the New-York Theatre, had belonged to one of the provincial companies in which Cooper had held a very humble station. Mr. Tyler, forming other engagements with Mr. Henry, quitted the British for the American stage. Shortly after his arrival he received a letter from one of his Thespian friends, who after regaling him with a variety of Green-Room history, added—"and now prepare yourself for an astonishment—that identical Mr. Cooper, who a few months ago was playing the very underling characters at our theatre, and who appeared extremely incompetent, is now performing Hamlet with applause in London!"

After Mr. Cooper had met so favourable a reception from the London audience, he was offered a liberal engagement; but

as he was not yet capable of sustaining a line of characters, he was expected to take such business as he was able to perform. This engagement he declined. *Aut Cæsar aut nullus* seems to have been already his object, and he refused any secondary situation. He accordingly retired to the country, where he employed himself in cultivating his dramatick talents.

Shortly after this period, Mr. Wignell, who had visited England to raise a reinforcement for the Philadelphia company, heard of him. He immediately entered into a negociation which was promptly concluded, and in a few days from its commencement Mr. Cooper was on the Atlantick, voyaging to America.

The Philadelphians were slow in discovering his merits. His line of acting interfered with that of their favourite performers, and as he had many careless and some dissipated habits, he was far from being a favourite. This was particularly evidenced at his benefit, for which there were only a few seats taken.

This did not affect Cooper's pocket, for his benefit was guaranteed to a certain amount by his engagement with the managers. It however affected his pride and he was determined to avoid the disgrace attendant on a "beggarly account of empty boxes." He therefore closed a bargain for 60 dollars with the man who owned the Elephant. Play bills were posted up in all directions, advertising in letters of the largest

size, that the Elephant would be introduced on the stage; curiosity was all alive, and Cooper, aided by his elephant, was honoured with an overflow.

When the winter campaign had closed, the company made a summer excursion to New-York. The circus was fitted up for the purpose, and the most admirable acting ever witnessed in America was there exhibited. Cooper, Fennel, Mouton, Harwood, and Bernard were the most prominent male performers, and Mrs. Merry sustained the heroine in a style of great perfection. The season opened with Venice Preserved, in which Cooper, as Pierre, made an indelible impression on the audience. A coldness had for sometime subsisted between him and the manager; which induced a wish to change his situation. His engagement bound him in a penalty of about 2,000 dollars, but this it was alledged had been already broken on the manager's part. In short, the sum was subscribed by a number of gentlemen, who engaged to advance it if necessary, and Mr. Cooper was transferred to the New-York Theatre.

With the exception of one season, in which he was at Philadelphia, where he also became a great favourite, Mr. Cooper continued in New-York till January, 1803. He then received an invitation from London. Kemble had quarrelled with Drury-Lane Theatre, had left it and gone on a tour to the continent of Europe. Cooper

was invited to come, if he felt confidence for the attempt, and was proffered Kemble's situation, if it should appear that he could sufficiently satisfy the town. He accordingly went, but did not succeed in London equal to the expectation of his friends. His performances were received with much applause, but the people there having formed their taste on the acting of Cooke and Kemble, or from his real inferiority to those gentlemen, did not consider him equal to their favourites. He then performed for a few nights at Liverpool, with great eclat.

From Liverpool, he again returned to America, and appeared in New-York in the character of Macbeth. The best criticks of that city ; and among them Mr. Colman, the intelligent editor of the "*Evening-Post*," stands pre-eminent, considered the histrionick powers of our *Roscius* to have been much improved and ripened during his transatlantick excursion ; but they still wanted that finishing polish, which is absolutely essential to win the award of the rigid judge, to enseal his fame with the stamp of sterling excellence. Several innovations, which he introduced in some of his principal Shakespeare characters, for the thread-bare purpose of *stage-effect*, as it is technically called, missed of their aim in the representation, and after meeting some slight critical reproof, were entirely abandoned, and have, we believe, never since returned, "*to plague th' inventor.*" Of this class of Mr. Cooper's splendid frailties, one

is so remarkable, that we cannot omit to mention it here. In the tragedy of Hamlet, the fourth scene of the third act lies in the Queen's apartment, in which the ghost *re-appears* to the young Dane. This scene is the most celebrated in the whole play ; and is considered by Richardson, in his analysis of Shakespeare, as developing the apex of Hamlet's character. We cannot withhold from Mr. Cooper the very distinguished meed of praise, to which his admirable performance of the scene, except at the exit of the ghost, justly entitles him. But in this passage, as this visionary personage is stalking away,

> Why, look you there ! look, how it steals away !
> My father, in his habit, as he lived !
> Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal !

Mr. C. fell, horrour-struck, upon the stage ; and no doubt he fell in a great attempt at tragick impression ! That he should remain *rooted to the spot*, and not, as many ranters have done, bruise the innocent shaft of the *prompt-pillar*, seems perfectly judicious ; but that the second visit of the ghost should create an effect more terrifick than the first, is inexplicable ; except, indeed, it may be contended, that for the first interview with his father's spirit, he was prepared by his friend Horatio, &c. ; and that having buckled on " the armour of the mind," he was proof against any sudden alarm from this preternatural rencounter. But this argument must inevitably recoil upon the head of Mr. C's

advocate; for if the apparition was ever to produce a temporary suspension of the animal powers, it surely would have happened at the instant of his *unexpected re-appearance*, and not at the moment of his *departure*. But enough, and "too much of this." Mr. C. has now relinquished this method; and we add, with strong conviction of critical truth, and without derogation to any other American actor, "No Dane, but his own, *now* remains on our stage."

From New-York, Mr. Cooper went to Philadelphia, where he increased his already "large honours;" and from that city he came to Boston, where his success in particular tragick characters has been distinguished beyond that of any other performer, who has ever appeared on the same boards. As a general actor, Mr. Hodgkinson, whose memory will be ever dear to both the tutelar deities, who preside over the drama, was decidedly his superiour. Mr. Cooper does not often appear to advantage in comedy; and even in tragedy, we think he excels more in exciting terrour, than inspiring sympathy. His "Othello," his "Hamlet," his "Zanga," and his "Leon," are the most finished of all his personations. In many other characters, he has successfully pursued the path to fame, *sed haud passibus equis*. Second to no one, however, can we esteem him, as a votary of Melpomene, unless indeed we except the individual character of "Macbeth," in which the late lamented

Hodgkinson pre-eminently surpassed him. This, it is acknowledged, is the most arduous of all Shakespeare's developements of human action. The seductions of ambition, the gradations of vice, and the reluctances of yielding virtue, are here minutely delineated, and form the master-stroke of that unrivalled hand, which had so often portrayed the features of nature in different views, and knew "every line and trick of her sweet favour." Had the writer of this article ever witnessed the Thane of Cawdor by Mr. Kemble, it is probable he might not have considered, as he now does, Mr. Hodgkinson's assumption, as touching the ultimate point of excellence.

Although we are devotedly attached to correct orthoepy on the stage, and have no pagan objection to any son of the histrionick art, who may happen to be erudite in philology; we still consider ourselves not only too much the admirers of Nature to estimate these polished requisites as the *sine qua non* of the profession; but we also are not quite fastidious enough to be ear-tied, in defiance of sense and character. On these subjects we shall here be silent; and shall also preserve our taciturnity on a theme of higher importance—the application of the *rising and falling circumflexes* of the voice—in the discretion of whose exercise Mr. Cooper is sometimes incorrect. This, however, is a fault, common to the best performers:—We have never yet heard but one "Portia" who pronounced

The quality of mercy is not *strained*,

with the *rising circumflex* on the last word; and yet without this, the passage is scarcely sense in itself, and bears no relation to the preceding position of the colloquy—

Then *must* the Jew be merciful.

But to disclose an offence of greater magnitude:—We would ask Mr. Cooper upon what authority, except the spirit of innovation, in Hamlet's scene with Horatio, when speaking of the stratagem of the play "to catch the conscience of the king"—he reads, "if he *turn pale*, I know my course." In all the editions, which we have seen, the original text is preserved; and in Johnson's folio Dictionary we find the whole passage quoted, under the word "*blench*."

——————— I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick—if he *but blench*,
I know my course.

Two other extracts from Shakespeare are cited to support the text. To "*blench*" is to *shrink*, to *start back*;—but a very different sense is conveyed by Mr. Cooper's reading. Besides, admitting the king to be struck with remorse or terror of conscience, by the force of scenick allusion, his *turning pale* would be no definite symptom of the alarm within him; for, more commonly, instead of the chalky paleness, the florid erubescence of the cheek betrays the panting guilt of the bosom.

One more remark, and we close. Mr. Cooper reads,

——————— foul deeds will rise—
Tho' all the earth o'erwhelm them—to men's eyes;

without making any pause, or inflexion of tone, in the second line. As thus,

Though all the earth o'erwhelm them to men's eyes!

Critical truth would say that the clause, "tho' all the earth o'erwhelm them," is a parenthesis by construction, although not marked as such, and should so be read.—But annotations upon his errours are far less pleasant, than the panegyrick of his excellencies.

——— Ubi *plura* nitent, non ego *paucis*
Offendar maculis.

BIOGRAPHICAL ABSTRACT
OF THE LIFE OF JOHN TOBIN, ESQ.
AUTHOR OF "THE HONEY MOON."

JOHN TOBIN was born, January 28, 1770, at Salisbury. The maiden name of his mother was Elizabeth Webbe, a West-Indian, and by her he was the third son of James Tobin, born in London, but an inhabitant of the island of Nevis. Quitting England for the West-Indies, his parents sent him and his two elder brothers to the free school of Southampton, where he remained seven years, and was afterward pupil to the reverend Mr. Lee of Bristol, in which city his father, re-

turning from the Indies, embarked in a commercial partnership. Not having been bred to commerce, his father in early life had been devoted to the pursuit of the liberal arts, and the taste of the son was improved by residing in his father's house. His inclination, however, for the law, to which profession he was destined, was by no means increased. He was for a short period with a Mr. Gautier, who taught French at Bristol. In 1785, he was articled to an eminent solicitor of Lincoln's Inn.

After the death of that gentleman, he became a partner with three other clerks in the office; but, disagreements happening which ended in a chancery suit, he entered into a new fi[illegible]ith his friend Mr. Ange.

Finding his health decline, by the advice of his physicians he went, in 1803, and resided with a relation in Cornwall; but his disorder assuming the form of consumption, he was induced, in November, 1804, at the earnest solicitation of his friends, to embark at Bristol for the West-Indies, hoping benefit from a warmer climate. In the same ship was the wife of a valued friend, suffering under the same disease and buoyed up by the same hopes. Detained at Cork some days, the vessel sailed from that port on the 7th of December, and on that day he died. Contrary winds obliged the ship to return to the Cove of Cork, and he was attended to his grave by the friend who had accompanied him on this short voyage. Previous to this

disease, his health generally appeared good; but he was always of a spare habit, and, when a boy, indisposed to violent and muscular exercises. When at school he was quick in acquiring lessons, tranquil of disposition, and prone neither to give nor take offence. Delighting to indulge in reverie, his pursuits were of a peaceable and literary kind. On the banks of the Avon, near Salisbury, where he spent his holidays with his grandfather, he acquired a love of angling, to which he was ever afterward devoted; and his ardour for it was increased by the few opportunities in which it could be indulged. Averse to walking, unless when he had a strong motive, his hours were lost in thought or in the creations of an active m[illegible] Abstracted and constitutionally indol[illegible], he was alike apt to forget forms, and neglect pecuniary concerns; yet, having a high sense of moral duty, he never broke even trifling engagements. Of inflexible integrity himself, he detested selfishness, and carefully avoided men of hollow principles, however bland their manners, or brilliant their accomplishments. By taking a part in school performances, and visiting the theatre at Southampton, he acquired a taste for the drama, and his first piece was written before the year 1789. Constantly engaged after this period in dramatick compositions, they were offered to the theatres, but were all rejected except a comedy called The Pharo Table, which was accepted at Drury-lane, though never

performed. On quitting London, he left the Honey Moon, the last piece he had finished, with his brother : they had resided ten years together, united by kindred feelings and similarity of sentiment and pursuit. To this brother, who had so often been his unsuccessful negociator at the theatres, he committed the care of bringing the piece on the stage, having received a promise from the manager that it should be performed.

For a mind like his, the court of Chancery had few charms ; nor did he follow his profession with that zeal which can this way acquire wealth and fame ; but he loved independence, had a just sense of duty, and was punctual, while in health, in attending at the office. His mind indeed might be absent, and when he left the place he ceased to think of such business.

The Pharo Table was chiefly written in bed, during illness, in the year 1795 ; and his other pieces, between the hours of nine and twelve, after his return from Lincoln's Inn. He frequently composed while walking the streets, and especially songs, which he usually committed to writing when he came home. Animated by society and enjoying rational conversation, yet, as solitude never displeased him, he did not anxiously seek company ; though always happy to see a few valued friends, their absence was never perceptible. Unruffled by the accidents of life, possessed of fortitude not easily shaken, and with a mind never unemployed, he was

subject to no fits of weariness. "He was altogether the happiest man I ever knew." Though the progress of the disease alarmed him, he contemplated death without fear or superstition. Hope and fancy pictured to him his future success on the stage, while his bodily powers were wasting and his energies daily on the decline. "He died without a groan." While at Falmouth, he revised some of his works, and wrote notes on Shakespeare, intending to contribute to a new edition of our immortal bard. Two of his unfinished plays it was his intention to complete in the West-Indies. A constant reader of Beaumont and Fletcher, and the writers of that age, he was no less an admirer of Farquar and some of his cotemporaries. He also read some Spanish comedies, but found little to admire, except the ingenuity of their plots. Genuine comedy he supposed might yet find support from the publick, and a better taste be revived, notwithstanding the mercenary motives by which it continues to be depraved. Deeply sensible of the moral influence of the drama, he scorned to flatter the base prejudices or the sickly imaginations of the great vulgar or the small.

CONTEMPLATOR....No. 1.

.....

It is our intention, under this head, occasionally to devote a few pages to the notice of new or scarce publications. We shall

not attempt to review with critical exactness, or to animadvert upon any work as censurable ; but give such general remarks as will best discover the genius and design of the author, and make a selection of the most remarkable passages.

In prosecuting this design, we begin with "*The Sabbath and Sabbath Walks, by James Grahame ;*" published at Edinburgh, 1805 ; a poem, which, for smoothness and harmony of numbers, elegance of diction, and purity of sentiment, may be numbered among the noblest efforts of modern poets. Passages of uncommon beauty frequently occur through the whole poem. The calmness of the Sabbath morning is thus elegantly described in the first paragraph.

How still the morning of the hallowed day !
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hush'd
The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers
That yestermorn bloom'd waving in the breeze.
Sounds the most faint attract the ear,—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating midway up the hill.
Calmness sits thron'd on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale ;
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tun'd song ; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen ;

While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard at intervals
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.

The following lines are descriptive of the town mechanick's morning walk : many a labouring man will assent to their propriety.

Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day:
The pale mechanick now has leave to breathe
The morning air, pure from the city's smoke,
While wandering slowly up the river's side,
He meditates on HIM, whose power he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around its roots ; and while he thus surveys
With elevated joy each rural charm,
He hopes, yet fears presumption in the hope,
That Heaven may be one Sabbath without end.

The sound of bells and the crowd proceeding to church are next described. The interval before the service begins, and the Scottish service, are thus piously delineated.

A placid stillness reigns,
Until the man of God, worthy the name,
Arise and read th' anointed shepherd's lays.
His locks of snow,—his brow serene,—his look
Of love, it speaks, " Ye are my children all,
The grey-haired man, stooping upon his staff,
As well as he, the giddy child, whose eye
Pursues the swallow flitting thwart the dome."
Loud swells the song : O how that simple song,
Tho' rudely chaunted, how it melts the heart,
Commingling soul with soul, in one full tide
Of praise, of thankfulness, of humble trust.

Next comes the unpremeditated prayer,
Breath'd from the inmost heart in accents low,
But earnest.—Alter'd is the tone; to man
Are now address'd the sacred speaker's words.
Instruction, admonition, comfort, peace,
Flow from his tongue. ———
—— But hark, that infant querulous voice!
Plaint, not discordant to a parent's ear:
And see the father raise the white-rob'd babe
In solemn dedication to the Lord:
The holy man sprinkles with forth-stretch'd hand
The face of innocence; then earnest turns,
And prays a blessing in the name of HIM
Who said, *Let little children come to me: Forbid them not.*

In a future number we shall make some further extracts from this poem. We would observe, however, that to see *all* its beauties, the *whole* of it must be read. We only endeavour to select the most striking. J.

SKETCHES OF CRITICISM.

[*From D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature."*]

.....

Yes, should Great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead!

THE greatest authors of antiquity have smarted under the lash of Criticism. Chevrau has collected a great number of instances. Lest I should prove tedious, I only select a few.

It was given out, that Homer had stolen from Hesiod whatever was most remarkable

in the Iliad and Odyssey. The Emperor Caligula suppressed the works of this great poet: and gave for reason, that he certainly had as much right as Plato, who had so severely condemned him.

Sophocles was brought to trial by his children as a lunatick: and some who blamed the inequalities of this poet, have also condemned the vanity of Pindar; the hard and rough verses of Æschylus; and the manner in which Euripides conducted his plots.

Socrates, who has even been compared to Jesus Christ, as the wisest and the most moral of men, Cicero has treated as a usurer, and Athenæus as an illiterate person. Mr. Cumberland, in one of his Observers, has industriously revived a calumny which most assuredly only took its rise from the malignant buffoonery of Aristophanes; who, as Jortin says, was a great wit, but a great rascal. Should some future author draw his anecdotes from the writings of a Foote, we know well that he might delineate a spirited character; but nothing, at the same time, would be more fictitious.

Plato, who has been called, by Clement of Alexandria, the Moses of Athens; the Philosopher of the Christians, by Arnobius; and the God of Philosophers, by Cicero; has undergone a variety of criticisms. Athenæus accuses him of envy; Theopompus, of lying; Suidas, of avarice; Aulus Gelli-

us, of robbery ; Porphyry, of incontinence ; and Aristophanes, of impiety.

Aristotle, who, according to some writers, has composed more than four hundred volumes, and who for his work on animals received from Alexander eight hundred talents, has not been less spared by the criticks. Diogenes Laertius, Cicero, and Plutarch, have forgotten nothing that can tend to show his ignorance, his ambition, and his vanity.

If the reader does not feel himself weary he may read on.

Virgil is destitute of invention, if we are to give credit to Pliny, Carbilius, and Seneca. Caligula has absolutely denied him even mediocrity ; Herennus has marked his faults; and Perilius Faustinus has furnished a thick volume with his plagiarisms. Even the author of his Apology has confessed, that he has stolen from Homer his greatest beauties.

Horace censures the coarse humour of Plautus ; and Horace, in his turn, has been blamed for fiction and obscurity.

The majority of the criticks regard Pliny's History only as a pleasing romance ; and seem to have quite as little respect for Quintus Curtius.

Pliny cannot bear Diodorus and Vopiscus ; and, in one comprehensive criticism, treats all the historians as narrators of fables.

Livy has been reproached for his aversion to the Gauls ; Dion, for his hatred of the Republick ; Velleius Paterculus, for speak-

ing too kindly of the vices of Tiberius ; and Herodotus and Plutarch, for their excessive partiality to their own country. Others have said of Cicero, that there is no connection, and, to adopt their own figure, no *blood* and *nerves*, in what his admirers so warmly extol. They say, he is cold in his extemporaneous effusions, too artificial in his exordiums, trifling in his strained witticisms, and tiresome in his digressions.

Quintilian does not spare Seneca; and Demosthenes, called by Cicero the Prince of Orators, has, according to Hermippus, more of art than of nature. To Demades, his orations appear too much laboured : others have thought him too dry ; and, if we may trust Eschines, his language is by no means pure.

Should we proceed with this list to our own country, and our own times, it might be curiously augmented ; but, perhaps, enough has been said, to soothe irritated genius, and to shame fastidious criticism. " I would beg the criticks to remember," the Earl of Roscommon writes, in his Preface to his Version of Horace's Art of Poetry, " that Horace owed his favour and his fortune to the character given of him by Virgil and Varius ; that Fundanius and Pollio are still valued by what Horace says of them ; and that, in their Golden Age, there was a good understanding among the ingenious, and those who were the most esteemed were the best natured." I would hope, in spite of the daily cries we

hear from disappointed writers, that those journalists, whose style and sentiments render them respectable in the eyes of every man of letters, maintain with rigid integrity the fountains of criticism pure and incorrupt. They cannot be insensible that their volumes are not merely read, and then forgotten; but that they will remain as surviving witnesses, for or against them, from century to century.

"Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost, who waits till *all* commend."

GOLDEN VERSES OF PYTHAGORAS.

Honour the immortal Gods, conformably to the established laws; and honour an oath: then the memory of departed great men. Honour also the wise and virtuous of living characters; and thy parents and nearest relatives.

Of mankind, make him thy friend who is most virtuous. To all his kind exhortations be ever attentive, and imitate his honourable and useful actions. Be not estranged from him for slight faults; for where necessity urges, our power is considerable.

Accustom thyself to restrain the passions of gluttony, indolence, lust and anger.

Commit no act of dishonour, either in company or in private.

Above all things reverence thyself. Exercise justice in word and deed, and let reason direct the most trifling action of thy life. Remember, that to die is the destiny of man; and that riches avail little, for they are acquired to be soon lost.

Whatever evils thou mayest undergo, bear them patiently, endeavouring to discover a remedy. And let this reflection console thee, that fate does not distribute much of evil to good men.

Men apply the art of reasoning to good and bad purposes; listen, therefore, with caution, and be not hasty to admit or reject. If any one assert an untruth, arm thyself with patience, and be silent.

Be careful, on every occasion, that thou be not seduced by any one's words or actions; nor ever be influenced to say or do what is wrong.

Think warily before thou actest, that no folly ensue. To speak and act inconsiderately induces misery. Do that of which thou wilt have no cause of repentance.

Engage not in any thing which thou dost not understand.

Acquire useful knowledge, and thy life will be rendered pleasant.

Be attentive to the preservation of thy health; observing a proper measure, in drink, meat, and exercise: I mean by measure such a portion of each as will not prejudice thee.

Accustom thyself to a neat and decent way of living, without luxury ; and avoid exciting envy in others.

Do not spend unseasonably, like some who aim at grandeur. Neither be sordid and niggardly : mediocrity is best in all things.

Injure not thyself by any misconduct, considering well before thou actest.

Close not thy eye-lids till thou hast reviewed the actions of the past day. In what respect have I acted wrong ? How have I been employed ? What have I neglected to do ? Begin in this manner, from thy first action, and proceed. If thou hast acquitted thyself ill, be afflicted ; if well, rejoice.

Labour in these things ; meditate on them, love them. They will lead thee into the path of true virtue. Yes, I swear it, by him who transmitted into our soul the sacred Quaternian, the fountain of eternal nature. Then proceed to thy work, having prayed to the Gods that thou mayest finish it.

When this habit is become familiar to thee thou wilt perceive the constitution of the immortal Gods, and of mortal men ; even the extent of being, and in what manner it exists. Thou wilt perceive that nature in her operations is uniform, and thou wilt expect only what is possible. Thou wilt perceive that mankind willingly draw upon themselves evil. Wretches ! they neither see nor understand what it is wise to prefer ; and when entangled, are ignorant of the means of escape. Such is the destiny of man. They

are subjected to evils without end, and are agitated incessantly, like rolling stones. A fatal contention ever secretly pursues them, which they neither endeavour to subdue, nor yield to.

GREAT Jove! Father of Men! O free them from those evils, or discover to them the demon they employ! But be of good cheer, for the race of man is divine. Nature discovers to them her hidden mysteries, in which, if thou art interested, and attain this knowledge, thou wilt obtain, with ease, all I enjoin; and having healed thy soul, thou wilt preserve it from evil.

ABSTAIN, moreover, from those unclean and foul meats which are forbidden, keeping thy body pure, and thy soul free.

CONSIDER all things well, governing thyself by reason, and setting it in the uppermost place. And when thou art divested of thy mortal body, and arrivest in the most pure æther, thou shalt be exalted among the immortal Gods, be incorruptible, and never more know death.

PRAYER OF M. DE VOLTAIRE.

.....

NOT unto men, but unto thee, the God of all being, of all worlds, and of all ages, do I address myself; if feeble creatures, lost in thy immensity, and imperceptible to the rest of the universe, may presume to ask of thee any

thing ; of thee who hast given all ; of thee whose decrees are unchangeable, as they are eternal ; condescend to look in pity on the errours which are inseparable from our nature, and let them not be to us the grouud of calamity. Thou hast not given us hearts to hate one another, nor hands to cut each other's throats : grant that we mutually assist one another to support the burden of a painful and a transitory life ; let not the little differences between the vestments that cover our feeble bodies, between our defective languages, between our ridiculous customs, between our many imperfect laws, between our many foolish opinions, between our several conditions, so unequal in our eyes and so equal in thine ; let not the many little distinctions that denote the several classes of atoms called men be signals of hatred and persecution. May those who light up wax tapers at noon day to celebrate thee bear with those who are content with the light of the sun which thou hast placed in the firmament. Let not those who, to tell us we must love thee, cover their robes with white linen, hold in detestation those who tell us the same thing in a cloak of black woollen. May it be the same to adore thee in a jargon formed from an ancient language, or in a jargon more modern. May those whose vesture is died with red or with purple, who rule over a small parcel of a small heap of the mud of this earth, and who possess some round bits of a certain metal, enjoy

without pride what they call grandeur and riches, and may others behold them without envy: for thou knowest that in these vanities, there is nothing to be envied, nothing to be proud of. May all men remember that they are brethren, and may they abhor the tyranny that is exercised over the mind, as they execrate the violence that takes by force the fruit of labour and peaceful industry. If the scourge of war be necessary, let us not hate, let us not devour each other in the midst of peace; but let us employ our momentary existence in blessing equally, in a thousand different languages, from Siam to California, thy goodness, which has given us this momentary existence.

EFFUSION OF A MELANCHOLY HOUR.

Σκοπησαμενος ευρισκον ουδαμως αν αλλως ετος διαπραξαμενος....ISOCR.

THE world has often heard of fortune-hunters, legacy-hunters, popularity-hunters, and hunters of various descriptions—one diversity, however, of this very extensive species has hitherto eluded publick animadversion; I allude to the class of friend-hunters,—men who make it the business of their lives to acquire friends, in the hope through their influence, to arrive at some desirable point of ambitious eminence. Of all the mortifications and anxieties to which mankind voluntarily

subject themselves, from the expectation of future benefit, there are, perhaps, none more galling, none more insupportable than those attendant on friend-making.—Show a man that you court his society, and it is a signal for him to treat you with neglect and contumely. Humour his passions, and he despises you as a sycophant. Pay implicit deference to his opinions, and he laughs at you for your folly. In all he views you with contempt, as the creature of his will, and the slave of his caprice. I remember I once solicited the acquaintance, and coveted the friendship of one man, and, thank God, I can yet say (and I hope on my death-bed I shall be able to say the same) of ONLY one man.

Germanicus was a character of considerable eminence in the literary world. He had the reputation not only of an enlightened understanding and refined taste, but of openness of heart and goodness of disposition. His name always carried with it that weight and authority which are due to learning and genius in every situation. His manners were polished, and his conversation elegant. In short, he possessed every qualification which could render him an enviable addition to the circle of every man's friends. With such a character, as I was then very young, I could not fail to feel an ambition of becoming acquainted, when the opportunity offered, and in a short time we were upon terms of familiarity. To ripen this familiarity into friendship, as far as the most awk-

ward diffidence would permit, was my strenuous endeavour. If his opinions contradicted mine, I immediately, without reasoning on the subject, conceded the point to him, as a matter of course that he must be right, and by consequence that I must be wrong. Did he utter a witticism, I was sure to laugh; and if he looked grave, though nobody could tell why, it was mine to groan. By thus conforming myself to his humour, I flattered myself I was making some progress in his good graces, but I was soon undeceived. A man seldom cares much for that which cost him no pains to procure. Whether Germanicus found me a troublesome visitor, or whether he was really displeased with something I had unwittingly said or done; certain it is, that when I met him one day, in company with persons of apparent figure, he had lost all recollection of my features. I called upon him, but Germanicus was not at home. Again and again I gave a hesitating knock at the great man's door—all was to no purpose. He was still not at home. The sly meaning, however, which was couched in the sneer of the servant the last time, that, half ashamed of my errand, I made my enquiries at his house, convinced me of what I ought to have known before—that Germanicus was at home to all the world save me. I believe, with all my seeming humility, I am a confounded proud fellow at bottom; my rage at this discovery, therefore, may be better conceived than described. Ten thousand curs-

es did I imprecate on the foolish vanity which led me to solicit the friendship of my superiour, and again and again did I vow down eternal vengeance on my head, if I ever more condescended *thus* to *court* the acquaintance of man. To this resolution I believe I shall ever adhere. If I am destined to make any progress in the world, it will be by my own individual exertions. As I elbow my way through the crowded vale of life, I will never, in any emergency, call on my selfish neighbour for assistance. If my strength give way beneath the pressure of calamity, I shall sink without *his* whine of hypocritical condolence: and if I do sink, let him kick me into a ditch, and go about his business. I asked not his assistance while living—it will be of no service to me when dead.

Believe me, reader, whoever thou mayest be, there are few among mortals whose friendship, when acquired, will repay thee for the meanest of solicitation. If a man voluntarily holds out his hand to thee, take it with caution. If thou find him honest, be not backward to receive his proffered assistance, and be anxious when occasion shall require, to yield to him thine own. A real friend is the most valuable blessing a man can possess, and, mark me, it is by far the most rare. It is a black swan. But, whatever thou mayest do, *solicit* not friendship. If thou be young, and would make thy way in the world, bind thyself a seven year's ap-

prentice to a city tallow-chandler, and thou mayest in time come to be lord mayor. Many people have made their fortunes at a taylor's board. Perriwig makers have been known to buy their country seats, and bellows menders have started their curricles; but seldom, very seldom, has the man, who placed his dependence on the friendship of his fellow men, arrived at even the shadow of the honours to which, through that medium, he aspired. Nay, even if thou shouldest find a friend ready to lend thee a helping hand, the moment by his assistance thou hast gained some little eminence, he will be the first to hurl thee down to thy primitive, and now, perhaps, irremediable obscurity.

Yet I see no more reason for complaint on the ground of the fallacy of human friendship, than I do for any other ordonnance of nature, which may *appear* to run counter to our happiness. Man is naturally a selfish creature, and it is only by the aid of philosophy that he can so far conquer the defects of his being, as to be capable of disinterested friendship. *Who*, then, can expect to find that benign disposition which manifests itself in acts of disinterested benevolence and spontaneous affection, a common visitor? Who can preach philosophy to the mob?*

* By the word mob here, the author does not mean to include merely the lower classes. In the present acceptation, it takes in a great part of the mob of quality: men who are either too ignorant, or too much taken up with base and grovelling pursuits, to have room for any of the more amiable affections.

The recluse, who does not easily assimilate with the herd of mankind, and whose manners with difficulty bend to the peculiarities of others, is not likely to have many *real friends*. His enjoyments, therefore, must be solitary, lone, and melancholy. His only friend is himself. As he sits immersed in reverie by his midnight fire, and hears without the wild gusts of wind, fitfully careering over the plain, he listens sadly attentive ; and as the varied intonations of the howling blast articulate to his enthusiastick ear, he converses with the spirits of the departed, while, between each dreary pause of the storm, he holds solitary communion with himself. Such is the social intercourse of the recluse ; yet he frequently feels the soft consolations of friendship. A heart, formed for the gentler emotions of the soul, often feels as strong an interest for what are called *brutes*, as most bipeds affect to feel for each other. Montaigne had his cat ; I have read of a man whose only friend was a large spider, and Trenck, in his dungeon, would sooner have lost his right hand, than the poor little mouse, which, grown confident with indulgence, used to beguile the tedious hours of imprisonment with its gambols. For my own part, I believe my dog, who, at this moment, seated on his hinder legs, is wistfully surveying me, as if he was conscious of all that is passing in my mind ;—my dog, I say, is as sincere, and, whatever the world may say, nearly as *dear* a friend as any I possess ; and,

when I shall receive that summons which may not now be far distant, he will whine a funeral requiem over my grave, more piteously than all the hired mourners in Christendom. Well, well, poor Bob has had a kind master of me, and, for my own part, I verily believe there are few things on this earth I shall leave with more regret than this faithful companion of the happy hours of my infancy.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTION.

ON POPULAR WRITINGS.

The greatest part of the works which the publick esteem at present, have only arrived by degrees at that universal approbation, (*e. g.* Shakespeare). A success too brilliant at the first, affords but a sad augur for its continuance, and only proves the mediocrity of the work. Beauties which are within the reach of all the world, immediately make their impression; *great* beauties are often less striking, and it is rare that a work of the first merit, obtains, at the beginning, the suffrage of a great number. It is only a few who are able at once to feel the force of singular excellence: but by degrees the false glare which dazzled at the first, begins to wear off, and men gradually discover beauties that at first escaped their notice. This discovery occasions an agreeable surprize. They re-

turn to the subject, and discover still more; so that their admiration continues to augment from day to day.

PHILIP THE THIRD.

PHILIP the Third, King of Spain, was a weak prince, who suffered himself to be governed by his ministers. A patriot wished to open his eyes, but he could not pierce through the crowds of his flatterers; besides, that the voice of patriotism, heard in a corrupted court, would have become a crime never to have been pardoned. He found, however, an ingenious manner of conveying to him his censure. He caused to be laid on his table, one day, a letter, sealed, which bore this address—"To the King of Spain, Philip the Third, at present in the service of the Duke of Lerma."

In a similar manner, Don Carlos, son to Philip the Second, made a book, with empty pages, to contain the voyages of his father; which bore this title—"The Great and Admirable Voyages of the King, Mr. Philip." All these voyages consisted of going to the Escurial from Madrid, and returning to Madrid from the Escurial. Jests of this kind, at length, cost him his life.

AMERICA.

"IT is computed, by able writers," says Lord Kaimes, "that the present inhabitants of America amount not to a twentieth part of those who existed when that conti-

nent was discovered by Columbus. This decay is ascribed to the intemperate use of *spirits*, and to the *small-pox*, both of them introduced by the Europeans." He seems to have forgotten that they are indebted to *us* also for "the intemperate use" of the *sword*, and the dreadful *bigotry* and *cruelties* practised by the religious and avaricious Spaniards, which certainly are not less destructive than the contagion of the small-pox, or the poison of spirituous liquors.

We may also add another proof of European humanity. A plantation in Jamaica, which employs a *hundred* slaves, requires an annual recruit of no fewer than *seven*, who fall the yearly victims to the cruelties of the lower overseers, who follow them all day with whips!

Bartholomew Casa affirms, that the Spaniards, in America, destroyed, in about forty-five years, *ten millions* of human souls! and this with a view of converting these unfortunate men to Christianity. He tells us that they hanged those unhappy men *thirteen in a row*, in honour of the *thirteen Apostles!* And they also gave their infants to be devoured by their *dogs!* There is a story recorded of an Indian, who, being tied to the stake, a Franciscan Friar persuaded him to turn Christian, and then he would go to heaven. The Indian asked him—'Whether there were any *Spaniards* in heaven?'—'Certainly,' the Friar answered; 'it is full of them.'—'Then,' the last words of the dying Indian

were, 'I had rather go to hell, than have any more of their company!'

Curiosities of Literature.

THE PROGRESS OF OLD AGE IN NEW STUDIES.

Socrates learnt to play on musical instruments in his old age: Cato, at eighty, thought proper to learn Greek; and Plutarch, almost as late in life, Latin.

Theophrastus began his admirable work on the Characters of Men at the extreme age of ninety. He only terminated his literary labours by his death.

Peter Ronsard, one of the fathers of French Poetry, applied himself late to study; but by the acuteness of his genius, and continual application, he rivalled those poetick models which he admired.

One John Gelida, a Spaniard, commenced the studies of polite literature at forty.

Henry Spelman, having neglected the Sciences in his youth, cultivated them at fifty years of age, and produced good fruit.

Fairfax, after having been General of the parliamentary forces, retired to Oxford to take his degrees in law.

Colbert, the famous French minister, almost at sixty, returned to his Latin and law studies.

Tellier, the Chancellor of France, learnt logick, merely for an amusement, to dispute with his grand-children.

Dryden's most pleasing productions were written in his old age. Dr. Johnson applied himself to the Dutch language but a few years before his death. But on this head, the Marquis de Saint Aulaire may be regarded as a prodigy: at the age of seventy he began to court the Muses, and they crowned him with their sweetest flowers. His verses are full of fire, of delicacy, and sweetness. Voltaire says, that Anacreon, less old, produced less charming compositions. The observation is not unjust. *Ibid.*

HELL.

The Cardinal Bellarmin, in his Treatise *du Purgatoire*, seems to be as familiarly acquainted with the secret tracks and the formidable divisions of "*the bottomless pit*," as Swedenburg was with the streets and bye-corners of "*the New Jerusalem.*"

He informs us that there are, beneath the earth, four different places, or a profound place divided into four parts. He says that the deepest place is *Hell;* which contains all the souls of the damned, where will be also their bodies after the resurrection, and where likewise will be inclosed all the demons. The place nearest Hell is *Purgatory*, where souls are purged; or, rather, where they appease the anger of God by their sufferings. He says, that the same fires, and the same torments, alike afflict in both these places; and that the only difference between Hell and Purgatory consists in their duration. Next

to Purgatory is the *Limbo* of those *Infants* who die without having received the Sacrament : and the fourth place is the *Limbo* of the *Fathers* ; that is to say, of those Just Men who died before the death of Jesus Christ. But since the days of the Redeemer this last division is empty ; so that here is an apartment to be let !

Such ideas are the *tenets* which some, from the dawn of their reason, entertain with religious veneration. It has even been acknowledged by the bigots, that the more ridiculous, or the more unintelligible, may be the subject for belief, the greater merit it is to receive it without hesitation. Men have persuaded themselves, that what bears the strongest evidence of falsehood, is the sacred truth of a paternal Deity. And it had been well, if, on speculative points, they had only *differed* with their more rational or innocent fellow-creatures. But these bigots have written, in the warm *blood* of humanity, the articles of their faith. They have reared an altar to Superstition, on which they have not sacrificed the Scape-Goat, or the Paschal Lamb ; but they have plunged the sacerdotal knife into the bosom of their fellow-creatures. They have agonized the individual with the flaming *Auto da fés* of the Inquisition : with a more dreadful scope they have sent thousands, with the sword of the Crusade, to spread desolation in parts which had never till then heard of their name ; and, gratifying at once their avarice and their

religion, cities have been razed, and millions of inoffensive men swept from the face of the earth, because it had pleased Providence to place in their countries mines of gold and seas of pearl.

Prudentius, a Christian Poet, whose verse is not so much the inspiration of the muse, as the effusions of the saint, (indeed he began to write verse so late as fifty) has given us several circumstances concerning Hell, though it is rather difficult to guess where he got his intelligence. He tells us for a certain fact, that the damned have every year one day of repose ; and that is, the day when Jesus Christ issued from Hell. He consoles us also, by informing us that God does not take offence lightly ; so that Hell is not so crowded as it is imagiued.

Cicero assures us, that there was not an old woman in his time who lent any faith to the torments of Hell ; and on this occasion he observes, that Fabulous Traditions weaken in the course of time, but that time serves to establish Truth : and that it is to this reason we must attribute the long and the growing veneration which is rendered to the Gods. Bayle supplies me with this observation.

Ibid.

ENCHANTED TAPESTRY.

About the year 1526, the Portuguese attempted to settle at Borneo. Too feeble to make their arms respected, they tried to gain the good-will of one of the Sovereigns of the

country, by offering him some Tapestry. This weak Prince took the figures wrought on it for *enchanted men*, who would strangle him in the night time, if he suffered them to approach his person. The explanations they gave to remove his apprehensions had no effect: he obstinately refused to permit the present to be brought into his palace; and at the same time, prohibited the donors from entering his capital. Had his Majesty been acquainted with the Æneid of Virgil, he might have exclaimed what, for the benefit of the Ladies, we shall give in Dryden's version—

Somewhat is sure design'd by fraud or force:
Trust not their presents, nor admit the horse!

SKETCH OF THE LIFE
OF
MAJ. GEN. ISRAEL PUTNAM.

.....

This distinguished officer in the American revolution was born at Salem, Massachusetts, Jan. 7, 1718. His father, Capt. Joseph Putnam, emigrated from the south of England, and was one of the first intrepid settlers of New-England. Our hero, by a regular gradation of promotion became the senior Major-General in the army of the United States, and next in military rank to the illustrious Washington.

Thus we behold him, from the humble walks of life, starting suddenly in the career of fame, by his personal merit. His early instruction was but slender, and the active scenes of life, in which he was afterwards engaged, prevented the opportunity of much literary acquirements. He had a peculiar *laconick* mode of expression; and his numerous original letters, though deficient in grammatical accuracy, yet always displayed the benevolence of his heart, and the strength of native genius.

He possessed a vigorous constitution; uncommonly great bodily strength, hardiness, activity, and perseverance.

Courage and enterprize were conspicuous characteristicks of Putnam's heroick mind. There is a species of mechanical courage, derived from pride, habit or discipline, that may urge a coward, not only to perform his duty, but even to venture upon acts of heroism. Putnam's courage was of a different kind. It was ever attended with a degree of self-possession, a serenity of soul, a clearness of conception, and a superiority to all the vicissitudes of fortune, entirely distinct from any thing that can be produced by the ferment of blood and flutter of spirits, which frequently urge men to action, when stimulated by intoxication.—The heroick character, thus formed on the strength of constitution and animal spirits, cherished by education and warm ideas of personal freedom, confirmed temperance and early habits

of exercise ; was completed by the dictates of reason, the love of country, and an invincible sense of duty. Such were the qualities and principles that enabled him to meet unappalled the shafts of adversity, and to pass with triumph through various trying scenes.

His disposition was as frank and generous, as his mind was fearless and independent. He disguised nothing. Perhaps in the intercourse which he was ultimately obliged to have with an artful world, his sincerity, on some occasions, outwent his discretion. Although he had too much suavity in his nature to commence a quarrel, he had too much sensibility not to feel, and too much honour not to resent an intended insult. The first time he went to Boston, he was insulted for his rusticity by a boy twice his size and age ; after bearing the sarcasms, until his patience was quite worn out, he challenged, engaged and vanquished his insolent antagonist, to the great diversion of a crowd of spectators. Even while a stripling, his ambition was to perform the labour of a man, and to excel in athletick diversions. In that rude but masculine age, when the youth of the village assembled on their usual festivity ; pitching the bar, running, leaping and wrestling were favourite amusements. At such gymnastick exercises, he bore the palm from almost every circle.

Mr. Putnam, before he attained the age of 24, married Miss Pope, daughter of Mr.

John Pope, of Salem, by whom he had ten children. Death, in 1764, carried off the amiable wife of his youth. Shortly after he married a Mrs. Gardner, by whom he had no issue. She died in 1777.

In 1734, Mr. Putnam removed from Salem to Pomfret, in Connecticut; about 40 miles from Hartford; at which place he purchased a farm of considerable extent, and applied himself with great success to agriculture.

In 1755, Mr. Putnam (then 37 years of age) was appointed captain in Lyman's Regiment of Provincials, being the first that was levied by that Province. He was extremely popular, and soon raised his compliment of recruits, from the most respectable and enterprizing young men in his neighbourhood. The regiment joined the army near Crown-Point, at the opening of the campaign. Shortly after Capt. Putnam's arrival at the army, he became acquainted with the famous Captain Rogers (afterwards Major.) A corps of rangers were formed from the regulars, to reconnoitre the enemy's lines, surprize their advanced pickets, &c. The command of these rangers was given to Captains Rogers and Putnam. It happened that the latter was the means of saving the former's life. They were detached to obtain as accurate a knowledge as possible of the state of the works, &c. of Crown-Point. They advanced so near the fort as to gain their object. Capt. Rogers

being at some distance from his colleague, chanced to meet a stout Frenchman, who seized his fuzee and attempted to stab him, calling at the same time to a guard close by, for aid. Putnam seeing the great danger his friend was in, ran to them, and dispatched the Frenchman with the but end of his gun.

The active services of Captain Putnam on every occasion attracted greatly the admiration of the publick, and accordingly, the Legislature of the State promoted him to a Majority in 1757.

The defeat before Ticonderoga took place in 1758; General Abercrombie, the British Commander in America, conducted the expedition. His army amounted to sixteen thousand men, including the Provincials, well supplied with artillery and military stores. They passed over Lake George, and landed, without opposition, at the place of their destination. The troops advanced in columns. The gallant Lord Howe, having Major Putnam with him, was in the front of the centre. A body of 500 men, the advance party of the French army, which fled at first, began now to skirmish with our left. "Putnam," said Lord Howe, "what means that firing?" "I know not, but with your Lordship's leave, will go and see." "I will accompany you," said the brave young nobleman. Major Putnam in vain attempted to dissuade him by saying, "My Lord, if I am slain, the loss of my life

will be of small consequence ; but the preservation of yours is of great importance to this army." The reply was, Putnam, your life is as dear to you as mine is to me ; I am determined to go. 100 of the van, under Putnam, marched off with Lord Howe. They soon met the left flank of the enemy's advanced, by whose first fire his Lordship fell ! His loss was truly felt, and especially in the operations which took place three days afterwards. His affability, polished manners, and his virtues, made him truly admired by the whole army. Nothing could more animate the men with the impetuosity of rage, and perseverance of revenge, than the sight of such a *beloved hero*, fallen in his country's cause. It had the effect. Putnam's party cut their way obliquely through the enemy's ranks, and charged them so furiously in the rear, that they killed about three hundred of them on the spot, and took one hundred and fifty prisoners. In the mean time, through the ignorance of the guides, some of our columns got bewildered, the left wing seeing Putnam's party in their front, advanced over the dead bodies towards them, and commenced a heavy fire, which killed a non-commissioned officer and a number of privates. Nor could they be convinced of their mistake, until Major Putnam, preferring (if Heaven so ordered it) the loss of his own life to the loss of the lives of his brave associates, ran

through the midst of the flying balls, and prevented the impending havock.

Putnam's tender feelings taught him to regard an unfortunate vanquished foe, and to strive, by every lenient art in his power, to alleviate the miseries of war. He remained on the field of battle until dark, employed in collecting such of the enemy as were left wounded, to one place; and gave them all the liquor and little refreshments which he could procure; furnishing each with a blanket: under a French serjeant, who was badly wounded through the body, he put three blankets, and placed him in an easy posture against a tree. The poor fellow could only squeeze his hand with an expressive grasp of gratitude. "Ah," said Major Putnam, "depend upon it, my brave soldier, you shall be brought to the camp as soon as possible, and the same care shall be taken of you as if you were my brother." The next morning, Major Rogers was sent to reconnoitre the field, and to bring off the wounded prisoners—But, finding them unable to help themselves, in order to save trouble, said this *civilized savage*, he dispatched every one of them to the world of spirits! Putnam's philanthropick heart was not the only one that bled. The British and Provincials, who were informed of this horrible and unwarrantable act of cruelty, were struck with horrour and inexpressible regret.

[*To be continued.*]

DRAMATICK ANECDOTES.

.....

BARRY-the actor, who died at the beginning of 1779, and whose name well deserves to be preserved, was perhaps in no part so excellent as in that of Romeo ; for which he was particularly fitted, by a superiority of demeanour, an uncommonly handsome and commanding person, and a silver-toned voice. At the time that he attracted the town to Covent Garden, by his excellent performance of this part, Garrick found it absolutely necessary to divide the attention of the publick, by performing himself at Drury Lane. He wanted the natural advantages of Barry, and, great as he was, would perhaps have willingly avoided such a contention. This at least seems to have been a prevailing opinion ; for in the garden scene, when Juliet in soliloquy exclaims—

Oh, Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?

an auditor archly replied aloud—*Because Barry is gone to the other house.*

MANY anecdotes have been told of persons wholly absorbed and lost in the illusion of the scene. A woman in the gallery, when the tragedy of Essex was acted, knowing from the story that Essex must die, since the Countess of Nottingham would not give the ring, which the woman had seen the countess hide, exclaimed in agony—*She has got it in her bosom !*

MADEMOISELLE Dumesnil, an actress at Paris about the middle of the last century, was performing the part of Cleopatra. In the fifth act, her imprecations are almost horrible : among others she exclaims, in the excess of rage,

Je maudirais les Dieux, s'ils me rendoient le jour.
I'd curse the Gods, were they to give me life.

"Get to the devil, vile hussey!" exclaimed an old officer, sitting on the front seat of the stage box, and at the same time giving her a push on the back. For a while, this act of delirium interrupted the performance. When the noise ceased, Mademoiselle turned and thanked the officer for having given her the most flattering mark of applause she had ever received.

HAMLET excepted, it is doubtful whether any tragick character is more difficult, for an actor truly to personate, than Macbeth. The following is an abstract of the account, which Mr. Davies gives, in his Micellanies, of different actors in that part—Betterton is celebrated, in the Tattler, as being excellent in Macbeth ; but Cibber makes no particular mention of him in that character, which he acted to the very verge of life. Mills afterward obtained it of Wilkes ; but he was heavy and dull. Quin was monotonous. Mossop wanted variety and ease. Barry had too much amenity for the terrible agonies of Macbeth. Garrick alone could comprehend and execute the complicated passions of this

character: from the meeting of the witches to the last scene, he was animated and consistent: the impressions made upon his mind by those supernatural hags were at all times visible. Wilkes had improperly given the part to Mills, whilst Booth and Powel were doomed to the characters of Banquo and Lenox. One evening, a country Squire, being heartily tired with Mills, seeing his bottle companion, Powel, appear in the fourth act, loudly called—"For God's sake, George, give me a speech and let me go home."

In the time of Queen Elizabeth, plays were performed by the children of the Chapel Royal, and one boy (Sal Pavy) *who died in his thirteenth year*, was so admirable an actor of *old men*, that Ben Jonson wrote the following epitaph on him:

Epitaph on S. P. a child of Q. El. Chappel.

Weepe with me, all you that read
'This little storie:
And know, for whom a teare you shed,
Death's self is sorry.
'Twas a child that so did thrive,
In grace and feature,
As *Heaven* and *Nature* seem'd to strive
Which own'd the creature.
Yeeres he numbred scarce thirteene
When *Fates* turn'd cruell,
Yet three fill'd Zodiackes had he beene
The stage's jewell;
And did act (what now we mone)
Old men so duely
As, sooth, the *Parcæ* thought him one,
He plai'd so truely.
So, by errour, to his fate
They all consented;
But viewing him since (alas too late)
They have repented.
And have sought (to give new birth)
In bathes to steepe him;
But, being so much too good for earth,
Heaven vowes to keepe him.

This celebrated child was an original performer in Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, and *Poetaster*, in the years 1600 and 1601.

AN ESSAY
ON THE MERITS OF CLIFTON,
THE AMERICAN POET.

.....

It has been observed, by Mr. Joseph Warton, that Wit and Satire are transitory and perishable; but Nature and Passion are eternal. If this position wanted confirmation, I know no stronger proof that could be adduced, than the fate of the Poetry of Mr. Clifton; his *Group*, *Chimeriad*, and *Jacobin's Descent*, are no longer recurred to; but his *Mary* and *Flight of Fancy* will be read while the human breast retains feeling.

I have always considered the "Mary" of this youthful poet, as an effusion that richly deserves to be called exquisite.—I do not think the whole compass of English poetry can supply a little piece more delicately tender. To mutilate it were a species of profanation: I will transcribe the whole.

The morn was fresh, and pure the gale,
When Mary, from her cot a rover,
Pluck'd many a wild rose from the vale,
To bind the temples of her lover.

As near her little farm she stray'd,
Where birds of love were ever pairing,
She saw her William in the shade,
The arms of ruthless war preparing.

She seiz'd his hand, and ah! she cried,
  Wilt thou, to camps and war a ſtranger,
Desert thy Mary's faithful side,
  And bare thy life to every danger!

Yet go, brave youth! to arms away!
  My maiden hands for fight shall dress thee,
And when the drum beats far away,
  I'll drop a silent tear, and bleſs thee!

The bugles through the forest wind,
  The woodland soldier's call to battle;
Be some protecting angel kind,
  And guard thy life when cannon's rattle.

She said—and as the rose appears
  In sun-shine when the storm is over,
A smile beam'd sweetly through her tears,
  The blush of promise to her lover.

There is not a line in this little poem that does not bear the impression of genius and taste; the sentiments make a strong appeal to the heart, and the numbers glide in the stream of melody.

In the "Flight of Fancy," Mr. Clifton has displayed some of those creative powers which are the *sine qua non* of the poet. In several quatrains he is remarkable for his delicacy and elegance, and there is one sublime. *Ut pictura poesis* is a maxim faithfully observed in this poem. A few passages will evince this: the poet thus describes the retirement he covets.

Extended wide, the diverse scene
  My happy casement shall command,
The busy farm, the pasture green,
  And tufts where shelter'd hamlets stand.

The fairies thro' my walks shall roam,
And sylphs inhabit every tree ;
Come Ariel, subtlest spirit, come,
I'll find a blossom there for thee.

From crag to crag, with devious sweep,
Some frantick flood shall headlong go,
And bursting o'er the dizzy steep,
Shall slumber in the lake below.

The muse shall hail, at peep of dawn,
Melodiously, the coming day ;
At eve her song shall sooth the lawn,
And with the mountain echoes play.

'Tis mine ! 'tis mine ! the sacred grove,
Where truth and beauty may recline ;
The sweet resort of many a love,
Monimia, come, and make it thine.

For thee the bursting buds are ripe,
The whistling robin calls thee here,
To thee complains the woodland pipe,
Will not my lov'd Monimia hear ?

A fawn I'll bring thee gentle maid,
To gambol round thy pleasant door ;
I'll cull thee wreaths that ne'er shall fade ;
What shall I say to tempt thee more ?

Who, on reading those verses, does not lament that editions are multiplied in our cities of the works of the drivelling Strangford, and the prurient Moore, while the productions of Clifton, who possesses a thousand times more passion, without ever outstepping the boundaries of modesty, lie on the peaceful shelf of the bookseller.—*O mores !*

THE MINSTREL.

TO SENSIBILITY.

Hail, nymph of sweetly tender thought!
Lov'd source of bliss, with rapture fraught,
Of sympathetick woe;
O come, within my throbbing heart,
Bid love reside, or grief impart
Soft Pity's melting throe.

For, mid her deep distastrous scene,
Thou lov'st to show thy pensive mien,
Thy dewy glist'ning eye,
And mid wild Mis'ry's naked shed
To lie, and, weeping, raise her head,
And heave the plaintive sigh.

Blest be that hour, forever blest,
When first my lenient hand repress'd
The pang of fell despair;
When first, whilst thou convuls'd my frame,
In artless garb the muses came,
With sweet and winning air.

Then rush'd upon my thrilling soul
Those scenes that, form'd by Fancy, roll,
Athwart the poet's view;
What time, when fire-ey'd Rapture raves,
Deep, deep, his ample spirit laves
Amid Aonian dew.

Thou know'st, dear maid! from early youth,
To thee I've vow'd eternal truth,
Each trembling pulse is thine;
To thee first lisp'd my accents rude,
And oft my starting tear bedew'd
Thy lowly moss-built shrine.

Here, as the bard, with drooping wreath
Lone seeks the dewy vale to breathe
Deep Sorrow's plaintive lay,
Slow from the sad complaining breeze,
Thy form, soft blushing, rapt he sees
Each melting charm display.

Thine eyes with pity fraught, and love,
Amid whose blue, quick-glancing, rove
Warm Hope and young Desire;
While oft as Pleasure rose to view,
Bright beaming, from their orbits flew
Wild Rapture's sweetest fire.

Thy cheek, with roseate bloom suffus'd,
Thy lip, whose ruby tint diffus'd
Pure quintessence of bliss,
Where ever waits sincerity,
Soft love, and eager ecstacy,
The balmy fragrant kiss.

Thine hair, of lightly auburn hue,
That floating o'er thy bosom drew
Its wildly wanton way,
Or down thy shoulders clust'ring hung,
Or to the whisp'ring zephyrs flung,
In sport and am'rous play.

Thy limbs, in snowy vest array'd,
Oft chastely, through the folds, display'd,
Tho' bound with roseate zone:
Thine hand, o'er which was careless flung
Th' Æolian harp, sad warbling, strung
To love's pathetick tone.

Whose sounds so melancholy roll,
So sweet, so tender o'er the soul,
Expressive all and wild,
Struck by the beings of the air,
Now swell'd to love, to grief, despair,
Now sunk to pity mild.

Oh, lovely maid ! to thee belong
The deeply moving plaintive song,
The sad, the tearful tale ;
To thee, the virgin's soft desire,
To thee, the youth's bold am'rous fire,
And Mis'ry's frantick wail.

Inspir'd by thee, sung Pella's bard,*
Blest with thy favour'd, fond regard,
His woe-empassion'd lay :
See, the lov'd, faithful, tender wife !
Ah ! see, she faints ! the breath of life,
Yet panting, hastes away.

Dead in her husband's arms she lies !
O hark ! what loud, what lab'ring sighs
Upheave his troubled breast :
Ah ! cease, thou lovely child ! nor shriek,
Come kiss, O kiss her clay-cold cheek,
Still to his bosom prest.

Thou too mid Otway's scenes display'd
Thy charming, vital, heavenly aid,
Thy soul-distracting song ;
Still on wild Arun's sedgy side,
Sweet melancholy voices glide
At eve the woods along.

For there in thine and Pity's cave,
Wash'd by the gentle murm'ring wave,
Ye nurs'd his infant years :
Oft would he rove the shadowy plain,
Sad Arun heard the pensive strain,
And caught his trickling tears.

And thine, Rousseau's love-breathing thought,
With tender trembling ardour fraught,
With soft, tumultuous bliss :

* Euripides.

She burns, she faints, delicious death !
Caught from her lover's balmy breath,
From the warm, eager kiss.

Bear me to Claren's hallow'd grove,
Where, blushing, you and rapture rove,
Deep hid from lawless view,
Where oft the rosy sighing maid
Sought fondly the embow'ring shade,
To love's blest influence due.

Sweet Sensibility ! best friend !
Haste, haste, thy footsteps hither bend,
And all thy soul impart ;
Dear to my humble breast art thou,
Dear as the ruddy drops that flow
From my sad, flutt'ring heart.

Ah me ! if e'er I prove unkind,
If e'er forget thy wounds to bind,
Thy wretched to relieve,
May dull oblivion wrap my head,
And dead to joy, to pity dead,
My bosom cease to heave.

SONNET.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF CAMOENS.

[The earliest and happiest years of the life of Camoens were passed at Coimbra. The walls of that town were bathed by the river Mondego, to which this beautiful sonnet is addressed.—*Translator.*]

MONDEGO ! thou, whose waters cold and clear
Gird those green banks, where fancy fain would stay,
Fondly to muse on that departed day
When hope was kind, and Friendship seem'd sincere ;
—Ere I had purchas'd knowledge with a tear ;

—Mondego ! though I bend my pilgrim way
To other shores, where other fountains stray,
And other rivers roll their proud career,
Still—nor shall time, nor grief, nor stars severe,
Nor widening distance e'er prevail in aught
To make thee less to this sad bosom dear ;
And Memory oft, by old Affection taught,
Shall lightly speed upon the plumes of thought,
To bathe amongst thy waters cold and clear !

CANZONET.

FROM THE SAME.

[Our poet has managed this trite and common sentiment in his happiest manner. Nothing is more frequent in Provencal poetry than gay and romantick descriptions of spring, "whereinne eche thynge reneweth, saue onelie the Louer."—*Trans.*]

Flowers are fresh, and bushes green,
Cheerily the linnets sing ;
Winds are soft, and skies serene ;
Time, however, soon shall throw
Winter's snow
O'er the buxom breast of Spring.

Hope, that buds in Lover's heart,
Lives not through the scorn of years ;
Time makes love itself depart,
Time and scorn congeal the mind ;
Looks unkind
Freeze affection's warmest tears !

Time shall make the bushes green,
Time dissolve the winter-snow,
Winds be soft, and skies serene,
Linnets sing their wonted strain,
But again
Blighted love shall never blow !

ADVICE TO A FRIEND.

GAZE not, my friend, on Celia's eye,
Where thousand loves in ambush wait ;
Now, while thou can'st, the danger fly,
Nor dare, like me, to tempt thy fate.

Those charms I view'd in luckless hour,
Awe-struck, as Persians at the sun ;
My bosom own'd their instant power,
I did but look, and was undone.

So through the air with winged force
And deadly aim the bullet flies ;
Although unseen its trackless course,
The warriour feels it, and he dies.

SONNET WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

YE disembodied spirits, who have past
Of this dim earth the feverish turmoil ;
If, not in inner-heaven enthron'd—awhile
Ye wander, viewless, through the starry vast,
And pitying, see by changeful passion's blast
Rude-tempested, or wrung by force or guile,
The feeble dwellers on this thorny soil,
Till friendly death the conflict end at last ;
Tell, if ye may, what cares, what pleasures wait
The ethereal essence from encumbering dust
Releas'd, to seek on high its destin'd state :
Vain wish ! ye hear not, or the ever just
Forbids the wondrous story to relate ;
Peace then, my soul ! adore, and humbly trust !

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY.

BY THE UNFORTUNATE RICHARD SAVAGE.

CLOS'D are those eyes that beam'd seraphick fire;
Cold is that breast which gave the world desire :

Mute is the voice where winning softness warm'd,
Where musick melted, and where wisdom charm'd;
And lively wit, which, decently confin'd,
No prude e'er thought impure, no friend unkind.
Could modest knowledge, fair untrifling youth;
Persuasive reason and endearing truth;
Could honour, shown in friendships most refin'd,
And sense that shields th' attempted virtuous mind;
The social temper never known to strife,
The heightening graces that embellish life;
Could these have e'er the darts of death defied,
Never, ah! never, had Melinda died:
Nor can she die—e'en now survives her name,
Immortaliz'd by friendship, love, and fame.

THE REPLY CHURLISH.

"SAY, pensive stranger, wherefore discontent
Spreads her black pinions o'er thy clouded soul?
Why on the ground are all thy glances bent?
Why does stern grief thy mournful breast control?
Say, dost thou groan beneath oppression's hand?
Hast thou of poverty's sad potion drank?
Or hast thou fled, for crimes, thy native land?"
—"O no! but, d—n it, sir, I've drawn a blank!"

THE WISH.

I WISH not for riches, I wish not for fame;
The first is mere pelf, and the second a name:
In ambition's fierce stream I wish not to be carried—
What wish you for then?—Why, I wish to be married.

THE DRAMA.

"See the players well bestowed—let them be well used; for they are the abstract, and brief chronicles, of the time."
Shakespeare.

.....

BOSTON THEATRE.

TO MARRY OR NOT TO MARRY.
A Comedy, by Mrs. Inchbald.

On Monday, Dec. 2, this piece first appeared. Though "an excellent play, well digested in the scenes," it "pleased not the million," and was laid aside after the fourth representation.

The title precisely expresses the tendency of the piece: the struggle of a man, with himself, concerning marriage. There is an elegant simplicity in the general plan and conduct of it, which, could it have been entirely preserved, would have given it a very high value; but some of the frivolous circumstances attending Willowwear, Lady Susan, and other parts, are to the spectator, and must be to the reader, so many insipidities that divert the mind from the story, without the power of affording any adequate amusement; but, as they are not often intruded, Mrs. Inchbald no doubt had a latent consciousness of their true nature. There are many vapid follies which have not sufficient force to excite attention when noticed either in life or exhibited on the stage, and on

these dramatick writers too frequently rest the success of their productions. Mrs. Inchbald has rather chosen to depend on the everlasting sources of passion, mingled with the no less everlasting sources of prejudice, from the due mixture of which all humour, wit, satire, and passion result. Sound judgment, a refined taste, and delicacy of feeling, have generally been her guides; for whose sake the deviations into which she has occasionally strayed, though they should not be overlooked, should freely be pardoned.

The characters of the piece were uncommonly well supported. Mr. Cooper displayed much excellence in the part of *Sir Oswyn*; and it may be doubted whether he has ever appeared to more advantage in comedy. Mrs. Darley played *Hester* in a style that would persuade the most inveterate woman-hater *to marry*.

Dec. 30. Shakespeare's tragedy of *Coriolanus* was performed [*first time in Boston*] for the benefit of Mr. Cooper, and repeated the two succeeding evenings. The scene at the beginning of the fifth act, where the noble matron interceded so feelingly for her darling country, to a son bent on its destruction, was well executed.

> Now each, by turns, indulg'd the gush of woe,
> And now the mingled tides together flow;
> This low on earth, that gently bending o'er,
> A *mother* one, and one a son deplore.

It would be unjust to the merit of an improving actor, not to mention the *Aufidius* of

Mr Fox, as a correct and spirited performance.

Jan. 6. *Hamlet* and *Too many Cooks*. Often as Mr. Cooper has gratified us with his inimitable performance of *Hamlet*, he has perhaps never been seen to exceed the efforts of this evening. Of Mrs. Darley's *Ophelia* we have before given our opinion, which is yet unaltered.

Jan. 8. *The School for Scandal* was perhaps never better performed in Boston, than this evening, the whole strength of the company being employed.

The play was succeeded by *Love laughs at Locksmiths*. Mr. Darley as *Capt. Beldare* was pleasing, and discovered improving talents. He is a correct singer, and possesses a fine voice, which is happily displayed in the favourite song "Let Fame sound the trumpet," which he introduced in the piece. Mr. Twaits in *Risk* is irresistibly comick: he plays with exhaustless spirit.—*Totterton* belongs to a line in which we have never before seen Mr. Fox. If this is his first attempt in superannuated old men we congratulate him on his success.

Jan. 10. *Who wants a Guinea?* a comedy in five acts, by George Coleman the younger, made its first appearance at our theatre. The plot of this comedy, if there be any, would occupy a space not much less than the piece itself. It possesses many beauties and many faults. "Of its defects, the most radical is want of plan; scarcely

any interest is created ; suspense is little felt; and it would be difficult to declare what was the subject of it. Having little interest, it has no hero. Solomon Gundy might almost as truly contend for that honour as Delamere, Torrent, Henry, Oldskirt, or the Baronet. It is a jumble of characters, dramatically conceived, and in some parts executed with remarkable truth, but so unconnected as, when brought together, to have nothing to do: or, at least, nothing that forms a whole. It is evidently a work of haste, undigested, and therefore inconsistent. Of its beauties, as they are in detail, and thus dispersed, it is not possible to give any adequate picture. But it is highly delightful to observe the general spirit of true philanthropy, with which the sentiments abound. Had the author taken sufficient time, this spirit would not have so frequently worn the pitiful garb of a clap-trap ; nor have so improperly and egregiously intruded itself where it was an impertinence ; something which neither explained, coalesced with, nor promoted the plot, but induced us to yawn at what in itself was so excellent."

JAN. 15. *Macbeth* and the *Lying Valet.* Nothing need be said of a character which Mr. Cooper has so often personated, and with such reiterated and universal approbation. Of the other parts, *Macduff* by Mr. Fox was the most distinguished. In the farce, *Melissa* by Mrs. Usher was the best and most spirited we have ever seen.

JAN. 24. *Othello* and *'Tis all a Farce.*—Mr. Cooper's *Othello* is, unquestionably, the finest performance ever witnessed on the American stage; and may safely be pronounced the *ne plus ultra* of tragick acting. He seems to have studied the meaning of the poet with minute exactness, and fulfils the most ardent expectations of criticism. He possesses a voice of astonishing capacity; the tones of which are pleasant and various, and are admirably adapted to "the whirlwind of passion."—Mr. Usher has a good conception of the character of *Iago*, and sometimes discovers art and cunning; but his powers are insufficient to carry him through. The passage—"Good name in man or woman," &c. was "well spoken, with good accent, and good discretion." This gentleman is entitled to the approbation of every auditor, whose ear is pleased with correct language and distinct articulation.—We should be happy, would truth permit, to apply the last remark to *every* one who performed in the piece: but *Uth-el-lur* for *O-thel-lō*,—*brēek* for *breāk*,—*prom-ŭs* for *prom-īse*, &c. not only savour a little of affectation, but border very closely on vulgarity.

JAN. 27. *The Gamester*, [second time for five years] and *Oscar and Malvina.*

JAN. 29. *Othello* and *Love laughs at Locksmiths*, for the benefit of Mr. Cooper.

.....

Notwithstanding the encomiums which have been so liberally bestowed on the man-

ager, for his exertions to procure performers of merit, the characters of *comick old women* have had very slender support. The *Nurse* in *Romeo and Juliet*, *Alice* in the *Castle Spectre*, *Miss Metaphor*, *Miss Durable*, &c. have been badly executed. The writer of this article has seen Mrs. Barnes play characters of this description in a style much superiour to that in which they are now performed.

NEW-YORK.

Mr. Fennel has played seven nights at this place. He has performed *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *Richard* and *Jaffier*. *Othello* is pronounced, without hesitation, to be his *chef d'œuvre*. Nature has done her part to fit him for the personation of *Othello*—his voice, his looks, his size, and his fine proportion, evince it; education and study have completed him, and justly render his *Othello* unsurpassed. [*It is presumed the writer of the preceding article has never witnessed the Othello of Mr. Cooper*....Ed.] Mr. Barret attempted *Pierre*; but after having seen Cooper in the character, his performance afforded little gratification. Mrs. Jones, if we may believe newspaper criticisms, is the principal favourite. *Little Pickle*, which she has played six times, and *Miss Peggy*, which we saw advertised for the third time, are highly applauded. Mr. and Mrs. Young, who left the Boston theatre a few weeks

since, were introduced to the audience in *Octavian* and *Agnes*.

PHILADELPHIA.

THE last new new comedy of T. Morton, Esq. entitled *The School of Reform*, has been performed several times at the Philadelphia theatre. Trans-atlantick criticism speaks highly of the merits of this piece. It contains a strong mixture of the serious and the pleasant: or might, perhaps, more emphatically be called a tragi-comedy.

A grand pantomimick allegorick spectacle, called *Cinderella; or the Little Glass Slipper*, has likewise been represented with great success. This piece is founded on the well-known *Fairy Tale* of the same name; and was represented in London upwards of sixty successive nights.

Mr. Fennel, after the conclusion of his engagement at New-York, made his first appearance in this city for three years, in the character of *Zanga*. He is engaged for twelve nights.

CHARLESTON.

MR. BATES made his first appearance on the Charleston boards in the character of *Sir Peter Teazle*. Jones is highly praised in the first walks of the drama. He has performed *Hamlet*, *Richard*, &c. with great eclat.

A tragedy, called *Foscari, or the Venetian Exile*, written by a young gentleman of Charleston, was advertised for representation the 8th of January.

FOREIGN THEATRICAL.

A very humorous piece lately made its appearance at the Theatre François, in Paris. Its purport is to ridicule the facility with which divorces are obtained, and the indelicate traffick of getting a husband or wife by advertisement or agency. An elderly man marries a young wife of unimpeachable virtue, but of a disposition so extravagant as to tire him of wedlock; he, therefore, without having any thing to impute to her of moral defect, resolves to divorce her; and the young lady, who has nothing to charge her husband with but a defect very natural to his years, resolves upon the same thing; but both carry on the design privately, and determine, before they separate, to provide themselves with other helpmates. Early one morning, the gentleman goes to an office, which advertised to supply both sexes with partners, and makes his business known to the master, with whom a very humorous scene ensues.—The master takes his memorandum book to enter the description of the old gentleman, and the humour consists in the vanity of the portrait which he draws of himself, contrasted with his real feebleness

and age ; for when the description is finished, an old man of seventy appears upon paper to have the activity and features of a youth of twenty-one. Just as the description is finished, the master is informed that a lady is waiting for him : he begs his customer to withdraw into an inner room, and immediately the *wife* herself is ushered in. An excellent scene here ensues between the master, who is a coxcomb, and the lady, whose modesty will not permit her to dwell on her accomplishments. The memorandum book is then put into her hands, and she immediately selects the description which the husband had just given of himself, and requests to see this active, well proportioned young fellow. " You shall see him this instant," says the master, " he is in the house." " Heaven be praised," she exclaims, " but what are *my* charms to *his* ? (give me some rouge, Monsieur)—Can he look upon such a creature ? (could you let me have some patches ?)—I shall sink wish confusion. Is he so amiable as he describes himself ? O, Heavens—if he should not like me !"

Whilst she is in the hurry of preparation, the master opens an inner door, and encourages the old gentleman to come forth, who at first hangs back ; they soon, however, burst upon each other's view ; and the catastrophe ends in a good laugh, and the determination of the parties to live together, and give over the thoughts of a divorce.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

Mr. Powell has become the lessee of the Boston theatre for another term of three years.

Mr. Cooper's engagement here ceases the latter end of February. Report says he is to be the manager of the New-York theatre next season.

Mr. Bernard goes to England in the spring. It is whispered, that the object of this voyage is to bring the celebated Mr. Holman across the Atlantick.

Literary Notices.—An elegant edition of *The Sabbath*, a Poem, lately published at Edinburgh, is now in the press, and will shortly be published by Messrs. D. and J. West, Boston.

Mr. Dunlap of New-York is about publishing a general collection of his plays, in ten volumes.

EDITOR'S NOTES.

The *Memoirs of Commodore Preble* are received, and shall appear next month, accompanied with a portrait.

A *Biographical Sketch* of the late *George R. Minot, Esq.* is preparing for a future number of the Polyanthos.

Some of the observations in this number on *To marry or not to marry* and *Who wants a Guinea?* are borrowed from Holcroft's *Theatrical Recorder.*

☞ In page 86. line 7, the word *them* was omitted through mistake in a few of the first impressions.

☞ *Biographical and Historical Anecdotes, Criticisms and Theatrical Information from all parts of the United States are solicited.*

S. Harris sculp.

Commodore Preble.

THE

POLYANTHOS.

FEBRUARY, 1806.

MEMOIRS
OF
COMMODORE PREBLE.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

OUR publick benefactors, who, at the risk of their lives and dearest enjoyments, have rendered essential services to the nation, are well entitled to the publick gratitude. Their names and their good conduct ought to be had in everlasting remembrance. Under these impressive sentiments, we here present our readers with a sketch of the life of Commodore Preble, accompanied with his portrait.

COMMODORE EDWARD PREBLE was born in August, in the year 1761, in that part of Falmouth, on Casco Bay, which is now Portland, in the state of Massachusetts, and district of Maine. His father was the Hon. Jedidiah Preble, Esq. who was a Brigadier

General under the government of the Massachusetts Bay, and after the revolution a senator under the present government.

Our young hero, almost from his infancy, discovered a noble and invincible courage, and admirable resolution and perseverance in all his pursuits. Blest with an athletick constitution, and having no great inclination to sedentary amusement; his hours of leisure from his academical and other early studies were mostly devoted to hunting, and other exercises of the greatest activity.

In his youth he became a mariner in the mercantile service, which he successfully followed, during some years after the commencement of the revolutionary war. In this war he was once made a prisoner. After his liberation from captivity, his enterprize and vigour were displayed in armed vessels of the state of Massachusetts, with honour and success.

About the year 1779, he entered as a midshipman on board the ship Protector, commanded by Capt. John Forster Williams; with whom he served one or two years, till he was promoted to a lieutenancy on board the sloop of war Winthrop, commanded by Capt. George Little. In this station he performed a very brilliant and heroick action, boarding and capturing, with a few men, a vessel of more than equal force, lying in the harbour of Penobscot; under a furious cannonade from the battery and an incessant firing from the troops. Af-

ter this he continued with Capt. Little, till the peace of 1783.

In the year 1801, he had the command of the United States frigate Essex, in which he performed a voyage to the East-Indies, for the protection of our trade in those seas; and having driven off the cruisers, returned in the following year with a convoy from Batavia under his care, consisting of fifteen ships and other vessels, estimated at the value of four millions of dollars.

In the year 1803, Capt. Preble was honoured with the appointment of Commodore, and with the command of the United States frigate Constitution, with a squadron consisting of seven sail of vessels in all; and before the end of the year made his passage to the Mediterranean Sea.

In the following year, 1804, though he was destined to act in the Mediterranean with his fleet, and particularly designed to subdue or humble the Tripolitan barbarians; yet, on his arrival at Gibraltar, he found that the emperor of Morocco had made war upon the vessels of the United States. This prevented for a time the fleet's progress up the Mediterranean, till the Commodore had taken measures to obtain a peace with that power, on terms honourable to his country, which was happily effected. But after the unfortunate loss of the frigate Philadelphia, he found that his remaining force was by no means equal to the attack of the strong holds of Tripoli, with any rational prospect

of success. Rather than fail, however, in his design, he obtained a number of gun-boats of the King of Naples, by which he was the better able to oppose the gun-boats of the enemy. After the burning of the Philadelphia, through the valour of the brave Lieutenant Decatur, under the mouths of the enemy's cannon, he made his first general attack; and all the attacks which he made on the city and fortifications were so little distant in time from each other, and so judiciously conducted, with consummate bravery and alertness; that though the obstinate Bashaw was not induced to surrender, or flee, yet he was induced to make great abatements, from time to time, in his demands for the emancipation of the prisoners whom he then held in durance.

It is thought that one vessel more added to the small fleet would have enabled the Commodore to complete the ruin or capture of the place. Much indeed was done towards compelling the enemy to set at liberty Capt. Bainbridge, with his officers and men; and towards obtaining a peace on moderate and honourable terms, which has since taken place. The conduct of our prudent and intrepid commander was such, as to do much honour to himself and the flag of the United States, in the view of Europe as well as of America. His conduct has extorted praise from the Bashaw of Tripoli himself: And what affords a peculiar and unexpected honour to this American warriour, though a

heretick, is the declaration of his Holiness of Rome,—*That he has done more towards humbling the antichristian barbarians on that coast, than all the christian states of Europe had ever done.*

Portland, 1806.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF *MAJ. GEN. ISRAEL PUTNAM.*

[*Continued from page* 121.]

As one day Major Putnam chanced to be with a few men in a batteau on the eastern shore of the Hudson, very near the rapids; his men informed him, that a large number of savages were close in his rear, and would be upon him in an instant—He had to remain and be sacrificed—to attempt crossing the river and be shot—or to go down to the falls, with an almost certainty of being drowned, were the only alternatives left to his choice. The Indians arrived time enough to fire a number of balls on the batteau before it could be got under way. No sooner had the batteau-men escaped by favour of the rapidity of the current beyond the reach of musket-shot, than death seemed only to have been escaped in one form to encounter it in another, no less terrible. Prominent rocks, latent shelves, and abrupt descents, for near a quarter of a mile, afforded scarcely the smallest chance of escaping without a miracle. Put-

nam trusting himself to a kind Providence, whose kindness he had often experienced, rather than to men, whose tender mercy is cruelty ; was now seen to place himself sedately at the helm, and afford an astonishing spectacle of serenity : His companions, with a mixture of terrour, admiration, and wonder, saw him, incessantly changing his course, to avoid the jaws of ruin that seemed to expand to swallow the whirling boat—Twice he turned it quite round to shun the rifts of rocks. Amidst those eddies in which there was the greatest danger of its foundering, at one moment the sides were exposed to the fury of the waves ; then the stern and next the bow glanced obliquely onward, with inconceivable velocity. With no less amazement, the gazing savages beheld him sometimes mounting the billows, then plunging abruptly down, at other times dexterously veering from the rocks, and shooting through the only narrow passage ; until, at last they viewed the boat safely gliding on the smooth surface of the stream below ! At this extraordinary sight, it is said, that these rude sons of nature were affected with the same kind of superstitious veneration, which the Europeans in the dark ages entertained for some of their most valiant champions. They conceived it would be a sin against the *Great Spirit*, to attempt to kill this favoured mortal, with powder and ball, if they should ever see and know him at a future period.

Major Putnam, after a most gallant defence, was taken prisoner by the Indians. The savage who claimed him as his prisoner, disarmed and bound him to a tree, and then returned to the battle. Notwithstanding the capture of this brave officer, the engagement was continued under the command of other resolute men, but the enemy's number being so superiour, that our people were forced to retreat for a little distance; and the savages conceiving this to be the certain forerunner of victory, rushed on with dreadful cries. But our brave commanders, having collected together a few men, gave their pursuers so warm a reception, as obliged them, in their turn, to retreat some distance beyond the spot where the action had originally commenced. Here they halted; and this change of ground brought the tree, to which our gallant Putnam was bound, in the centre of the two fires. It is impossible, almost, to imagine a more desperate situation. The balls flew in every direction, from both sides, many of which struck the tree, and some passed through the sleeves and skirts of his coat. In this situation, he was obliged to remain for more than an hour, without being able to move any part of his body. The French and Savages, seeing Putnam thus tied, exercised their ill-timed humour, some by throwing tomahawks at his head, or rather to see how near they could come to the mark without hitting it, and others punching him with muskets and sticks on almost every part of

his body. A French officer in particular, perceiving Putnam, levelled a fuzee within a few feet of his breast, but fortunately, it missed fire. Ineffectually did the intended victim solicit the treatment due to his situation, as a prisoner of war. This degenerate Frenchman did not understand the language of honour, or of nature ; deaf to their voice, and dead to sensibility, he violently pushed the muzzle of his gun against Putnam's ribs, and finally gave him a dreadful blow on the jaw, with the butt of his piece, and then left him. The Indians were defeated, with the loss of about ninety men, and in their retreat, did not fail to take their illustrious prisoner with them. After proceeding some distance on their march, our hero was stripped to his shirt, his wrists were tied as close together as they could be pulled with a cord, and he was loaded with as many packs of the wounded as could be piled on him. He was obliged to travel in this situation till his wrists were swollen, and inflamed by the pressure of the ropes, and his feet and legs terribly scratched and torn by briers and thorns : And would probably have proceeded in that way to the end of their journey, had not the interposition of a French officer procured his release, and lightened his load. It appears that the Indian who captured him, had been absent on business, but now coming up, presented him with a pair of mocasons, and expressed great indignation at the unworthy treatment his prisoner had suffered. That

savage chief again left the main body, and about two hundred of them, went before the rest of the party, to the place where the whole were to encamp that night. They took Major Putnam with them, on whom, besides innumerable other outrages, they had the barbarity to inflict a deep wound with a tomahawk in the left cheek. In this place his sufferings were to be consummated. A scene of horrour, infinitely greater than had ever met his eyes before, was now preparing. It was determined to roast him alive; and for this purpose, they led him into a dark forest, stripped him naked, bound him to a tree, and piled dry brush, with other fuel, at a small distance in a circle round him. During this preparation, they produced screams and sounds, inimitable but by savage voices. Their object being thus prepared, fire was put to the piles, but, as if the Divine Power interposed, to save this gallant man, a sudden shower of rain, damped the kindling flame. Still they exerted themselves to make it burn, and finally succeeded; the fierce element ran with amazing swiftness round the circle, and Major Putnam soon began to feel the scorching heat. His hands were so fastened that he could move his body, and he frequently shifted sides as the fire approached. This shocking sight afforded unspeakable delight to his inhuman tormentors, who expressed their joy by correspondent yells, dances, and gesticulations. Now it was that he thought that his final hour had come.

He settled his mind, as far as circumstances would admit, to bid an eternal adieu to all he held dear. To have simply quit the world, would scarcely have cost him a single pang. It was his home, his partner, and his promising offspring, that made the world dear to him. His thoughts were, however, fixed on a happier state of existence, far beyond the tortures he was beginning to endure. The bitterness of death, even of that death which is accompanied with the keenest agonies, was, in a manner past—nature, with a feeble struggle, was quitting its last hold on earthly things. At this juncture, a French officer rushed through the crowd, dispersed the burning brands, and unbound the almost lifeless victim. His name was Molaug, to whom a savage, more humane than the rest, unwilling to behold another human sacrifice immolated, had hastened to communicate the tidings. That brave commander, severely reprimanded those hellish barbarians, and instantly put a stop to their nocturnal pow-waas and infernal orgies. Putnam was not destitute of feeling or gratitude. This Frenchman, fearing to trust him alone with them again, determined to protect him in person, till he could with safety, deliver him into the hands of his master.

Some little time after his master arrived, and approached him with seeming affection and kindness. He offered him some hard biscuit, but finding he could not chew them on account of the wound he had received in

his cheek, this *kind* savage, soaked them in water, and Putnam was enabled to make a slight repast.

After having finished their toilsome journey, Major Putnam was examined by the Marquis de Montcalm, and conducted by a French officer to Montreal, where he was treated with great kindness and humanity, at which place he remained till he was exchanged.

Shortly after his release from captivity, he was raised to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel; and in 1764, he was promoted to a Colonelcy and the command of a regiment.

Colonel Putnam, at the expiration of ten years from his first receiving a commission, after having seen as much service, endured as much hardship, encountered as much danger, and acquired as many laurels as any officer of his rank, with great satisfaction laid aside his uniform and returned to his plough. The various and uncommon scenes of war in which he had acted a respectable part, his intercourse with the world, and intimacy with some of the first characters in the army, joined with occasional reading, had not only brought into view whatever talents he possessed from nature, but at the same time, had extended his knowledge and polished his manners to a considerable degree.

He was frequently elected a member of the General Assembly of Connecticut.

[*To be continued.*]

For the Polyanthos.

ON SWEARING.

Swear not at all.

This precept is couched in general terms, and comprises profane language and formal oaths. That it has particular reference to oaths on ordinary occasions, not in legal proceedings, is evident from other passages of holy writ, which allow of oaths in confirmation of the truth, when called for by lawful authority.

The evils attending the frequent use of oaths on ordinary occasions deserve particular attention. It is for the interest of mankind that there should be some high and awful test of truth, which men will not dare to violate. An oath has been fixed upon as this test by mankind in general. This, when administered in due form by lawful authority, is considered as the highest test of truth in all the most interesting concerns of life. To excite and retain in the minds of men a sense of the solemnity and obligation of an oath, it is necessary that they should be used only on important occasions, and when required by lawful authority. The frequent use of them on trivial subjects lessens the fear which they ought to excite, and weakens the obligations which they impose. It therefore removes the grand barrier of truth, and opens the flood-gates of falsehood and iniquity.

Another evil of frequently using oaths is, that it brings into contempt the name and authority of HIM, who should ever be thought and spoken of with reverence and fear. A thoughtless, inconsiderate, and irreverent use of the name and attributes of God, is a sin of no small magnitude. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

By this practice the bonds of society are weakened, vice and impiety rendered habitual, and the divine displeasure incurred. Perhaps no vice contaminates the mind so quickly as profane language. As it destroys the foundation of all morality—the fear of God—it is natural to expect that it will lay open the mind to every iniquity.

As the safety and happiness of society greatly depend on men's cherishing a deep sense of the solemnity and obligation of an oath, would it not serve to impress the mind more deeply, if in our courts of justice more attention were paid to the manner of administering it? I have often thought, that there was a manifest impropriety in the clerk's giving an oath to a witness, while perhaps they were the only persons in the house attending to the solemn transaction. If silence were commanded and attention requested, and if the court were to rise, while an oath is administering, would it not deeply impress the mind with the solemnity and obligation of the act, and prevent many

perjuries ? I submit these hints to the consideration of the wise.

As many evils attend, and no possible good can be acquired by the practice of profane swearing and formal oaths, let us guard against this prevalent vice.

Josephus relates of the Essens, a sect of the Jews, that " whatsoever they say is firmer than an oath ; but swearing is avoided by them, and they esteem it worse than perjury ; for they say, that *he who cannot be believed without swearing by God, is condemned already.*" A.

Chelmsford, 1806.

For the Polyanthos.

CONTEMPLATOR....No. 2.

We proceed with pleasure to the further delineation of the beauties of *The Sabbath.* After describing the Sabbath service of the Episcopal church, the author proceeds to the worship of God in the solitude of the woods :

It is not only in the sacred fane
That homage should be paid to the Most High ;
There is a temple, one not made with hands,
The vaulted firmament : Far in the woods,
Almost beyond the sound of city-chime,
At intervals heard through the breezeless air :
When not the limberest leaf is seen to move,
Save where the linnet lights upon the spray ;

Where not a floweret bends it little stalk,
Save when the bee alights upon the bloom ;—
There, rapt in gratitude, in joy and love,
The man of God will pass the Sabbath-noon ;
Silence his praise : his disembodied thoughts,
Loos'd from the load of words, will high ascend
Beyond the empyreal.———
Nor yet less pleasing at the heavenly throne,
The Sabbath-service of the shepherd-boy.
In some lone glen, where every sound is lull'd
To slumber, save the tinkling of the rill,
Or bleat of lamb, or hovering falcon's cry,
Stretch'd on the sward, he reads of Jesse's son ;
Or sheds a tear o'er him to Egypt sold,
And wonders why he weeps : the volume clos'd,
With thyme-sprig laid between the leaves, he sings
The sacred lays, his weekly lesson, conn'd
With meikle care beneath the lowly roof,
Where humble lore is learnt, where humble worth
Pines unrewarded by a thankless state.
Thus reading, hymning, all alone, unseen,
The shepherd-boy the Sabbath holy keeps,
Till on the heights he marks the straggling bands
Returning homeward from the house of prayer.

The poet then takes occasion to contrast the present

———————— blissful days,
When all men worship God as conscience wills,

with the times immediately preceding the revolution. He describes in glowing colours the fate of the unhappy peasantry

of Scotland, who suffered persecution and martyrdom under the tyrannous and sanguinary laws, that were passed about the year 1661 ; when the whole inhabitants of the Lowlands might be said to have been under sentence of death.

——————————— their deeds,
Their constancy in torture and in death,
These on tradition's tongue still live ; these shall
On history's honest page be pictur'd bright
To latest times. Perhaps some bard, whose muse
Disdains the servile strain of Fashion's quire,
May celebrate their unambitious names.
With them each day was holy ; every hour
They stood prepar'd to die, a people doom'd
To death. ———

The funeral according to the rites of the church of England and a female character are thus pathetically described :

But wood and wild, the mountain and the dale,
The house of prayer itself,—no place inspires
Emotions more accordant with the day,
Than does the field of graves, the land of rest :
Oft at the close of evening prayer, the toll,
The solemn funeral toll, pausing, proclaims
The service of the tomb ; the homeward crowds
Divide on either hand : the pomp draws near ;
The choir to meet the dead go forth, and sing
I am the resurrection and the life.
Ah me ! these youthful bearers robed in white,
They tell a mournful tale ; some blooming friend
Is gone, dead in her prime of years :—'twas she,

The poor man's friend, who, when she could
not give,
With angel tongue pleaded to those who could,
With angel tongue and mild beseeching eye,
That ne'er besought in vain, save when she
pray'd
For longer life, with heart resign'd to die,—
Rejoiced to die ; for happy visions blest
Her voyage's last days, and, hovering round,
Alighted on her soul, giving presage
That heaven was nigh :—O what a burst
Of rapture from her lips ! what tears of joy
Her heavenward eyes suffused ! Those eyes
are closed :
Yet all her lovelines is not yet flown :
She smiled in death, and still her cold pale face
Retains that smile, as when a waveless lake,
In which the wintry stars all bright appear,
Is sheeted by a nightly frost with ice,
Still it reflects the face of heaven unchanged,
Unruffled by the breeze or sweeping blast.
Again that knell ! The slow procession stops :
The pall withdrawn, Death's altar, thick-em-
bossed
With melancholy ornaments,—(the name,
The record of her blossoming age),—appears
Unveiled, and on it dust to dust is thrown,
The final rite.

We close the present number with the description of the effect produced by divine service on the *guiltless* prisoners under condemnation :

——— See, a smile illumes
The face of some ; perhaps they're guiltless :
And must high-minded honesty endure
The ignominy of a felon's fate ?
No, 'tis not ignominious to be wronged ;

No ;---conscious exultation swells their hearts,
To think the day draws nigh, when in the view
Of angels, and of just men perfect made,
The mark which rashness branded on their names
Shall be effaced ;---when, wafted on life's storm,
Their souls shall reach the Sabbath of the skies ;---
As birds, from bleak Norwegia's wintry coast,
Blown out to sea, strive to regain the shore,
But, vainly striving, yield them to the blast,
Swept o'er the deep to Albion's genial isle,
Amazed they light amid the bloomy sprays
Of some green vale, there to enjoy new loves,
And join in harmony unheard before.

J.

Newbury-street.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

From D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature.

.....

SINGULARITIES OBSERVED BY VARIOUS NATIONS IN THEIR REPASTS.

I HAVE collected from a very curious book entitled—'*L'Esprit des Usages et des Coutumes*,' the greater part of the present article.

The Maldivian Islanders eat alone. They retire into the most hidden parts of their houses ; and they draw down the cloths that serve as blinds to their windows, that they may eat unobserved. This custom probably arises—remarks our philosophick author—from the savage, in the early periods of society, concealing himself to eat : he

fears that another, with as sharp an appetite, but more strong than himself, should come and ravish his meal from him. Besides the ideas of Witchcraft are widely spread among barbarians; and they are not a little fearful that some incantation may be thrown amongst their victuals.

In noticing the solitary meal of the Maldivian Islander, another reason may be alledged for this misanthropical repast. They never will eat with any one who is inferiour to them in birth, in riches, or dignity; and, as it is a difficult matter to settle this equality, they are condemned to lead this unsociable life.

On the contrary, the Islanders of the Philippines are remarkably sociable. Whenever one of them finds himself without a companion to partake of his meal, he runs till he meets with one; and, we are assured, that however keen his appetite may be, he ventures not to satisfy it without a guest.

The tables of the rich Chinese shine with a beautiful varnish, and are covered with silk carpets very elegantly worked. They do not make use of plates, knives, or forks: every guest has two little ivory or ebony sticks, which he handles very adroitly.

The Otaheitans, who are lovers of society, and very gentle in their manners, feed separate from each other. At the hour of repast, the members of each family divide; two brothers, two sisters, and even husband and wife, father and mother, have each their

respective basket. They place themselves at the distance of two or three yards from each other; they turn their backs, and take their meal in profound silence.

The custom of drinking, at different hours from those assigned for eating, is to be met with amongst many savage nations. It was originally begun from necessity. It became an habit, which subsisted even when the fountain was near to them. 'A people transplanted,' observes our ingenious philosopher, 'preserve in another climate, modes of living which relate to those from whence they originally came. It is thus the Indians of Brazil scrupulously abstain from eating when they drink, and from drinking when they eat.'

When neither decency or politeness are known, the man who invites his friends to a repast, is greatly embarrassed to testify his esteem for his guests, and to present them with some amusement; for the savage guest imposes on him this obligation. Amongst the greater part of the American Indians, the host is continually on the watch to solicit them to eat, but touches nothing himself. In New France, he wearies himself with singing, to divert the company while they eat.

When civilization advances, we wish to show our confidence to our friends: we treat them as relations; and it is said that, in China, the master of the house, to give a mark of his politeness, absents himself while

his guests regale themselves at his table with undisturbed revelry.

The demonstrations of friendship, in a rude state, have a savage and gross character, which it is not a little curious to observe. The Tartars pull a man by the ear, to press him to drink ; and they continue tormenting him till he opens his mouth. It is then they clap their hands and dance before him.

No customs seem more ridiculous than those practised by the Kamtschadale, when he wishes to make another his friend. He first invites him to eat. The host and his guest strip themselves in a cabin, which is heated to an uncommon degree. While the guest devours the food with which they serve him, the other continually stirs the fire. The stranger must bear the excess of the heat as well as of the repast. He vomits ten times before he will yield ; but, at length, obliged to acknowledge himself overcome, he begins to compound matters. He purchases a moment's respite by a present of cloaths or dogs; for his host threatens to heat the cabin, and to oblige him to eat till he dies. The stranger has the right of retaliation allowed to him : he treats in the same manner, and exacts the same presents. Should his host not accept the invitation of his guest, whom he has so handsomely regaled, he would come and inhabit his cabin till he had obtained from him the presents he had in so singular a manner given to him.

For this extravagant custom a curious reason has been alledged. It is meant to put the person to a trial whose friendship is sought. The Kamtschadale, who is at the expense of the fires and the repast, is desirous to know if the stranger has the strength to support pain with him, and if he is generous enough to share with him some part of his property. While the guest is employed on his meal, he continually heats the cabin to an insupportable degree; and, for a last proof of the stranger's constancy and attachment, he exacts more cloaths and more dogs. The host passes through the same ceremonies in the cabin of the stranger; and he shows, in his turn, with what degree of fortitude he can defend his friend. It is thus the most singular customs would appear simple, if it were possible for the philosopher to contemplate them on the spot.

As a distinguishing mark of their esteem, the Negroes of Ardra drink out of one cup at the same time. The king of Loango eats in one house, and drinks in another. A Kamtschadale kneels before his guest; he cuts an enormous slice from a sea calf; he crams it entire into the mouth of his friend, furiously crying out—'*Tana!*'—There! and, cutting away what hangs about his lips, snatches and swallows it with avidity.

A barbarous magnificence attended the feasts of the ancient monarchs of France. We are informed that after their coronation or consecration, when they sat at table, the nobility served them on horseback.

BEAUTIES OF THE DRAMA.

.....

THE FATHER OUTWITTED.

A SPANISH INTERLUDE—BY LOPE DE VEGA.

.....

Enter Guadarrama *from his house, with his sword drawn, and dragging out* Lorenzo.

Guad. Come along, rascal! Tell me the truth, infamous villain!

Lor. Famous! Famous yourself, Sir. Take care what you say. Don't call me famous!

Guad. Tell me directly scoundrel, whom you took that letter to from my daughter?

Lor. Took it to! Why I took it to—— Now listen—I took it to——You have a confounded deal of curiosity.

Guad. Have you a mind to be strangled, dog? *(collars him.)*

Lor. No, truly—Take care what you do —Hold a little——My young mistress gave me the letter—mind—she gave it to me—and I took it.

Guad. Who the devil doubts that! But where?

Lor. She said to me, says she, Lorenzo, says she, there—there's a rial for thee; and do thou take that letter thou knowest where.

Guad. Oh, ho! What, she paid you beforehand then: and you, like a good-for-nothing knave, are plotting with my daughter to dishonour me.

Lor. Do you think so? Lord, Sir, we can't dishonour you.

Guad. How so?

Lor. Because, Sir, you have no honour.

Guad. You impudent dog! Have you a mind to have my sword up your back-bone?

Lor. Who, me! mercy forbid! Oh lord, Sir! I'll tell you all, if you will but hide that horrible spit!

Guad. Indeed but I will not.—Come, Sir; come to the point!

Lor. Well, well, Sir! Well—Pray, Sir—do you know—your brother——

Guad. There's a pretty question!—To be sure I do, booby.

Lor. Oh, well—But the—letter was not for him.—Pray, Sir—do you know——

Guad. Do I know the devil! I want to know nobody but my daughter's gallant.

Lor. Tch, tch—Lord, Sir—why didn't you say so at first. I should then have told you very frankly that I know—I know—that is to say—I know nothing of him.

Guad. You don't, hound! Stop, stop a little—I'll warrant me I have a secret will make you find the use of your tongue.

(beats him.)

Lor. Oh, lord!—Oh, lord! Oh, lord!—Murder!—Fire!—Help, help!—Oh, my wicked master! He has killed me—he has knocked out my brains! Oh, oh!

Enter a Merchant.

Merch. Hey-day!—What is the matter here, Signior Guadarrama? What's all this

noise in the street about? This is behaviour that people would little expect from you, Sir!

Guad. Why, what would you have me do, neighbour!—I have a thief in my house, a scoundrel to whom I give my bread, and—

Lor. There, Sir;—you hear—you hear his accusation—Wonderful! He gives me bread and I eat it!

Guad. Yes! traitor! But I don't give it you to carry love-letters between my daughter and her gallant.

Lor. Oh, fie, Sir! What are you going to tell the gentleman?

Gaud. Why, sirrah, is it not truth?

Lor. Sir! Sir! If there be a wicked man in the whole world, it is my master—There has he kept me tied up like a dog to a manger all last night, because I would not carry a billet-doux from him to a certain very honest virtuous woman, who is one of his best friends too: and now he has the impudence, I mean imprudence, to say it was a love-letter from his daughter.—(*aside to the Merchant*) The old lying libertine!

Merch. Why, truly, if that be the fact, I think the lad is in the right. Is it proper for a person of your years to employ youth upon such errands?

Guad. So! so! so!—Here's another!—And so you give more credit to the impertinences of that booby, than to me! Me, whom you have known so many years, and have seen discharging the duties of so many honourable employments?

Lor. *(to the Merchant)* Oh, yes! honourable employments!—To be sure he was four years hangman at Saragossa!

Guad. See, see!—Is it possible for human impudence to surpass this!—Let me get at him—let me get at him—I'll murder him!

Merch. Moderate your anger, Signior Guadarrama—I believe you; and would advise you to turn this whimsical fellow away: for, by what I can perceive of you both, it is not likely you should agree together.

Guad. With all my heart; the sooner the better! And I hope I shall never see his face again, for I have not had a moment's quiet since he has been with me.

Lor. Oh! I'll go as soon as he pleases: but, pray, desire him to pay me what I owe him first.

Guad. Why, booby! jack-ass! num-scull! If you owe me, how can I have any thing to pay you? Get along about your business, hound! and never enter my house again.

Lor. Why, what should I do in your house? (*mutters*) An old drunken hobgoblin! Would you have me starved, till I am as dry, as shrivelled, and as ugly as yourself?

Guad. This is too much! I'll teach you, Sir—— [*Exit Lorenzo.*

Merch. He is fled.—Never mind him; he is beneath your notice: all that he wants is to put you in a passion.

Guad. Heaven be praised for my deliverance!—I assure you, Sir, he is one of the

wickedest dogs in the universe. There never was such another lazy, awkward, insolent, cheating, gormandizing, stupid beast; with every vice, and without one good quality!—But let us talk of something else. My daughter gives me a great deal of uneasiness: she has fallen in love with somebody; who he is I don't know; and I have discovered that she writes to him. Her extreme youth may occasion her to commit some folly that would be the death of me. You are a wise man; what would you advise me to do?

Merch. Humph!—If I were in your place, I would always carry the key of my house in my pocket: then nobody could see my daughter, unless I were present; and if she went out, I would always go along with her.

Guad. Very true—very true!—Thank you, my good friend. I will take your advice: we shall see, then, who will overreach me. Let me beg of you to do me another favour. Do you yourself read my daughter a lecture upon her imprudence: she does not want delicacy; and I don't doubt but she will blush at her fault when she finds that the whole neighbourhood knows it.

Merch. If you think that it will be of any use, I'll do it with all my heart. I must come, however, by and by; for at present I have some business to transact that I must not neglect. Permit me therefore to take my leave.

Guad. My very good friend, I wish you a

good day. *(Exit Merchant)*—Oh! what an intolerable burden is it for a man who is a widower to have an unmarried handsome daughter upon his hands! Your house is haunted by every idle young fellow in the parish. But I shall be a match for them: they may stand and kick their heels in the street till they cough themselves into consumptions, if they please, before they shall find an opportunity of whispering the least word to Isabella! No, no; I defy them!

Enter Leander; *with him* Lorenzo, *dressed like a Woman, and covered with a large Veil: they speak together at the Top of the Stage.*

Lean. Yonder is your master, Lorenzo! Hide your face well! and, when you are in the house, remember to tell my dear Isabella every word I have repeated to you.

Lor. Yes; and so I suppose her father will either break my neck, or kill me by starving me.

Lean. Never fear; we shall soon come to your assistance: only take care to play your part well. Signior Guadarrama, I hope I have the happiness to see you in good health.

Guad. Ah, Signior, Leander! Good-morrow! good-morrow! What has brought you to this part of the town so soon in the morning?

Lean. Something which I believe will claim your attention as much as mine. I know you to be a worthy good-natured man, and I dare say you will not refuse me the favour

I am going to ask of you. This lady happened just now to be conversing in the street with one of her relations: her husband, who unfortunately did not know the gentleman was related to him, imagined him to be his wife's gallant, and on that supposition fell into a terrible passion; ay, and if it had not been for me, would certainly have killed her. Let me beg of you, then, Sir, to receive her into your house for a short time, till several well disposed people, and the relation himself, can convince her husband of the unjustness of his suspicions.

Guad. Indeed, Signior Leander, I don't know what to say to this. I should be glad to oblige you by protecting the lady; but I should be sorry to have it reported that my house is become the asylum of imprudent people.

Lean. Oh, Sir, you may assure yourself I would not interest myself in the behalf of such people; much less entreat you to receive them into a house so respectable as yours. This lady is a miracle of virtue and prudence. Her husband, in the first transport of passion, has used her ill; but, when he shall know the truth, he will acknowledge himself infinitely obliged to you; and you will obtain the character, through the whole city, of the Protector of the Unfortunate.

Guad. Well, Sir, if that be the case, pray leave the lady; and, I assure you, I shall be happy to do her every service in my power.

Lean. I don't doubt it, Sir. I expected

nothing less from your known benevolence.

Lor. (aside to Leander.*)* Sir! Sir! Either make haste and finish your dialogue, or let me have a share in it; for I am devilishly tired of holding my tongue. Pray, Sir, have you a mind that I should discover my charms, and——

Lean. Stop your noise, you confounded booby!

Lor. Have a care; don't tell him my name: if you once mention Lorenzo, we are undone; and I know you lovers are so absent, and so imprudent——

Lean. The devil take your tongue! Don't tell him yourself, and I'll warrant I sha'n't. —*(aloud)* I commit you, dear Madam, to the protection of this worthy gentleman; and so I hope I shall soon return with good success. [*Exit* Leander.

Guad. Permit me, Madam, the honour of your hand, to conduct you into my house; where I hope you will consider yourself the mistress, and dispose of it as you please.

Lor. (counterfeiting a woman's voice) Me, Sir! Oh, no, Sir! Not for the world, Sir! Only give me plenty of victuals and drink; for, to be sure, I must confess I do find I have a most dangerous gnawing at my stomach!

Guad. (aside) This is a strange beginning for a fine lady!——I hope, Madam, we shall find means to satisfy your hunger.

Lor. I am not unreasonable; only give me for breakfast a dozen of well fed pigeons,

an omelet, a large loaf, and four bottles of your best wine, and I shall be satisfied.

Guad. Four bottles of wine!

Lor. Four bottles—I would not touch a drop more: I am delicate in my drinking, and have a mortal aversion to drunkenness.

Guad. Well, well; walk in, if you please. —Four bottles of wine! [Guadarrama *bows to* Lorenzo, *and presents his hand, which* Lorenzo *returns with a kick*]—What is the meaning of all this, Madam! Have I been guilty of any rudeness to you that you should kick me?

Lor. Impertinent fellow! What did you mean by squeezing my hand! I would have you to know, Sir, I am a person of extreme delicacy; and, plague take me, if you squeeze my hand again, but I'll——

Guad, Nay, pray, Madam, let me beg of you not to put yourself in a passion. (Guadarrama *knocks at the door*)—Isabella! Isabella! Come here, child. I want to speak with you.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What did you want, Sir?

Guad. Take great care of this lady. Keep her company; and see that she wants for nothing: she is a person of distinction.

Isab. I shall be sure to obey you, Sir.

[*Exeunt* Isabella *and* Lorenzo.

Guad. Oh! love, love!—How mighty is thy power!—I did but touch the hand of that lady, and I feel myself transported! My imagination tells me she is as beautiful as an angel! Her brilliant eyes—her rosy

cheeks—her——Hey-day! I am turning foolish.—Well, and after this, now, should I be surprised that my daughter, in the spring-time of life, should indulge the tender passions; when I, though the snow of winter lies upon my head, cannot resist their influence!

Enter Leander.

Lean. I am come, Signior Guadarrama, to return you thanks for your kindness, and to re-conduct the lady to her husband; who is now satisfied of her innocence, and no longer angry.

Guad. She is a charming creature! I am in love with her myself, even in this short space.—Isabella! *(he knocks at the door.)*

Isab. (within) Sir!

Guad. Desire the lady to walk down, and be happy. Her husband is reconciled.

Isab. She is coming in a moment, Sir.

Enter Isabella, *disguised in the long Mantle and Veil of* Lorenzo.

Guad. There, Sir, conduct the lady home: and I flatter myself she will have no cause to complain of the treatment she received at my house.

Isab. (aside to Leander) For Heaven's sake, make haste! I am terrified to death.

Lean. Farewell, Sir. And believe me, I am exceedingly obliged to you.

[*Exeunt* Isabella *and* Leander.

Guad. Now will I go in and give my daughter some good advice. I will convince

her, by this lady's example, how circumspect women ought to be in their most trifling actions.—Though, on consideration, the morning is fine, and there is nobody walking this way. I had better call her down; and so we may both enjoy the fresh air, and the beauty of the day.—Isabella!

Lor. (*at the window in his own dress*) My dear darling of a papa, what do you want?

Guad. Oh, Heaven! what do I see?

Lor. Oh, papa! Your hard-heartedness, and eternal harangues, have made this great ugly beard grow, at which you seem so much astonished. And if you continue your maundering, I shall shortly have the whiskers of a Turkish janizary.

Gaud. By what enchantment, wretch! did you get into my house?

Lor. Enchantment! There is no enchantment in the case. You put me here yourself.

Guad. Where is my daughter?

Lor. With her husband; who received her at your own hands.

Guad. Miserable old man!—Rascal! I'll have you hanged.

Enter Leander *and* Isabella, *with Musicians and Dancers.*

FIRST MUSICIAN.

Happy father, sleep in peace;
Love thy daughter's fate secures:
Hymen and Love thy cares decrease,
The cares suspicion still endures.
Happy father, sleep in peace,
Thy joys will have a large increase!

SECOND MUSICIAN.

Happy father, sleep in peace ;
Love and Hymen now combine
To give our joys a large increase,
And cherish life's decline :
The little prattlers soon thou'lt see,
Sweet pictures of thy former days,
Come clinging round thy aged knee,
To chant their infant lays.
Happy father, sleep in peace,
Thy joys will have a large increase !

Guad. What, gentlemen, do you come to deride me because my daughter has been stolen away from me ?

Isab. Let me beg of you, gentlemen, to have done.——No, my dear father! they do not mean to deride you. Behold me at your feet ; excuse, forgive my fault. Never will I rise from the ground till I am restored to that tenderness of which you have hitherto given me so many proofs.

Lean. I knew, Sir, it was not your intention to marry your daughter ; I therefore durst not demand her of you. We loved each other ; we have been married these eight days : the thing now is past remedy. You are acquainted with my birth and fortune ; let not your forgiveness be wanting to make our happiness complete. I will exert every duty and attention to efface from your memory the errour that love has caused me to commit.

Guad. Come to my arms, my dear children ! I cannot be angry with you. I ap-

prove your union.—Come, let us be merry; let us think of nothing but joy!

A DANCE.

(Lorenzo *sings at the Window.*)

In vain old men may snarl and watch,
And barricade the house;
For love as sure the girls will catch,
As cat will catch a mouse.

[*Remark*...The foregoing interlude, though short, has all the characteristicks of the old Spanish drama: it abounds in incidents, and indeed appears to have been the original of one incident,—Isabella getting free—which has since been repeated by Moliere, in *L'Ecole des Maris*; by Wycherly, his translator, in the Country Wife; and lately by Sheridan, in the Duenna...*Holcroft.*]

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTION.

SPENSER, JONSON AND SHAKESPEARE.

THE characters of these three great masters of English poetry, are sketched by Fuller, in his Worthies of England. It is a literary morsel that must not be passed by. The criticisms of those who lived in or near the times when authors flourished merit our observation. They sometimes elicit a ray of intelligence, which later opinions do not always give.

He observes on Spenser, 'The many *Chaucerisms* used (for I will not say affected by him) are thought by the ignorant to be *blemishes*, known by the learned to be *beauties* to his book: which notwithstanding had been more SALEABLE, if more conformed to our modern language.'

On Johnson—'His parts were not so ready to *run of themselves*, as able to answer the spur; so that it may be truly said of him, that he had an *elaborate wit*, wrought out by his own industry. He would *sit silent* in learned company, and suck in *(besides wine)* their several humours into his observation. What was *ore* in *others*, he was able to *refine* himself.

'He was paramount in the dramatick part of poetry, and taught the stage an exact conformity to the laws of comedians. His comedies were above the *Volge* (which are only tickled with downright obscenity) and took not so well at the *first stroke*, as at the *rebound*, when beheld the second time; yea, they will endure reading, so long as either ingenuity or learning are fashionable in our nation. If his later be not so spriteful and vigorous as his first pieces, all that are old will, and all who desire to be old should, excuse him therein.'

On Shakespeare—'He was an eminent instance of the truth of that rule, *poeta non fit, sed nascitur*; one is not made, but born a poet. Indeed his *learning* was but very little; so that as *Cornish diamonds* are not polished by any lapidary, but are pointed and smoothed even as they are taken out of the earth, so *Nature* itself was all the *art* which was used upon him.

'Many were the *wit-combats* betwixt him and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a *Spanish great gallcon*, and an *English man of*

war. Master *Johnson* (like the former) was built far higher in learning ; *solid*, but *slow* in his performances. *Shakespeare*, with the English man of war, lesser in *bulk*, but lighter in *sailing*, could *turn with all tides*, and take advantage of *all winds*, by the quickness of his wit and invention.

TITLES OF SOVEREIGNS.

THE intoxication of power has occasioned sovereigns to assume the most solemn, and sometimes the most fantastick titles.

The chiefs of the Natches are regarded by their people as the children of the sun, and they bear the name of their father.

The titles (observes De Meunier) which some chiefs assume, are not always honourable in themselves ; it is sufficient if the people respect them. The king of Quiterva calls himself the *Great Lion ;* and for this reason, lions are there so much respected, that it is not permitted to kill them but at certain royal huntings.

The principal officers of the empire of Mexico were distinguished by the odd titles of *Princes of unerring javelins ; Hackers of men*, and *Drinkers of blood.*

The King of Monomotapa is surrounded by Musicians and Poets, who adulate him by such refined flatteries as *Lord of the sun and moon ; Great magician ;* and *Great thief !*

The wild imaginations of the Asiaticks have bestowed as ridiculous titles of honour

on their *princes*. The King of Arracan assumes the following ones; Emperor of Arracan, Possessor of the white elephant, and the two ear-rings, and in virtue of this possession, legitimate heir of Peru and Brama; Lord of the twelve provinces of Bengal; and the twelve Kings who place their heads under his feet.

His Majesty of Ava is called *God:* when he writes to a foreign sovereign, he calls himself the King of Kings, whom all others should obey, as he is the cause of the preservation of all animals; the regulator of the seasons, the absolute master of the ebb and flow of the sea, brother to the sun, and king of the four and twenty umbrellos!—These umbrellos are always carried before him as a mark of his dignity.

The titles of the King of Achem are singular though voluminous. I shall glean the most striking ones. He is sovereign of the universe, whose body is luminous as the sun; whom God created to be as accomplished as is the moon at her plenitude; whose eye glitters like the northern star; a king as spiritual as a ball is round; who when he rises shades all his people; from under whose feet a sweet odour is wafted; &c. &c.

After a long enumeration of the countries possessed by the King of Persia, they give him some poetical distinctions; *The branch of honour; the mirror of virtue;* and *the rose of delight.* *Curiosities of Literature.*

HIEROGLYPHICKS OF THE EGYPTIANS.

HERODOTUS says, that the Egyptians used two sorts of letters, or ways of writing; one called sacred and the other vulgar letters. Diodorus makes the same distinction; the vulgar ones were learnt by all the people, and the sacred were only known to the priests, among the Egyptians, who learnt them of their fathers, among those things which were to be kept secret; but the Ethiopians, from whom the Egyptians learnt them, used all these letters or ways of writing indifferently; so that it was rather the unlawfulness than any impossibility of attaining a knowledge of these letters, that kept them from reading their sacred writings, as they could perhaps have learnt them of the Ethiopians, if we suppose they were exactly the same; but it is probable the Egyptians altered them so that they were not intelligible to the Ethiopians.

Diodorus says of the Ethiopian letters, called by the Egyptians Hieroglyphicks, that at first their forms of writing represented all sorts of beasts, the parts of the human body, and instruments, especially those of the handicrafts; for their writings did not consist of syllables put together, but of figures that related to the things they were to express; for they wrote or drew the figure of a hawk, a crocodile, a serpent, the eye, hand, or face of a man, and the like.

A hawk signified expedition, or all things that were to be done expeditiously; because it was the swiftest of birds. The crocodile signified malice; the eye expressed both an observer of justice, and a keeper of any person; the right hand, with the fingers extended, signified any one's getting his livelihood; the left hand shut, the preserving and keeping of any thing. Thus every thing was read and understood by figures.

Voltaire gives a curious instance of these emblems, which is taken from Herodotus. That historian informs us, that 'when Darius invaded Scythia, the Scythians sent him a *bird*, a *mouse*, a *frog* and five *arrows*. By this present they insinuated, that if he did not fly away as swift as a *bird*, or conceal himself like a *mouse* and a *frog*, he would perish by their *arrows*.'

This story may not be true; it is, however, a testimony of the emblems employed in those distant ages.

BOOKS OF LOVE AND DEVOTION.

The agreeable Menage has this acute observation on the writings of Love and Religion.—"Books of Devotion and those of Love are alike bought. The only difference I find is, that there are more who read books of Love, than buy them; and there are more who buy books of Devotion, than read them."

DOUGLAS.

It may be recorded, as a species of Puritanick savageness and Gothick barbarism, that, no later than in the year 1757, a man of genius was persecuted because he had written a Tragedy, which tended by no means to hurt the morals; but on the contrary, by awakening the sweetest pity, and the nobler passions, would rather elevate the soul, and purify the mind.

When Mr. Home, the author of the tragedy of Douglas, had it performed at Edinburgh; and, because some of the divines, his acquaintance, attended the representation, the clergy, with the monastick spirit of the darkest ages, published the present paper, which I shall abridge for the contemplation of the reader, who may wonder to see such a composition written in the eighteenth century.

'On Wednesday, February the 2d, 1757, the Presbytery of Glasgow came to the following resolution. They having seen a printed paper intituled—"An Admonition and Exhortation of the reverend Presbytery of Edinburgh;" which among other *evils* prevailing, observing the following *melancholy*, but *notorious*, facts: that one, who is a Minister of the Church of Scotland, did *himself* write and compose *a Stage-play*, intituled—"The Tragedy of Douglas," and got it to be acted at the theatre of Edinburgh; and that he, with several other Ministers of the

Church, were present ; and *some* of them, *oftener than once*, at the acting of the said Play, before a numerous audience. The Presbytery, being *deeply affected* with this new and strange appearance, do publish these sentiments, &c.'—Sentiments with which I will not disgust the reader. *Cur. of Lit.*

INEQUALITIES OF GENIUS.

We observe frequently singular inequalities in the labours of Genius ; and particularly in those which admit great enthusiasm, as in Poetry, in Painting, and in Musick. But, surely, this is not difficult to be accounted for ! Faultless *mediocrity* Industry can preserve in one continued degree ; but *excellence* is only to be attained, by human faculties, by starts.

Our Poets who possess the greatest genius, with, perhaps, the least industry, have at the same time the most splendid and the worst passages of poetry. Shakespeare and Dryden are at once the greatest and the least of our Poets.

The imitative powers of Pope, who possessed more industry than genius—though his genius was *nearly* equal to that of the greatest Poets—has contrived to render every thing faultless : yet it may be said of Pope, that his greatest fault consists in having none.

Carrache sarcastically said of Tintoret—*Ho veduto il Tintoretto hora eguale a Titiano, hora*

minore del Tintoretto—'I have seen Tintoret now equal to Titian, and now less than Tintoret.

Trublet very justly observes—The more there are *beauties*, and *great beauties*, in a work, I am less surprized to find *faults*, and *great faults*. When you say of a work—that it has many faults; that decides nothing: and I do not know by this, whether it is execrable, or excellent. You tell me of another—that it is without any faults; if your account be just, it is certain the work cannot be excellent. *Ibid.*

DRAMATICK BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCH
OF THE LIFE OF MR. FENNEL,
THE CELEBRATED TRAGEDIAN.

Descended from a family of the first respectability, in London, Mr. Fennel received a liberal education, and was originally intended for the pursuit of the law: but a strong predilection for the *stage*, induced him early to resign his Blackstone for the more attractive pages of Shakespeare: and his theatrical passion being indulged without the consent of his friends, whose prejudices were equally invincible on the one side, as his on the other, he selected Edinburgh as being distant from his residence, for his first theatrical

essay, where he performed in 1787, the parts of Jaffier, Othello, &c. with great applause, and under the assumed name of *Camoray*.

Mr. Fennel's great and unexpected success at Edinburgh induced him to contemplate a successful reception at London, to which place he soon after returned. On his return here, he called on Mr. Harris (without introduction of any kind)—but having opened his business, and recited a few passages of dramatick compositions before this gentleman, Mr. Harris was so highly gratified by these specimens of his ability, that a night was immediately fixed for his *debut* at Covent-Garden, where he ran through his principal characters with much success; but still retaining his fictitious name.

The increasing fame of Mr. Fennel induced the manager of the Edinburgh Theatre to wish his return to their stage, where he had proceeded, and played there some time with approbation, till one evening being announced to perform the character of Jaffier, and the gentleman who had formerly represented it (Mr. Wood) was fixed for Pierre; but enraged at the exchange, though the characters have ever been deemed equally good, Mr. Wood complained of the injustice of the manager (probably from motives of envy to Mr. Fennel) to his friends. Loaded with invectives by the Plebeian criticks of the town, he was called upon to make an humiliating apology, which he would not submit to; a law case ensued on both sides,

which lasted a long time, but was of more *expense* to all parties, than *profit* to any—if we may except the *lawyers*.

Immediately after this singularly infamous affair, Mr. Fennel quitted the stage in that city with indignation, and played a short time at York, but in 1789, he returned to London, where he resumed his situation for one season, (but without the expected success) at Covent Garden. He afterwards engaged in a periodical publication, called the "Theatrical Guardian," and produced a comedy entitled "Lindel and Clara, or a Trip to Gibraltar;" which has been frequently peformed, and was printed, 1791.

Not long after this, Mr. Fennel was engaged by the late Mr. Wignell at his New Theatre Philadelphia, and met with great success. He has since performed at the various theatres on the continent; but, for some reasons unknown to us, (a circumstance to be lamented by all lovers of the drama) Mr. Fennel, about two years ago, took leave of the stage, and has since appeared only occasionally. He is now engaged in an extensive establishment of Salt Works, the plan of manufacturing which he has brought to great perfection.

Mr. Fennel's deportment is graceful—his person majestick—his face admirably calculated for the stage—his action easy and judicious—his utterance distinct and natural. He excels in the more weighty characters of the drama; his master piece is "Othello, Moor

of Venice." His manners are polished, and his understanding refined.

Mr. Fennel's residence is near New-London. He is now on a visit to New-York and Philadelphia; at which places he has been prevailed upon to run through his principal characters upon the stage.

DRAMATICK ANECDOTES.

.....

Douville, the author of a five act comedy, entitled *L' Absent de chez soi*, and brother to the Abbe de *Bois-Robert*, hearing his piece applauded, asked his brother what he thought of it. *Bois-Robert* frankly answered, he thought it bad; as it really was; and the piqued author replied 'The pit shall be my judge.'—"Right," replied the Abbe; "but you may change your opinion in time;" and so it happened. Douville produced another comedy, which was hissed, and Bois-Robert then asked him if the pit should be his judge? 'Pshaw!' replied the vexed brother, 'the pit has not common sense.' "Ay, ay, you have found it out," exclaimed the Abbe: "I discovered it when your first piece was performed."

When the Misanthrope of Moliére was first performed, the immortal Moliére and the great Racine were unfortunately at variance. A parasite, thinking to please the

latter, told him, after the first representation, that the piece had failed. "I was there, and can assure you that nothing was more cold." Racine replied, "You were there, and I was not; yet I do not believe you. It is not possible for Moliére to have written a bad piece. See it again, and consider it better."

DURING the run of the comick opera of Cymon, when Mr. Vernon was in pursuit of his supposed mistress Silvia, and came on singing

Torn from me, torn from me, which way did they take her?

A wag in the pit replied in time and tune

They're gone to Long Acre! They're gone to Long Acre.

The house was in a roar of laughter; and Vernon with great presence of mind, as soon as there was silence, sang

Oh, ho, are they so; I shall soon overtake her.

WHEN the art of poetry by Dacier first appeared, an author, named De Brie, read nothing else: his contempt for Corneille became excessive, Racine was but little more in favour, and he despised the French exceedingly, for having admired both these poets. "We have not a single good tragedy," exclaimed he; and determined out of pure compassion to write one. The subject he chose was the Heraclides, in which all was measured by line and rule, in full deference to the remarks of Dacier. This regular and scientifick piece was only played once.

The same author wrote a comedy, of one act, entitled Le Lourdaut, which was little more successful. These two pieces gave occasion to the following epigram, by Jean Baptist Rosseau:

Pour disculper ses Oeuvres insipides,
De Brie accuse et le froid et le chaud:
Le froid, dit il, fit chéoir mes Héraclides;
Et le chaleur fit tomber mon Lourdaut:
Mais le Publie, qui n'est point en défaut,
Et dont le sens s'accorde avec le nôtre,
Dit à cela—Taisez vous, grand Nigaud;
C'est le froid seul qui fit chéoir l'une et l'autere.

Weeping his children, poor De Brie has told
How both have perish'd, or by heat or cold:
Frozen my poor Heraclides lies dead!
Lourdaut expir'd by fever in the head!
The publick, hating ignorance and sloth,
Cries, silence fool! the cold has kill'd them both.

THE WOODEN LEG.

AN HELVETICK TALE.

From the German of Solomon Gessner.

On the mountain, from which the torrent of Rauti falls headlong into the valley, a young shepherd fed his goats. His pipe called Echo gaily from the hollow rocks, and Echo bade the vallies seven times resound his melodious song. On a sudden, he perceived a man climbing, with pain, the mountain's side. The man was old; years had blanched his head. A staff bent beneath

his heavy, tottering steps; for he had a wooden leg. He approached the young man, and seated himself by him, on the moss of the rock. The young shepherd looked on him with surprize, and his eyes were fixed on the wooden leg. My son, said the old man, smiling, do you not think, that, infirm as I am, I should have done better to have remained in the valley? Know, however, that I make this journey but once a year; and this leg, as you see it, my friend, is more honourable to me, than are, to many, the straightest and most active. I doubt not, father, replied the shepherd, but it is very honourable to you; though, I dare say, another would be more useful. Without doubt, you are tired. Will you drink some milk from my goats, or some of the fresh water that spouts below, from the hollow of that rock?

Old Man. I like the frankness which glows on thy features. A little fresh water will be sufficient. If you will bring it me hither, you shall hear the history of this wooden leg. The young shepherd ran to the fountain, and soon returned.

When the old man had quenched his thirst, he said—Let young people, when they behold their fathers maimed, and covered over with scars, adore the Almighty Power, and bless their valour; for, without that, you would have bowed your neck beneath the yoke, instead of thus basking in the sun's warmth, and making the Echoes repeat

your joyful notes. Mirth and gaiety inhabit these hills and vallies, while your songs resound from one mountain to another.—Liberty! sweet Liberty! it is thou that pourest felicity upon a blessed land! All we see around us, is our own. We cultivate our own fields with pleasure. The crops we reap are ours, and the time of harvest is, with us, a season of joy.

Young Shepherd. He does not deserve to be a free man, who can forget that his liberty was purchased with the blood of his forefathers.

Old Man. But who, in their place, would not have done as they did? Ever since that bloody day of Nefels,* I come once each year to the top of this mountain; but I perceive that I have now come for the last time. From this spot I still behold the order of the battle, in which liberty made us conquerors. See, it was on that side, the army of the enemy advanced. Thousands of lances glittered at a distance, with more than two hundred horsemen, covered with sumptuous armour. The plumes that shaded their helmets nodded as they marched; and the earth resounded with their horses' hooves. Our little troop was already broken. We were but three or four hundred men. The cries of the defeat were re-echoed from every side; and the smoke of Nefels, in flames, filled the valley, and spread with horrour along the mountains. However, at the bot-

* The battle of Nefels, in the canton of Claris, 1388.

tom of the hill, where we now are, our chief had placed himself. He was there, where those two pines shoot up from the edge of that pointed rock. I think I see him now, surrounded by a small number of warriours, firm, immoveable, and calling round him the dispersed troops. I hear the rustling of the banner, which he waved in the air: it was like the sound of the wind that precedes a hurricane. From every side, they ran towards him. Dost thou see those floods rush down from the mountains? Stones, rocks, and trees, overthrown, in vain oppose their course; they overleap, or bear down all before them, and meet together at the bottom, in that pool. So we ran, at the call of our general, cutting our way through the enemy. Ranked around the hero, we made a vow, and God was our witness, to conquer or die. The enemy, advancing in order of battle, poured down impetuously upon us; we attacked them in our turn. Eleven times we returned to the charge; but, still forced to retire to the shelter of these hills, we there closed our ranks, and became unshaken as the rock by which we were protected. At last, reinforced by thirty Swiss warriors, we fell suddenly on the enemy, like the fall of a mountain, or, as some mighty rock descends, rolls through the forest, and, with a tremendous crashing, breaks down the trees which interrupt its course. On every side, the enemy, both horse and foot, confounded in dreadful tumult, overthrew each other, to

escape our rage. Grown furious by the combat, we trod under foot the dead and dying, to extend vengeance and death still farther. I was in the middle of the battle. A horseman of the enemy, in his flight, rode over me, and crushed my leg. The soldier who fought nearest me, seeing my condition, took me on his shoulders, and ran with me out of the field of battle. A holy father was prostrate on a rock not far distant, imploring Heaven to aid us.—Take care, good father, of this warriour, my deliverer cried; he has fought like a son of liberty! He said, and flew back to the combat. The victory was ours, my son, it was ours! But many of us were left extended on the heaps of the enemy. Thus the weary mower reposes on the sheaves himself has made. I was carefully attended, I was cured, but never could find out the man to whom I owe my life. I have sought him in vain; I have made vows and pilgrimages, that some saint of Paradise, or some angel, would reveal him to me. But, alas! all my efforts have been fruitless. I shall never, in this life, shew him my gratitude. The young shepherd, having heard the old warriour, with tears in his eyes, said—No, father, in this life you can never show him your gratitude. The old man, surprized, cried, Heavens! what dost thou say? Dost thou then know, my son, who my deliverer was?

Young Shepherd. I am much deceived, if he was not my father. Oft he has told me

the story of that battle; and often have I heard him say, I wonder if the man I carried from the field of battle be still alive!

OLD MAN. O God! O angels of Heaven! Was that generous man thy father?

YOUNG SHEPHERD. He had a scar here —(pointing to his left cheek)—he had been wounded with a lance; perhaps it was before he carried you from the field.

OLD MAN. His cheek was covered with blood, when he bore me off. O my child! My son!

YOUNG SHEPHERD. He died two years ago; and, as he was poor, I am forced, for subsistence, to keep these goats. The old man embraced him, and said—Heaven be praised, I can recompense thee for his generosity. Come, my son, come with me, and let some other keep thy goats.

They descended the hill together, and walked towards the old man's dwelling. He was rich in land and flocks, and a lovely daughter was his only heir. My child, he said to her, he that saved my life was the father of this young shepherd. If thou canst love him, I shall be happy to see you united. The young man was of an amiable person; health and pleasure shone in his countenance; golden locks shaded his forehead, and the sparkling fire of his eyes was softened by a sweet modesty. The young maiden with an ingenuous reserve, asked three days to resolve; but the third appeared to her a very long one. She gave her hand to the young

shepherd ; and the old man, with tears of joy, said to them—My blessing rest upon you, my children ! This day has made me the happiest of mortals.

THE GOSSAMOUR.

Macklin and Dr. Johnson disputing on a literary subject, Johnson quoted Greek. "I do not understand Greek," said Macklin. "A man who argues should understand every language," replied Johnson. "Very well," said Macklin, and gave him a quotation from *Irish*.

King Charles II.—was reputed a great connoisseur in naval architecture. Being once at *Chatham*, to view a ship just finished on the stocks, he asked the famous *Killigrew, if he did not think he should make an excellent shipwright ?* Who pleasantly replied, *he always thought his majesty would have done better at any trade than his own.* No favourable compliment, but as true a one, perhaps, as ever was paid.

Dr. Sharp, of Hart Hall, Oxford, had a ridiculous manner of prefacing every thing he said with the words *I say*. An under graduate having, as the doctor was informed, mimicked him in this peculiarity, he sent for him, to give him a jobation, which thus began ; I say, they say, you say, I say, I

say; when finding the ridiculous combination in which his speech was involved, he concluded by bidding him begone to his room.

EPIGRAM.

ÆNEAS thro' the flames was seen to run,
In anxious haste, to save Anchises' life;
The admiring gods beheld the duteous son,
And, to reward him, took away his wife.

SELECT SENTENCES.

HOPE is a flatterer—but the most upright of all parasites: for she frequents the poor man's hut as well as the palace of his superiour.

I CANNOT see why people are ashamed to acknowledge a passion for popularity—the love of popularity is the love of being beloved.

POETRY and consumptions are the most flattering of diseases.

THERE is nothing more universally commended than a *fine day*. The reason is, people can commend it without *envy*.

GLOWING characters are not always the most agreeable. The mild radiance of the emerald is by no means less pleasing than the flush of the ruby.

THE skull of the pedant, vacant in other respects, generally furnishes out a throne and temple for vanity.

We ought not to destroy an *insect*, we ought not to quarrel with a *dog*, without reason sufficient to vindicate us through all the courts of morality.

An ill-tempered person is mostly given to slander, and knowing the intemperance of his own thoughts, seeks for hidden meanings never meant—

He sees more devils than all hell can hold :

his offences are seldom forgiven, as they are generally more the offspring of the heart than the head.

The wisest of those who live is he who believes himself the nearest to death, and who regulates all his actions by that thought.

To endeavour all one's days to fortify our minds with learning and philosophy, is to spend so much in armour, that one has nothing left to defend.

"I had once the curiosity," says Montesquieu, "to keep an account of the number of times I heard a story repeated. During three weeks that it occupied the polite world, I heard it told two hundred and twenty-five times, which I thought quite sufficient."

Virtues, like essences, lose their fragrance when exposed. They are sensitive plants, that will not bear too familiar approaches.

The reserved man should bring a certificate of his honesty into company before he is admitted to take his chair.

Superficial writers, like the mole, often fancy themselves *deep* when they are exceedingly near the surface.

THE MINSTREL.

LIFE.

BY DR. HAWESWORTH.

Life ! the dear precarious boon !
Soon we lose, alas ! how soon !
Fleeting vision, falsely gay !
Grasp'd in vain, it fades away,
Mixing with surrounding shades,
Lovely vision ! how it fades !
Let the Muse in Fancy's glass
Catch the phantoms as they pass.
See, they rise ! a nymph behold
Careless, wanton, young and bold !
Mark her devious, hasty pace,
Antick dress, and thoughtless face,
Smiling cheeks, and roving eyes,
Causeless mirth, and vain surprize
Tripping at her side, a boy
Shares her wonder and her joy ;
This is Folly, Childhood's guide,
This is Childhood at her side.
What is he succeeding now,
Myrtles blooming on his brow,
Bright, and blushing as the morn,
Not on earth a mortal born ?
Shafts, to pierce the strong, I view,
Wings, the flying to pursue :
Victim of his power, behind
Stalks a slave of human kind,
Whose disdain of all the free
Speaks his mind's captivity.
Love's the tyrant, Youth the slave,
Youth in vain is wise or brave ;

Love with conscious pride defies
All the brave, and all the wise.
Who art thou with anxious mein
Stealing o'er the shifting scene?
Eyes, with tedious vigils red,
Sighs, by doubts and wishes bred,
Cautious step, and glancing leer,
Speak thy woes, and speak thy fear;
Arm in arm what wretch is he
Like thyself, who stalks with thee?
Like thy own his fears and woes,
All thy pangs his bosom knows:
Well, too well! my boding breast
Knows the names your looks suggest,
Anxious, busy, restless pair!
Manhood, link'd by Fate to Care.
Wretched state! and yet 'tis dear—
Fancy, close the prospect here!
Close it or recal the past,
Spare my eyes, my heart, the last,
Vain the wish! the last appears,
While I gaze it swims in tears;
Age—my future self—I trace,
Moving slow with feeble pace,
Bending with disease and cares,
All the load of life he bears;
White his locks, his visage wan,
Strength and ease, and hope are gone.
Death, the shadowy form I know!
Death o'ertakes him, dreadful foe!
Swift they vanish—mournful sight,
Night succeeds, impervious night!
What these dreadful glooms conceal
Fancy's glass can ne'er reveal;
When shall time the veil remove?
When shall light the scene improve?
When ſhall truth my doubts dispel?
Awful period, who can tell?

THE WEALTH OF THE COTTAGE.

A FAVOURITE SONG IN PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

A BLESSING unknown to ambition and pride
That fortune can never abate,
To wealth and to splendour tho' often denied,
Yet on poverty deigns to await ;
That blessing, ye powers, oh ! be it my lot,
The choicest best gift from above ;
Deep fix'd in my heart, shall be never forgot—
The wealth of the Cottage is Love.

Whate'er my condition, why should I repine,
By poverty never distress'd ?
Exulting I felt what a treasure was mine ;
A treasure enshrin'd in my breast.
That blessing, ye pow'rs ! still be it my lot ;
The choicest best gift from above !
Still fix'd in my heart, it shall ne'er be forgot—
The wealth of the Cottage is Love.

From the Thespian Mirror.

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE FALLS OF THE PASSAICK.

TRACE we now the torrent tide
Tow'rd yon dark steep's craggy side,
At the dread verge one moment dwells its flight,
Then flashing headlong on the light ;
The dizzy summit plunging past,
It heaves its thunders to the blast.
From rock to rock recoiling, still the stream,
Wakes in its downward course a foamy gleam ;
Till hush'd at length, its billows all subside,
And gently steals the unmolested tide.
O'er spring enamour'd plains pursues its way,
And vales made fertile by its fost'ring sway ;
Reflects the beauties that its waters lave,
And heaven's bright features dancing on its wave.

Such is the wearied spirit's last repose:
The sweet oblivion of a life of woes.
Each anguish flown; forgotten ev'ry care,
And life and rapture dawning on despair.

ON A BUTTERFLY,

Which came from its Chrysalis in a Lady's hand.

Born in Aspasia's fostering hand,
My finish'd form I first displayed,
And felt my plumy wings expand,
While gazing on the beauteous maid.

No sunshine glowed upon the scene,
With kindly warmth those wings to dry;
Yet fair each painted pinion grew,
Beneath the lustre of her eye.

No zephyr rose with gentle gale,
To fan my infant frame with air;
But fann'd with fair Aspasia's breath,
The zephyr's gale I well might spare.

No rose or lily near me grew,
On which my downy limbs might rest;
But these, in brighter tints, I found
Upon the virgin's cheek and breast.

Thus Nature, with indulgent care,
Propitious grac'd my natal hour;
And, with superiour sweetness, gave
The gale, the sunshine, and the flower!

IMITATION FROM THE SPANISH.

How fleet are the arrows in happiness dipt!
What moments of bliss are long ages of years!
But if in woe's current the mortal has sipt,
What an age a diminutive moment appears!

THE DRAMA.

"*It is not enough to speak, but to speak true.*"

SHAKESPEARE.

.....

BOSTON THEATRE.

JAN. 31. After the tragedy of *Coriolanus*, a musical afterpiece was presented for the first time, entitled *Of Age Tomorrow*. The title is derived from the age of *Frederick*, the hero of the piece, who "just leaving his *minority*, proposes to submit to *government*" in the matrimonial state. The object of his affections is *Sophia*, the niece of *Lady Brumback*, a ridiculous old woman of fortune, whose hand is solicited by *Baron Piffleberg*, an old fox-hunter; and the various stratagems by which Frederick endeavours to gain admission to his mistress furnish the materials of the plot. These consist in the assumption of the characters, first of a hair-dresser, and afterwards of a wounded soldier; in the support of which he is aided by *Maria*, an arch, lively waiting maid. They are attended by many truly ludicrous circumstances and situations; the result of which is a complete triumph over the sagacity of the old Lady, and the union of *Frederick* and *Sophia*.

Mr. Twaits in *Frederick* displayed a versatility of talents which very few actors possess. Mr. Bernard, in *Baron Piffleberg*, set all gravity at defiance. Mr. Dickenson in *Molkus*

would excite considerable laughter, were it not for the incomparable performance of the other two. Mrs. Shaw personated the romantick old aunt with considerable humour: It was far superiour to most of her performances. Mrs. Darley made the chambermaid an interesting character. The song "*While I hang on your bosom,*" &c. was charmingly sung. *Sophia* by Mrs. Darby—While this lady remains on the stage,

"*She does but poorly play a part which nature*
"*Never design'd her for.*"

Feb. 7. *Venice Preserved.* No tragedy in the English language presents to the spectator more strong delineations of character, or more warm and passionate language throughout, than *Venice Preserved.* It is the last and greatest production of Otway, who, as a tragick writer has few superiours: and were it the only requisite of a good tragedy to inspire sympathy and compassion, this perhaps would yield to none that has ever been written. But the author has in some instances made us feel for those who are not deserving of compassion. His men are all vicious and depraved, from the meanest conspirator to the duke and his reverend council. *Jaffier* excites pity for the wrongs he endures from a cruel father; and *Pierre*, whose worth

Pines unrewarded by a thankless state,

interests the feelings in a considerable degree: But their endeavouring to revenge private injuries by the destruction of a whole

people can never be justified. *Priuli* is destitute of that natural affection which even brutes are known to possess; and the senators are a body of "reverend rogues in robes," guilty of the basest perjury. *Belvidera*, the virtuous, the suffering *Belvidera*, and she alone, claims and receives our full commiseration.

Mr. Cooper in *Pierre* made an impression that will not easily be obliterated. In the scene with *Jaffier* at the close of the fourth act, his peformance was marked with peculiar energy.

Mr. Fox never appeared better than in *Jaffier*. We have frequently been pleased with the attempts of this gentleman in tragedy: but on this occasion he is entitled to more than usual commendation. Nature has not given him a voice favourable for tragick declamation, nor a countenance expressive of the deepest workings of the mind: Notwithstanding these defects, he sustained the part with uncommon correctness and judgment. His pronunciation did not conform exactly to the English standard in the words *jŭst*, *shŭt*, &c.

"*Thou look'st* jĕst *as thou art.*"

And again,

"*By heaven, I'll* shĕt *these lips forever.*"

It is possible, however, these were inadvertencies; for in the passage

"*Is this the blood*
"*That boasts its purity with* Cato's *daughter?*"

Mr. Fox discovered his knowledge of correct orthoepy, by giving the *a* in *Cato* its pure English sound, instead of the affected pronunciation Caato; which has been exploded by almost all English lexicographers and criticks. [*See Walker's Critical Pronouncing Dictionary, word* DRAMA.] In the following passage Mr. Fox came rather "tardy off" in execution:

Where's my friend? my friend, thou smiling mischief!
Nay shrink not; now 'tis too late; for dire revenge
Is up, and raging for my friend. He groans!
Hark! how he groans! his screams are in my ears!
See, see, they've fix'd him on the wheel,
And now they tear him—murder! perjur'd senate!
Murder!—Oh!—hark thee, traitress, thou hast done this:
Thanks to thy tears and false persuading love.

In this rhapsody, which requires all the wildness of frenzy and despair, when he ought to have

Amaz'd indeed
The very faculty of eyes and ears,

he was rather cold and languid. Considering it however, as his first attempt in this arduous character, he was entitled to all the applause he received.

Renault, by Mr. Usher; *Bedamar*, by Mr. Bernard; *Eliot*, by Mr. Twaits, and the other conspirators, according to their wishes, received "honourable death." We will not disturb their ashes by a retrospect of their performances.

Belvidera unites in herself the duteous wife, the fond parent, and the affectionate child; and was ably represented by Mrs. Powell.

FEB. 10. *Alexander the Great*. Mr. Cooper is great in almost every thing he under-

takes; it can therefore be no derogation from his fame to say that he discovered no uncommon greatness in *Alexander*. *Cassander* was sustained by Mr. Usher with his usual correctness. Mr. Twaits, in *Clytus*, we were not much pleased with. His conception of the character may be just; but the execution is calculated to "set on barren spectators to laugh."

Roxana was played in Mrs. Powell's best manner. This lady appears much better in characters of this sort, than in those where more pathos is required. In the last scene with *Cassander* she was eminently successful. *Statira* was supported by Mrs. Darley with those enchanting powers for which she is so deservedly distinguished. *Sysigambis* by Mrs. Shaw was respectable, and no actress could do more. *Parisatis*, by Mrs. Usher, particularly when pleading for *Lysimachus*, was characterized by more energy than most of her performances.

Feb. 12. *Rule a Wife and have a Wife.* Of all the dramatick works of Beaumont and Fletcher, the comedy of *Rule a Wife and have a Wife* is that which has most deeply and deservedly fixed the publick attention. The two actions of the play are conducted with a very happy coincidence. It is replete with comick incidents; all of which fall out very naturally, and justly entitle it to the high applause it has always received on the stage. The cast of character this evening, with one or two exceptions, was "as it should be;" and

we have seldom witnessed the performance of a comedy where there was less to blame or more to commend. Mr. Cooper's *Leon* was a highly finished performance. He discovered in it those variable talents, which some have supposed he did not possess. He admirably personated the awkward gait and coarse manners of a clown; and was no less successful in representing the polished gentleman. *Michael Perez*, by Mr. Bernard, was the irresistible effusion of genuine comedy. Mrs. Powell in *Estifania* was frequently and justly greeted with uniform applause. Mrs. Darley afforded little gratification in *Margaretta*. It is not a character in which her talents appear to advantage. Who that has seen her in the fascinating *Hester*, the laughter-loving *Rosalind*, or the heart-broken *Ophelia*, would not regret the necessity that doomed her to represent the licentious *Margaretta!*

The farce of the *Irishman in London*, with Mr. Twaits in *Murtoch Delany* and Mr. Fox in *Edward*, succeeded in keeping the audience in good humour. Mr. Dickenson in *Cymon*, to use his own simile, was *as comical as a basket of chips*.

Feb. 22. The favourite tragedy of *Douglas* was performed this evening (second time this season) with an alteration in the cast of characters, which stood thus: *Lord Randolph*, Downie; *Young Norval*, Fox; *Old Norval*, Usher; *Glenalvon*, Cooper; *Lady Randolph*, Mrs. Shaw.

Mr. Downie's *Lord Randolph* was not marked by much dignity of deportment or elegance of delivery. He has done it better on these boards.

We anticipated some gratification from Mr. Fox in *Young Norval*, but were unfortunately disappointed. He was very imperfect in the part, even in the first scene, which is in the mouth of every school-boy. The "blank verse halted" in many speeches by the omission of particles; and was often overloaded with conjunctions and other inconsiderable words not found in the original. Several instances of false emphasis, and action not suited "to the word," convinced us that Mr. Fox had not always a perfect conception of the author's meaning.

"*In the smooth green turf*
"*He cut the figures of the marshall'd hosts,*"

should not have been spoken with the eyes turned upward, and the hands raised to a level with the shoulders. Nor should the question

"*Why slur my power*
"*With such contemptuous terms?*"

be uttered with his back toward *Glenalvon*, as if conscious of the propriety of his reproaches. This *meekness*, however, Mr. F. may say, was assumed to comply with his mother's injunction—

"*Frame thy manners still*
"*To Norval's, not to noble Douglas' state.*"

In the following passages, among others, his pronunciation was exceptionable—

"*The* phăl-anx *firm.*"

"*The setting sun*
"*With yellow* răd-iance *lightened all the vale.*"

"Jĕst *as my arm had master'd Randolph's sword,*" &c.

In some speeches, however, Mr. F. was not altogether displeasing. He has errours which diligent attention might correct, and talents, which cultivation may render respectable.

Perhaps some objection might be made to the costume of *Young Norval.* The common *small sword* we believe was not in use among the ancient Highlanders.

Old Norval by Mr. Usher was correct. It was a chaste performance, but wanted pathos.

Mr. Cooper in *Glenalvon*—"a sun among stars"—counterbalanced the insipidity of the other parts. His soliloquies were finely delivered, particularly that which closes the second act. The tone of his voice and expression of his countenance, when he pronounced

"*Burning hell!*
"*This were thy centre if I thought she lov'd him,*"

were sufficient to rivet the "wonder-wounded hearers" to their seats.

We come now to the most disagreeable part of our task—to censure where we cannot commend. Criticism would gladly pass over in silence the *Lady Randolph* of Mrs. Shaw, had it been supportable. Burlesque

upon tragedy deserves reprehension. We looked in vain for the heart-broken mourner,

"*Whose tale would move each gentle heart to pity,*
"*Whose life incline the virtuous to believe.*"

She seemed to have forgotten that in the "tempest" of her passion a "temperance" was necessary "to give it smoothness."—"Inexplicable dumb show and noise" were adopted for the plaintive tones of sorrow. Of pronunciation

"*O Dougle-as, Dougle-as,*"

is a specimen; and

"*To break*
"*Into the chamber where* they think'st *thou sleep'st,*"

an example of syntax. But we will not dwell too long upon imperfections, which, to every auditor, appeared "in form as palpable" as the above. Whether they were the effect of carelessness or ignorance, they ought to be "reformed altogether."

THEATRE, *New-York.*—The new comedy of *Who wants a Guinea?* and Sheridan's *Duenna* have been played here with success.

FEB. 7. A new comedy was brought forward this evening, called *The Wanderer;* written by a gentleman of this city. "It would really require more than can be obtained from its representation, or, we fear, even from its perusal, to give any tolerable

sketch of the fable. We endeavoured, by strict attention, to learn the story, but all our exertions, in this respect, were fruitless. Each act seemed to contain its own inconsistencies; and five similar parts *jumbled* together constitute what the author intended for a "PLAY."

"The scene is laid *any where* and *no where*: for by no *hook* or *crook* could we possibly discover whether it was in America or Europe; nor were we able to ascertain whether the event occurred in the present or the last century. No originality of genius or character was visible in any part of the composition; a great variety of *stage-effect* has been thrown into the piece, in hopes to excite interest from this source. Fire—trap-doors—duels—prison scenes—bribery—seduction—robbery—ladders—hand-saws—swords, &c. &c. are jumbled and interspersed in almost every scene. The piece seems composed of ill-connected, unnatural, detached scenes, that have scarcely any apparent connection with each other; and the whole design appears like a chaos of the elements—

"*Commix'd in wild confusion.*"

"In fact, this play, (if it may be called by that name) had not sufficient merit to entitle it even to a first night's representation; for it is not only incorrect as a comedy, but sterile in language; base, indecorous sentiments and immodest expressions are profusely interspersed throughout the piece.

The language of *double entendre* may sometimes be licensed on the stage; but the author of this piece has substituted in its stead open vulgarity and billingsgate expressions.

The audience patiently heard it through, with all its faults and vulgarities; but when Mr. Tyler announced it for Wednesday evening, a general disapprobation was expressed.

Curatii."

The play was given out for a second representation, but withdrawn by the author.

THEATRE, *Philadelphia.* Mr. Fennel took leave of the stage here Feb. 19, in the *Earl of Essex.* The benefits commenced on the 24th.

THEATRE, *Richmond.*—The Virginia company are playing at this place. Reynold's new comedy called the *Blind Bargain*, and Dibdin's *Thirty Thousand, or Who's the richest*, have been represented. The company consist of Messrs. Green, Bignal, Wilmot, Martin, Poe, Comer, Clare; Mrs. Hopkins, Mrs. Clare, Mrs. Wilmot, Mrs. Bignal, &c.

THEATRE, *New-Orleans.*—We have seen a Play-bill from this city, advertising for representation the first of January, *The Robbers.* The next evening was to be represented an Opera called *Azemia, or the Indians*, with a comedy in one act, called *Æsop at the Fair.* No performers' names were mentioned.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE New-York criticks still continue to apply the caustick to Mr. Barrett with with a liberal hand. It seems he has not left off his old habit of hanging on the wing, and supplicating an *encore* with a piteous look.

Mr. Young has played *Octavian* at New-York a second time, *at the request of several ladies!* The Thespian Mirror says he filled this part at Boston, and "through the whole of the second act was supposed to be the American Roscius." This may be puffing Mr. Young, but is no great compliment to the Boston audience. Who could mistake Pan for Apollo!

Mr. Jones continues to receive the applause of the Charleston audience in Hamlet, Macbeth, &c. Mrs. Whitlock played *Zamora* in the Honey Moon—"a pretty smooth-faced boy." A company of children, *(infant Rosciuses, no doubt)* are playing pantomime at the Charleston Theatre.

EDITOR'S NOTES.

A Portrait of the late Hon. *G. K. Minot, Esq.* in our next.

Our Chelmsford correspondent is requested to choose some other title, and continue his proposed series;—any other would be more acceptable than that he has adopted.

The gentleman who favoured us with the *Memoir of Commodore Preble*, is requested to accept our thanks. The additional paragraph came too late for insertion.

Eva's "Lines to Piety" are pious, but not poetical.

The editor is happy to find that W. A. and subscribers in general, as far as he can learn their opinions, are pleased with the plan and execution of the Polyanthos. He is particularly indebted to a gentleman at Newburyport for his exertions to establish the work.

☞ *Biographical and Historical Anecdotes, Criticisms and Theatrical Information from all parts of the United States are solicited.*

THE

POLYANTHOS.

MARCH, 1806.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF *THE HON. G. R. MINOT, ESQ.*

WITH A PORTRAIT.

TO the greater part of men, the history of a private citizen is uninteresting. It is generally too barren of incident to afford novelty, or excite curiosity; and its examples are too obscure to enlist prejudice, or to gratify malice. There are some, however, who delight to trace the tenour of a well spent life; to whom its progress from innocence to virtue is at once pleasing and instructive: And when virtues are freed from the suspicion of weakness, by an alliance with a vigorous and comprehensive mind, they become interesting and worthy of observation—on account of their singularity, at least—for, in looking round among the living and the dead, we are compelled to acknowledge, that we find very few substantially and independently good.

George Richards Minot, the subject of our present memoir, was the youngest son of Mr. Stephen Minot, a very respectable merchant. He was born in Boston, in 1758. His youth presents a series of depressing embarrassments, which thwarted the inclination he discovered at an early age for a learned profession. The fortune of his father was straitened by unsuccessful adventures; and the political condition of our country, at that time extremely unpropitious to literary occupations, exhibited the appearances of hostility and revolution to a boy of weak and declining health.

To poverty, the times, and personal infirmity, Mr. Minot successfully opposed ardent ambition and unwearied perseverance. In 1774 he entered Harvard University, where he received the highest honours which classmates or instructors could bestow. On taking the degree of Master of Arts, he made the valedictory oration, which was much admired for pure and elegant Latinity.

Leaving Cambridge, he returned to Boston, and entered himself a student at law. During his pupilage he devoted his hours of relaxation to the most accomplished Latin and English historians, and to the study of the purest models of style and composition.

In 1782 Mr. Minot was admitted to the bar. He possessed a clearness and distinctness of perception; a readiness of mind, which could freely apply its capacities, unembarrassed, to any pursuit; and a love of

labour, adapted to extensive acquisition in his profession. His elocution was manly, elegant, and deliberate. He had a winning manner, but wanted assurance; he wanted the uncourteous retort and the spirit which exults in litigation and tumult. From this cause, though a respectable advocate and valued counsellor, he never gained at the bar a reputation equal to his general talents.

At the request of the inhabitants of Boston, Mr. Minot delivered an oration on the anniversary of the Boston Massacre. This oration is now forgotten, with the occasion which produced it. He was one of an association of gentlemen, that founded the "Boston Magazine," the earliest periodical paper of much celebrity, in New-England. Under the direction of Mr. Minot and his friends, it possessed a degree of merit which has not been exceeded by any subsequent work of the kind.

Mr. Minot's first considerable literary production was "The History of the Rebellion in Massachusetts, in 1786." In the office of clerk of the House of Representatives, which he then held, he had access to every authentick document relative to the causes which produced the rebellion. This induced an attempt to write on a subject so deeply interesting to every citizen of the Commonwealth, and so well understood by himself. To this undertaking he was competent; and his success surpassed his own expectations and the anticipations of his friends. The historian was cool, sagacious

and reflecting. Aloof from the prejudices of party, he thought as a citizen of the world. All praised his veracity and impartiality, and none were offended by his representations. The work was universally commended for lucid and connected narration, elegant and perspicuous style. This reputation introduced the author to the notice of men of learning and talents; and from that time, he numbered amongst his friends many of the most distinguished characters of our country.*

Mr. Minot filled several civil offices connected with his profession. He was Judge of Probate and Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas for the County of Suffolk, and Judge of the Municipal Court of Boston; all of which he sustained with the character of judicial skill and strict probity.

The next important work which Mr. Minot wrote was "The History of the Province of Massachusetts-Bay," from the year 1748 to 1765, comprehending a period very little known even by men of literature. He shews in this work, that the germe of sovereignty was inserted in the nature and constitution of the colony; that its increase to national greatness necessarily induced national independence; which was gradually approaching, by the laws of political progression, and could not be much retarded or

* As an instance of exemption from the reproach of indifference to letters, which perhaps has been too freely bestowed on our countrymen, it may be mentioned, that the profits of the History of the Rebellion, after defraying its expenses, exceeded one hundred pounds.

accelerated by adventitious circumstances. He describes the struggles of Massachusetts against the treachery of the Indians and the jealousy of the French, and traces the union formed between the neighbouring states by a community of danger. The condition of a young province, successfully contending with powerful and insidious neighbours, like the infant Hercules of the fable, gives an interesting presage of the manly vigour which it afterward attained. From the want of writers cotemporary with the period of it, and the accidental destruction of the records of the government, the History of Massachusetts was the result of long investigation and severe labour. It was, however, happily accomplished. Those who have read it think it authentick, judicious and elegant; but the greater part of the copies remain on the shelves of the bookseller.

His Eulogy on Washington is fresh in the minds of his fellow-citizens. It is sufficient to say, that it was not excelled by any of the numerous addresses which that occasion produced; and that the splendid and impressive manner in which it was spoken will not soon be forgotten by those who heard him.

Fortune began now to smile upon the man who found, in his own mind, relief against the neglect with which she had hitherto treated him. The writings of Mr. Minot were well received by the publick. Habitual temperance and unremitted at-

tention had given to his health a degree of hardihood and strength, which he had not before enjoyed. The emoluments of his business were large and increasing; and he appeared to be advancing prosperously to distinction and independence, when a rapid and malignant disease put a period to his life, Jan. 2, 1802, in the 44th year of his age.

The talents and the virtues of Mr. Minot were of no mean rank. The wisdom of the plans which he conceived, and his industry, alacrity and accuracy in execution, would certainly have led him, had his life been protracted, to political and literary eminence. To a profound understanding he joined much practical good sense. He knew how to distinguish reality from nature, and with intuitive quickness discovered what part of every object was most worthy to be observed. With a warm and creative imagination, his perceptions were simple. In reasoning he was clear and connected: he could abstract an object from its relations, and place it alone before his eye. Though his scientifick studies were interrupted by professional avocations, and he could not be called a man of profound science, yet his stock of general knowledge was sufficient for common purposes, and gave an illumination to his mind which threw light on every object presented to it.

A long and unbroken intimacy with classical learning had given liberality to his manner of thinking, and afforded him a fe-

licity and readiness of literary allusion, which he used with neatness and elegance in his writings and discourse.

In private life he was a model of morals and of manners. Of unsuspected honour and acknowledged integrity, he felt no regret in looking back on the path which he had trodden, and could trace at a single glance its strict undeviating course. His temper, naturally irascible and violent, was directed to flow in such a channel as to give warmth to his attachments and spirit to his enterprize. He was a sincere and devout christian—not believing it to be the proof of weakness to respect the forms of piety, nor an evidence of understanding or ingenuity to cavil at a system, whose authenticity he felt to be so nearly connected with his happiness. Though his natural disposition was serious and saturnine, he was a cheerful and animated companion, and in his friendships always retained the ardour of youth. In conversation he was fluent and eloquent; his voice was sweet and harmonious, and his whole manner captivating.

Without the advantage of travelling, his deportment was easy and elegant. He had the "unbought grace of nature," and an attractive sweetness, which seem to be spontaneous, and not attainable by labour or imitation.

We should do injustice to the memory of Mr. M. by this feeble and imperfect sketch, without adding the following extracts from

"An Address to the Members of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society," by the Hon. John Q. Adams.

"Are you an observer of men, and has it been your fortune only once in your life to behold GEORGE RICHARDS MINOT? You have remarked the elegance of his person and the peculiar charm of expression in his countenance—Have you witnessed his deportment? It bore the marks of graceful simplicity, of dignified modesty, of unassuming urbanity—Have you listened to his conversation? It was the voice of harmony; it was the index to a penetrating and accurate mind; it was the echo to a warm and generous heart. Such appeared Mr Minot, on a first and transient acquaintance; from which period, to that of the most confidential intimacy, our own knowledge, and the unvaried testimony of indisputable authority, concur in affirming that every trace of pleasing first impression was proportionally deepened; every anticipation of sterling worth abundantly fulfilled. His character, as the citizen of a free country, was not less exemplary. The profoundest historian of antiquity has adduced the life of AGRICOLA, as an extraordinary proof that it is possible to be a great and good man, even under the despotism of the worst of princes. Mr. Minot's example may be alleged as a demonstration equally rare under a free republick, that in times of the greatest dissension, and amidst the most virulent rancour of factions, a man

may be great and good, and yet acquire and preserve the esteem and veneration of all. In the bitterness of civil contention, he enjoyed the joint applause of minds the most irreconcileable to each other. Before the musick of his character the very scorpions dropped from the lash of discord; the very snakes of faction listened and sunk asleep! Yet did he not purchase this unanimous approbation by the sacrifice of any principle at the shrine of popularity. From that double-tongued candour which fashions its doctrines to its company; from that cowardice in the garb of good nature, which assents to all opinions because it dares support none; from that obsequious egotism, ever ready to bow before the idol of the day, to make man its god, and hold the voice of mortality for the voice of heaven, he was pure as the crystal streams. Personal invectives and odious imputations against political adversaries he knew to be seldom necessary; he knew that when unnecessary, whether exhibited in the disgusting deformity of their nakedness, or tricked out in the gorgeous decorations of philosophy, whether livid with the cadaverous colours of their natural complexion or flaring with the cosmetick washes of pretended patriotism, they are ever found among the profligate prostitutes of party, and not among the vestal virgins of truth.

"Mr. Minot was successively employed in various offices of trust and of honour. To vice a merciful but inflexible judge; to misfor-

tune a compassionate friend ; to the widow a protector of her rights ; to the orphan one in place of a father : in every station which the voice of his country called him alternately to fill, he displayed that individual endowment of the mind and that peculiar virtue of the heart, which was most essential to the useful exercise of its functions.

" His attainments in literature outstripped the slow advance of years ; in the bloom of youth he was associated to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and the Historical Society recognize in him one of their founders.

" He had an ardent and inextinguishable thirst of general knowledge ; but the department of history was that towards which some casual incident, of those which are wont to point the magnet of genius to its polar star, had originally turned the bias of his preference. The result of his labours, in this field, is chiefly before the publick, and is duly appreciated by all who deem any such labours objects of regard. As an historian, authenticity, impartiality, penetration and sagacity, are obvious characters of his writings. His narrative is perspicuous ; his arrangement well delineated ; he traces events to their causes, with discriminating eye, and though sparing of his own reflections upon their issue, he skilfully collects and concentrates their rays upon the mind of his reader. He makes no ostentatious display of his moral and intellectual wealth, but gives you the key to the

chambers containing them : It is but opening the door, and treasures in profusion are before you.

" The revolution which separated these States from their connection as Colonies with Great-Britain, and their subsequent confederation, have taken from our local history some of its magnitude and moment. These events have expanded the circle, and increased the multitude of our civil relations. In forming the idea of our country, we are no longer bounded by the scanty dimensions of a petty province. The largest portion of this continent is united under a social compact, which makes its inhabitants equally fellow-citizens of one great and growing empire. To preserve, to strengthen, to perpetuate this union, is the first political duty, as it ought to be the highest glory of every American. Since its establishment, our history has become the history of the nation : and had it been consistent with the wise decrees of Providence to prolong the life of Mr. Minot, we might have hoped that the period which came within the compass of his observation would have been transmitted to future times, with that simplicity and purity of style and manner, that zeal for the civil and religious liberties of man, that instinctive and reflected love of virtue and abhorrence of vice, which flowed spontaneously from his pen. But before he could commence upon this arduous task, there was a previous chasm in our history to be filled. It was a period

of less general interest than those which preceded and followed it; less propitious therefore to the talents and reputation of the historian. But Mr. Minot's primary consideration was the publick utility, and not his own personal fame—It was a labour inadequate indeed to his powers, but necessary to connect the chain of our annals; and unless undertaken by him, it might have remained unaccomplished. Of this work, one volume is in possession of the publick. He was just closing the second, when the pen was wrested from his hand, by that king of terrours, whom the most elevated human capacity and the most perfect human virtues are alike impotent to resist."

SKETCH OF THE LIFE
OF
MAJ. GEN. ISRAEL PUTNAM.

[*Concluded from page* 155.]

Colonel Putnam was ploughing in his field, when the news arrived of the commencement of hostilities at Concord.—He instantly unyoked his team, and not waiting to change his clothes, repaired to the theatre of action. Upon finding that the British retreated to Boston, and leaving a sufficient force to watch their movements, he returned to Connecticut, and levied a regiment by the authority of the Legislature, and returned to

Cambridge. He was now promoted to be Major-General, by his Colony ; and shortly after confirmed by congress in the same rank on the continental establishment. At the battle of *Bunkers-hill*, the presence and animating example of Gen. Putnam, who arrived at a most critical juncture, with the reinforcement, were not less conspicuous than important. He did every thing that an heroick and experienced veteran could accomplish. The enemy pursued to Winter-hill ; Putnam made a bold stand, and drove them back under covert of their shipping.

Gen. Putnam took an active part in almost all the engagements of note in the different states. While the head quarters were at Peeks-kill, a lieutenant in the British service, by the name of Palmer, was detected in the camp. Gov. Tryon, who commanded the new levies, demanded him as a British officer, and represented it as a great crime, to put to death a man bearing a commission under his majesty ; and very insolently threatened vengeance, if he should be injured. Gen. P. entirely disregarding such childish conduct, wrote the Governour the following spirited reply.

" Sir,

" Nathan Palmer, a lieutenant in your king's service, was taken in my camp as a *spy* —he was tried as a *spy*—he was condemned

as a *spy*—And you may rest assured, Sir, he shall be hanged as a *spy*.

I have the honour to be, &c.

ISRAEL PUTNAM."

"*His Excellency Gov. Tryon.*"

"P. S. Afternoon. He is hanged."

Upon the loss of fort Montgomery, the commander in chief was determined to have another fortification built to defend the river. And accordingly, his excellency requested Gen. P. by letter to fix upon a proper spot. After thoroughly examining all the places that were proposed, and maturely resolving in his own mind their relative situations, or advantages for offence on the water, and defence on the land, he considered West-Point as the most suitable and advantageous spot; and it has been said with propriety, that the glory of having chosen this rock of our military salvation, depended entirely on his choice. The advantages which this place possessed, both with regard to the river and the land, made it the most suitable that could be pitched upon.

In Jan. 1778, when the snow was two feet deep on the ground, Gen. Parsons' brigade was the first that broke ground. The want of sufficient covering and clothes for the troops, tools, and materials for the works, made the prospect in a high degree gloomy and discouraging. It was necessary that means should be found, though our paper

money, then in circulation, was fast depreciating, and our treasury exhausted. Col. La Badiere, then Engineer, made his estimates of the works, which only served to put the American people in mind of their poverty. It was at this critical juncture that his patriotism shone in full lustre. He can never be too much commended, on account of his exertions to furnish supplies. At that time, he was a very popular character, which he still retains; and he never hesitated in the least, to put all his popularity at risk, when the federal interest demanded it. Notwithstanding the unfavourable prospect of affairs, and the almost innumerable impediments that opposed our progress, the works, before the opening of the campaign, with his assistance, were in great forwardness.

According to a resolution of Congress, Major Gen. M'Dougall, Brigadier Gen. Huntington, and Col. Wigglesworth, were appointed to enquire into military disasters. They now met to consider the loss of fort Montgomery; and upon full knowledge, and mature deliberation of facts, on the spot, reported, as their opinion, that the loss was occasioned by the want of men, and not by any fault in the commanders.

During this investigation, Gen. Putnam was relieved from duty, and as soon as Congress had approved the report, took the command of the right wing of the grand army under the orders of the General in Chief. This was just after the terrible battle of Monmouth.

Gen. Putnam was stationed for the winter at Reading, in Connecticut, in order to cover the country adjoining to the Sound, and to support the garrison of West-Point, in case of an attack. He had, under his orders, the brigade of New-Hampshire, the two brigades of Connecticut, the corps of infantry, commanded by Hayan, and that of calvary, by Sheldon.

The troops began to think, that having been badly fed, badly clothed, and worse paid, that their sufferings were intolerable; and the Connecticut brigades formed the resolution of marching to Hartford, where the General Assembly was then in session, and of demanding redress at the point of the bayonet. Gen. Putnam got intelligence of this movement, and ordering his horse, immediately galloped off to the cantonment, where he thus addressed them:

"My brave lads, whither are you going? do you intend to desert your officers, and to invite the enemy to follow you into the country? Whose cause have you been fighting and suffering so long in, is it not your own? Have you no property, no parents, wives, or children? You have behaved like men so far—all the world is full of your praises—and posterity will stand astonished at your deeds; but not if you spoil all at last. Do not you consider how much the country is distressed by the war, and that your officers have not been any better paid than your selves? But we all expect better times, and

that the country will do us ample justice. Let us all stand by one another then, and fight it out like brave soldiers. Think what a shame it would be for Connecticut-men to run away from their officers." After the several regiments had received the General as he rode along the line, with drums beating and presented arms, the sergeants who then had the command, brought the men to an order, in which position they continued while he was speaking. When he had finished, he directed the acting major of brigade to give the word for them to shoulder, march to their regimental parades, and lodge arms. They executed all those orders with promptitude and seeming good humour. Thus was this disagreeable affair entirely settled.

About the middle of winter, while Gen. P. was on a visit to his out-posts on Horse-Neck, he found Gov. Tryon advancing upon that town with a corps of 1500 men; to oppose this body, our Gen. had only a picquet of 150 men, and two iron field-pieces without horses or drag-ropes. He however planted his cannon on the high ground near the church, and somewhat retarded their approach by firing several times, until he perceived the horse, supported by the infantry, about to charge, he ordered the picquet to provide for their safety by retiring to a swamp inaccessible to the horse; and secured his own by plunging down a precipice behind the meeting-house, on full trot. The

precipice where he descended on horse-back, is so steep, that it is almost impossible for a person on foot to descend without falling; and there has since been stone steps to the amount of nearly 100 put up, to accomodate foot passengers. The dragoons that were but a sword's length from him, on perceiving the danger, stopped short, and before they could gain the bottom of the hill by going round the ordinary road, he was far beyond their reach. As he was riding down the precipice one ball of the many fired at him, went through his hat.

In the campaign of 1779, which terminated his military career, he commanded the Maryland line posted at Buttermilk-falls, a few miles below West Point. This campaign was principally spent in strengthening the works of West Point, during which, nothing very material occurred.

Gen. Putnam died the 29th of May, 1790.

LOPE DE VEGA.

The following account of this very remarkable poet is taken from a work entitled Letters from an English Traveller in Spain, which, as we are informed in the Monthly Review, were written by Mr. Dillon.

It is here given, because it contains a more circumstantial account than any which is in the possession of the editor.

"Lope Felix de Vega Carpio, born the 25th November, 1562, was the son of Felix Vega de Carpio, a gentleman of Madrid, who had the reputation of being a very good poet; a turn which he observed with rapture in his child from its infancy, and which the fond parent cherished with the greatest delight. At five years of age young Lope could read Spanish and Latin fluently, and even make verses, which he exchanged with his school-fellows for pictures and other trifles. His father, charmed with this surprizing dawn of genius, spared no pains to cultivate a darling plant that seemed to encourage the most flattering expectations. At the age of twelve Lope was master of the Latin Tongue and the art of rhetorick; could dance and fence with ease and dexterity, and sing with a tolerable taste. Endowed with these accomplishments, he became an orphan, at his first entrance into the world, with every pressure of distress, and was taken into the service of the Bishop of Avila, in whose praise he wrote pastorals, and made his dramatick essay, with a comedy entitled *La Pastoral de Jacinto*. He soon after quitted his patron, went to the university of Alcala, where he studied philosophy, and took a degree; then returned to Madrid, and became secretary to the Duke of Alva, who entrusted him with his most weighty concerns. Encouraged by his new Mecenas, he again tuned his lyre, and sung his praise in a poem entitled *Arcadia*. About this time he married Donna Is-

abella de Urbina, a lady of fashion, on account of whose gallantries he soon after fought a duel, and having grievously wounded his antagonist, fled to Valencia, where he lived some years; after which he returned to Madrid, where, losing his wife, he felt himself animated with a military ardour, and repaired to Cadiz to embark on board the great armada, fitting out by Philip the second, against Queen Elizabeth. In this fleet he sailed for Lisbon in company with his brother, a lieutenant in the Spanish navy, who lost his life in this expedition. Our poet had his share of the misfortunes of that disappointed fleet, and appeared at Madrid without a single friend, became secretary to the Marquis of Malpica, and afterward to the Count of Lemos. Though his first marriage was so unsuccessful, he was in hopes of being more fortunate in that state with Donna Juana de Guardia, a lady of rank, whom he soon after lost. Inconsolable at these repeated afflictions, he entered into the ecclesiastick state, was ordained a priest, and appointed head chaplain to a congregation of priests at Madrid, though he still courted the muses, making this his chief relaxation that softened his sorrows. He was now in the zenith of his poetick glory, and his reputation became so universal, that Pope Urban the Eighth sent him the degree of doctor in divinity, and the cross of the order of Malta, added to a lucrative post in the apostolick exchequer, which Lope held to his death,

which happened in his seventy-third year, to the great regret of the court and every learned man in the kingdom. The Duke of Sesa, who was his patron and executor, caused him to be interred, at his own expense, with such pomp and magnificence as had never been seen before for a private person: the duke invited all the grandees of the kingdom who attended in person in token of their concern at the loss of so distinguished a character. The funeral obsequies lasted three days; all the clergy of the king's chapel assisted, three bishops officiated pontifically, and three of the most eloquent orators exerted themselves in praise of the deceased, adding new laurels to the fame of Lope de Vega, with whom, when living, many princes gloried in being acquainted. Pope Urban wrote him a letter in answer to a dedication of his poem in favour of Mary Queen of Scots, entitled *Conora tragica de Maria Stuardo*. Cardinal Barbarini held a very intimate correspondence with him, as did many other cardinals and noblemen, who courted his friendship. When he walked in the streets, he was gazed upon and followed as a prodigy; he was, moreover, loaded with presents; and by the rapid sale of his numerous works, soon amassed a considerable fortune, and acquired a capital of 150,000 ducats, besides his annual income of fifteen hundred ducats, arising out of his benefices and employments. So great was the fertility of his genius, the amazing readiness of his wit, and rapidity of

thought, added to his animated expression, that perhaps there never was a poet in the world, either ancient or modern, that could be compared to him. His lyrick compositions and fugitive pieces, with his prose essays, form a collection of fifty volumes, beside his dramatick works, which make twenty-six volumes more; exclusive of four hundred scriptural dramatick pieces, called in Spain *Autos Sacramentales*, all which were successively brought on the stage; and, what is still more extraordinary, speaking of his printed works, in one of his pastorals to *Claudio*, he says, they formed the least part of what still remained in his closet. It appears from his own authority, that he used constantly to write five sheets a day, which, multiplied by the days of his life, would make 133,225 sheets; then, reckoning the number of verses corresponding to each sheet, it will appear that, exclusive of prose, he wrote 21,316,000 verses; an unheard of exertion and facility of versification! our author possessing an inexhaustible fund, which, like the fire of Vesuvius, continually afforded new matter, and blazed out incessantly. So extraordinary was the rapidity of his genius, he would often finish a play in twenty-four hours, and some comedies in less than five hours, with as much correctness and elegance in his verse, as the most laboured pieces of other writers of his time. Such was the contemporary of Sir Philip Sidney, Shakespeare, and Spencer. In his *Laurel de Apollo* he has cele-

brated all the good poets of his time; but none were more universally praised from all parts than himself. His surprizing faculties were such, that in his dramatick pieces he broke through all rules of art; yet such was his success, that he was constantly the favourite of the publick, and drew perpetual bursts of applause. It was not his fault if his successors had not talents to conceal their defects, and only imitated his imperfections, rendering the Spanish drama insupportable when deprived of the beauties of Lope: this was foreseen by Cervantes, who reproaches our poet with destroying the rules of the drama, as laid down by the ancients, in order to court popular applause; to obtain which, he lost sight of every idea of nature, or good taste; adding, that the probability of fable dwindled in his hands, and was wafted away by the enchanting magick of verse; all unity of time and place was annihilated; his heroes came out of their cradles, and wandered from east or west as lovers or combatants, put on the cowl of monks, died in cloisters, and worked miracles on the stage. The scene is transported from Italy to Flanders, and as easily shifted from Valencia to Mexico. Footmen discourse like courtiers, princes like bullies, and ladies like chambermaids. The actors appear in legions, often seventy at a time, and close with numerous processions.

"So sensible was Lope of the wildness of his imagination, and how wantonly he sported

with the confidence of the publick, that, speaking of himself, he acknowledges his fault in the following words :

'Mas ninguno de todos llamar puedo
Mas barbaro que yo, pues contra el arte
Me atrevo a dar preceptos, y me dexo
Llevar de la vulgar corriente, a donde
Me llaman ignorante, Italia y Francia.'

" And again,

'Y escrivo por el arte, que inventaron
Los que el vulgar aplauso pretendieron
Porque como los paga el vulgo, es justo
Hablarle en necio, para darle gusto,'

" That is, 'that he was sensible of the reproaches Italy and France would make him for breaking through all rules to please the ignorant publick ; but, since it was they that paid for it, they had a right to be pleased in their own way.' "

The above is the account given by Mr. Dillon, which entirely corresponds with the stories we meet with in other authors ; but which can never be made to agree with probability. Deducting from his life the years that were dedicated indispensably to other avocations, the time that was necessarily spent in the acquirements of such a person, as well as in eating, drinking, and sleeping ; unless it can be proved he neither ate, drank, nor slept, that he stood in no need of acquirements, and that he was born a perfect poet ; calculation will make it appear, that he could not have *copied* all which he is said to have *written ;* the mechanical labour would have been too great, without attributing the loss of a moment to the labours of invention.

To conceive a comedy in twenty-four hours is very possible; but I never met with the writer who could transcribe one in the time: yet, we are told, that Lope de Vega would finish some comedies in less than five hours, with as much correctness and elegance in his verse as the most laboured pieces of other writers of his time.

His prose writings are said to have been very voluminous; and that, in poetry, he was so prolifick, according to his own authority, as to have written 21,316,000 verses by fair calculation.

To copy two lines of poetry in a minute, for nine hours every day of a man's life, is a labour, which, it is presumed, the human frame could never perform: yet, exclusive of his prose, had Lope de Vega, for the space of fifty years, without a day's intermission, worked nine hours in a day, and copied two lines a minute, it would only amount to 19,710,000 verses.

That, like Calderon de la Barca, he was extremely prolifick there are too many concurring testimonies to be doubted: but, if the works of both these poets did not remain in such great abundance, the truth itself would be rendered dubious by the exaggerated tales that are told of them.

Theatrical Recorder.

For the Polyanthos.

HISTORY OF MAGNETISM.

Plain and concise extracts in natural philosophy will be pleasing and useful to many of the readers of the Polyanthos. This expectation is founded on the nature of the subjects, not on the manner of treating them.

Magnetism has excited the wonder of the profoundest philosopher. Its cause has eluded the most penetrating genius. But its history, or phenomena, cannot be less interesting on that account.

It is said a shepherd, named Magnus, discovered the magnetick property of certain small bodies, by observing them to adhere to the iron of his sandals. Larger bodies, resembling stones, were found possessing the same property. Placed near small ferruginous bodies, they, by attracting such bodies to themselves, became loaded, and were called loadstones. They are, however, generally called magnets, from the name of the shepherd. Loadstones, or natural magnets, are found in almost every mine of iron ore. Their resemblance to bog iron and difficulty of being filed are very great. The *first property*, then, of a magnet is the mutual *attraction* between it and iron or steel. The attractive power is no ways proportionate to the nearness or size of the magnet. A magnet at the distance of six inches, attracted a similar piece of iron with a force equal to three grains; three inches, six grains; one inch,

eighteen grains; and in contact, eighty-seven grains. Some natural magnets, weighing thirty or forty grains, have lifted forty or fifty times their weight of iron. One weighing about three grains lifted 746 grains.

The *second property* of a magnet is its *polarity*. When freely suspended by a thread, a magnet will constantly take such a position, that a point on one side will be toward the north, and an opposite point on the other side toward the south pole. These points are the poles, and the point between and equally distant from them is the centre of the magnet. The poles, however, seldom point exactly north or south. Hence magnets have a *declination* or *variation* eastward or westward.

A line passing through the poles of a magnet is not level, or rather in the plane of the horizon, except at the equator. This is called the *dip* or *inclination* of the magnet, making its *third property*. In the northern hemisphere the north pole is elevated above the plane of the horizon; the reverse takes place in the southern hemisphere.

A piece of iron or steel, laid in contact with a natural magnet, acquires like properties and becomes an artificial magnet, without diminishing the power of the natural one. Artificial magnets will communicate their powers in the same way. Hence the *fourth property* of a magnet is the *communicability of its power*. Here art improves upon nature. A small bar of iron, laid for a while in contact with a magnet, then balanced on a pivot,

becomes a magnetick needle, rendering the polarity, variation, and dip, more evident, interesting and highly useful. By a compass the traveller directs his path through unexplored regions, and the seaman lays his course on the trackless ocean. The surveyor too has enlisted the compass in his service; and by it he follows the course of his predecessors, and renews the lost boundaries of empires.

Lines, run on the earth by a needle, are not right lines, or rather do not lie in the plane of a great circle, with only two exceptions. If a line be run due east or west, north or south, it will return into itself, making a great circle, dividing the earth into two equal parts. All other lines cut the meridians obliquely. As such lines constantly approach the pole but do not run directly toward it, they have a spiral form, whose centre is the pole. A person from any given meridian travelling N. 45° W. will, by continuing his course, return to the same meridian at a point equally distant from the pole and the place of departure. Continuing the same course, he will forever divide the arc of the meridian, between the pole and last place of departure, into two equal parts. He will therefore never arrive at the pole, though constantly approaching it. Hence lines run by compass, for roads or other purposes, are not the shortest that may be between the extreme points; and, if the distance be great, allowance should be made for the curvature of the spiral.

It is very doubtful at what time and by whom the compass was invented. John de Gioja of Naples has the honour of first applying it to navigation in the fifteenth century. Before his time, the most adventurous navigator sailed but a few leagues from shore. With only stars for their guides, safety in the night was precarious as the flight of clouds. Since the invention of the compass the mariner has boldly traversed the broadest oceans, and visited the "utmost corners of the earth."

OMNIVAGANT.

Chelmsford, Feb. 1806.

JUDICIAL ELOQUENCE.

[The following impressive and eloquent Sentence was lately pronounced by *Judge Wilds*, at Charleston, S. C. It is the emanation of a wise understanding—of a warm and feeling heart.]

JOHN SLATER,

You have been convicted by a Jury of your country of the wilful murder of your own slave; and I am sorry to say, the short, impressive, uncontradicted testimony, on which that conviction was founded, leaves but too little room to doubt its propriety.

The annals of human depravity might be safely challenged for a parallel to this unfeeling, bloody, and diabolical transaction.

You caused your unoffending, unresisting slave, to be bound hand and foot, and by a refinement in cruelty, compelled his companion, perhaps the friend of his heart, to chop off

his head with an axe ; and to cast his body, yet convulsing with the agonies of death, into the water ! And this deed you dared to perpetrate in the very harbour of Charleston, within a few yards of the shore, unblushingly in the face of open day. Had your murderous arm been raised against your equal, whom the laws of self-defence, and the more efficacious laws of the land unite to protect, your crime would not have been without precedent, and would have seemed less horrid. Your personal risk would at least have proved, that though a murderer, you were not a coward. But, you too well knew that this unfortunate man, whom chance had subjected to your caprice, had not, like yourself, chartered to him by the laws of the land, the sacred rights of nature ; and that a stern but necessary policy, had disarmed him of the rights of self-defence : Too well you knew, that to you alone he could look for proetction and that your arm alone could shield him from oppression, or avenge his wrongs ; yet that arm you cruelly stretched out for his destruction.

The council who generously volunteered his services in your behalf, shocked at the enormity of your offence, endeavoured to find a refuge, as well for his own feelings, as for those of all who heard your trial, in a derangement of your intellect. Several witnessess were examined to establish this fact ; but the result of their testimony, it is apprehended, was as little satisfactory to his mind, as to

those of the Jury, to whom it was addressed. I sincerely wish, this defence had proved successful, not from any desire to save you from the punishment which awaits you, and which you so richly merit ; but from the desire of saving my country from the foul reproach of having in its bosom so great a monster.

From the peculiar situation of this country our Fathers felt themselves justified in subjecting to a very slight punishment, him who murders a slave :—Whether the present state of society requires a continuation of this policy, so opposite to the apparent rights of humanity, it remains for a subsequent Legislature to decide. Their attention would long ere this, have been directed to this subject, but for the honour of human nature, such hardened sinners as yourself, are rarely found, to disturb the repose of society. The Grand Jury of this district, deeply impressed with your daring outrage against the laws of God and man, have made a very strong expression of their feelings on the subject, to the Legislature ; and from the wisdom and justice of that body, the friends of humanity may confidently hope, soon to see this, blackest in the catalogue of human crimes, pursued with appropriate punishment.

In proceeding to pass the sentence, which the law provided for your offence, I confess I never felt more forcibly the want of power to make respected the laws of my country, whose minister I am. You have already vi-

olated the majesty of those laws—You have profanely pleaded, the law under which you stand convicted, as a justification of your crime—You have held that law in one hand, and brandished your bloody axe in the other, impiously contending that the *one* gave a license to the unrestrained use of the *other*.

But, though you will go off unhurt in person, by the present sentence, expect not to escape with impunity. Your bloody deed has set a mark upon you, which I fear the good actions of your future life will not efface. You will be held in abhorrence by an impartial world, and shunned as a monster, by every honest man—Your unoffending posterity will be visited for your iniquity, by the stigma of deriving their origin from an unfeeling murderer—Your days, which will be but few, will be spent in wretchedness—And, if your conscience be not steeled against every virtuous emotion ; if you be not entirely abandoned to hardness of heart, the mangled, mutilated corpse of your murdered slave, will ever be present in your imagination : obtrude into all your amusements ; and haunt you in the hours of silence and repose.

But, should you disregard the reproaches of an offended world ; should you bear, with callous insensibility, the gnawings of a guilty conscience ; yet remember !—I charge you, remember ! that an awful period is fast approaching, and with you, is close at hand, when you must appear before a Tribunal, whose want of power can afford you no pros-

pect of impunity ; when you must raise your bloody hands at the bar of an impartial, omniscient judge !—Remember !—I pray you, remember ! whilst yet you have time, that God is just, and that his vengeance will not sleep forever.

BEAUTIES OF THE DRAMA.

THE OPERA DANCER:

A DRAMATICK PROVERB.

M. Du Pas, *and* La France : Du Pas *in a Powdering Gown, taking off the Powder before the Chimney-glass.*

Du Pas. La France ! Has the tailor repaired my dancing dress ?

La F. Yes, Sir ; but he has no orders for the new breeches.

Du P. How, no orders ! What does he mean ? I spoke to him yesterday at the opera.

La F. I know it, Sir.

Du P. What more has he to say ?

La F. He talks of other people.

Du P. What people ?

La F. Why—Those that give orders.

Du P. How !

La F. They say, you have had already two pair of breeches, for that dress ; and as for three, it's too much.

Du P. They say all that, do they ?

La F. Yes, Sir.

Du P. Mighty well. It is Sunday to-

morrow, and I shall not dance: I shall go into the country: tell them that.

La F. Yes, Sir.

Du P. Three pair too much! I'll have a dozen. Order my carriage from the coach-maker's, do you hear?

La F. Yes, Sir.

Du P. Ha, ha, two pair! I'll give them a lesson—Somebody knocks; see who it is; —They shall repent.

Enter the COUNT.

Count. Is M. Du Pas at home?

La F. There he stands, Sir.

Du P. (*without turning*) Who is that?

Count. I believe, Sir, you do not know me.

Du P. (*glancing*) Not I, Sir.

Count. I come to request you would give me your opinion on my manner of dancing, for I wish to dance in an opera.

Du P. (*disdainfully*) You!

Count. Yes.

Du P. (*without turning*) You are not tall enough.

Count. That is of no consequence, Will you see? (*dances*)

Du P. (*with a side look*) Pshaw! Wretched!

Count. Yet I have been told—Look at this. (*dances again.*)

Du P. (*regarding him through the glass*) Pitiable!

Count. But, Sir—

Du P. Talking is in vain. You are not what we call a proper subject. I must like-

wise tell you, you have not a—a talent, a genius.

Count. But in this style, for example. (*dances.*)

Du P. That is all main strength. I'll not undertake to prepare you for the opera, not even as a *figurant.*

Count. I do not wish to dance at the opera, Sir I would—

Du P. What, go on the stage at Lyons, or Bordeaux! A soaring ambition truly! Oh, fie!

Count. That is not what I mean. I speak of a private opera, in the country. I am the Count d'Orville.

Du P. (*astonished*) Sir! That is a different affair. Of the Count d'Orville I can only ask pardon. Did you know how I am persecuted—If one listens to these kind of people, one can never get rid of them.

Count. That I can readily believe.

Du P. Let me see once more. (*to* La France, *after throwing off his powdering gown*) Take that away.

Count. Let me have your sincere opinion. (*dances.*)

Du P. Upon my word! Go on! Vastly well! The head and shoulders quite at their ease! No restraint! All grace! Charming! Ay, ay; that is dancing!

Count. Are you really satisfied?

Du P. Oh, excellent! Excellent!

Count. I am glad of that. Do you approve my style in this? (*dances.*)

Du P. Go on! Amazing! Your ear good; your precision astonishing! Continue! Go on! That *entrechat* once more! Wonderful! Exactly as it should be!

Count. You think then I may venture?

Du P. Venture! I wish I had a dancer like you for the opera. I can't think what the devil possessed me, just now, when I talked so foolishly!

Count. You delight me, Sir. I love and admire your frankness.

Du P. But, as I told you, I am tormented about trifles. I am really in despair at not having paid you more attention.

Count. Well, well, but you are now satisfied. How do I carry my arms?

Du P. Admirably! They are quite at ease.

Count. Yes, I think—Hey? And my head?

Du P. Cannot be better. Your ear accurate; each step firm; every part sustained; no constraint.

Count. The very qualities I admire! I shall return and pay you my respects.

Du P. 'Twill give you too much trouble.

Count. Pardon me, Sir; I shall wish for your advice, at some other time, on a *pas de deux* that I have composed. It is quite charming! Greatly admired.

Du P. Whenever you please, *M. le Comte.* I shall always be at your commands. (*attends him as he goes out.*)

Count. Where are you going, Sir? No ceremony among us dancers.

Du P. I do but act as becomes me.

Count. The head and shoulders at ease, no constraint, all grace. I shall not forget!

Du P. Oh, there is no fear of that!

Count. Adieu.

Du P. M. le Comte, I am your very humble servant. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

[Observations here are almost unnecessary, except it be to say, that volumes of these small pieces are to be found in the French language; that, for this species of writing, M. Carmontel is a celebrated author; that these Dramatick Proverbs, as they are called, chiefly consist of single incidents, with few scenes; and that they excellently delineate national manners. The proverb which the author has here chosen to exemplify is *Selon les Gens l'encens.* "Flattery according to rank."

Holcroft.]

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

From D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature.

.....

ORIGIN OF THE MATERIALS OF WRITING.

THE most ancient mode of writing was on *cinders*, on *bricks*, and on *tables of stone*; afterwards on *plates* of various materials, on *ivory*, and similar articles.

In the book of Job, mention is made of the custom of writing on *stone*, and sheets of *lead*. It was on tables of *stone* that Moses received the law written by the finger of God himself. The Gauls, in the time of Cæsar, wrote on *tables*; but of what they were composed is not known. This manner of writing we still retain, in respect to inscriptions, epitaphs, and such memorials as we are desirous should reach posterity.

These early inventions led to the discovery of tablets of *wood*; and as *cedar* is incor-

ruptible because of its bitterness, they chose this wood for their most important writings. From this custom arises the celebrated expression of the ancients, when they meant to give the highest eulogium of an excellent work, *et cedro digna loquuti;* that it was worthy to be written on *cedar*. These *tablets* were made of the *trunks of trees;* the use of them still exists, but in general they are made of other materials than wood. The same reason which led to prefer the *cedar* to other trees induced to write on *wax*, which is incorruptible from its nature. Men generally used it to write their testaments, in order the better to preserve them. Thus Juvenal says, *Ceras implere capaces.*

Saint Isidore of Seville testifies, that the Greeks and Tuscans were the first who used wax to write on. They wrote with an iron bodkin, as they did on the other substances we have noticed. But the Romans having forbidden the use of this instrument, they substituted a *stylus* made of the bone of a bird, or other animal; so that their writings resembled engravings. They also employed *reeds* cut in the form of *pens*.

In the progress of time, the art of writing consisted in *painting* with different kinds of *ink*. This novel mode of writing occasioned them to invent other materials proper to receive their writing. They now chose the thin *peels* of certain *trees*, *plants*, and even the *skins of animals*, which were prepared for this purpose. The first place where they began

to prepare these skins was *Pergamos*, in Asia. This is the origin of the Latin name from whence we have derived that of *parchment*. These skins are however better known amongst the authors of the purest Latin, under the name of *membrana*. They were so called because of the membranes of animals, of which they were composed. The ancients had *parchments* of three different colours, white, yellow, and purple. At Rome white parchment was disliked, because it was more subject to be soiled than the others, and dazzled the eye. They generally wrote in letters of gold and silver on purple parchment. This custom continued in the early ages of the church; and there are yet extant written copies of the evangelists of this kind; of which specimens are preserved in the British Museum.

The Egyptians on their side employed for writing the *bark* or *pith* of a *plant*, called *papyrus*. Formerly there grew great quantities of it on the sides of the Nile. It is this plant which has given the name to our paper, though it is composed of linen or rags, The *Chinese* make their *paper* with *silk*. The use of paper is of great antiquity. It is what the ancient Latinists call *charta* or *chartæ*. The honour of this invention is due to the town of Memphis in Egypt. Before the use of *parchment* and *paper* passed to the Romans, they contrived to use the thin peel which was found on certain trees, between the wood of these trees and their bark. This second skin

they called *liber*, from whence we have derived the names of *library* and *librarian* in the European languages, and the French their *livre* for book. Anciently, instead of folding this bark, this parchment and paper, as we fold ours, they rolled it according as they wrote on it; and the Latin name which they gave these rolls, is passed into our languages, as well as the others. We say a *volume* or volumes, although our books are composed of pages, cut and bound together.

The ancients were still more curious than ourselves in having their books richly conditioned. Besides the tint of purple with which they tinged their vellum, and the liquid gold which they employed for their ink, they were solicitous to enrich with precious stones, the covers of their books. In the early ages of the church, they painted on the outside commonly a dying Christ.

The following additional information, taken from Casley's catalogue of the MSS. in the King's library, is not less curious.

'Varro says, that palm leaves (or mallow leaves) were at first used for writing on; from whence the word began and continued to signify *the leaf* of a *book*, as well as of a tree or plant.

'That the ancients wrote or engraved on brass, is manifest from several instances: the laws of the twelve tables, and other monuments, were kept in the capitol, engraved on brass. The Romans and Lacedemonians wrote to the Jews in tables of brass. There

is a small fragment of writing on *bark*, near one thousand years old, in the Cottonian library; and there are still remaining a few old books in libraries abroad, said to be written on the Egyptian papyrus.

'The art of making paper of cotton, was discovered in the eleventh century; the invention of making paper of linen rags, could not be long after.'

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTION.

TRAGICK ACTORS.

MONTFLEURY, a French comedian, was one of the greatest actors of his time for characters highly tragick. He died of the violent efforts he made in representing Orestes in the Andromache of Racine. The author of the 'Parnasse Reformé' makes him thus express himself in the shades. There is something extremely droll in his lamentations, and it conveys a severe raillery on the inconveniences which tragick actors must certainly feel in an extreme degree.

'Ah! how sincerely do I wish that tragedies had never been invented! I might then have been yet in a state capable of appearing on the stage; and if I should not have attained the glory of sustaining sublime characters, I should at least have trifled agreeably, and have worked off my spleen in laughing! I have wasted my lungs in the violent

emotions of jealousy, love, and ambition. A thousand times have I been obliged to force myself to represent more passions than Le Brun ever painted or conceived. I saw myself frequently obliged to dart terrible glances; to roll my eyes furiously in my head, like a man insane; to frighten others by extravagant grimaces; to imprint on my countenance the redness of indignation and hatred; to make the paleness of fear and surprize succeed each other by turns; to express the transports of rage and despair; to cry out like a demoniack; and consequently to strain all the parts of my body to render them fitter to accompany these different expressions. The man then who would know of what I died, let him not ask if it is of the fever, the dropsy, or the gout; but let him know, that it is of *the Andromache!*

Most readers will recollect the death of Bond, who felt so exquisitely the character of Lusignan in Zara, which he personated, that Zara, when in her turn she addressed the old man, found him *dead* in his chair.

The assumption of a variety of characters, by a person of an irritable and delicate nature, may have a very serious effect on the mental faculties. This remark is founded on sufficient evidence. It would not be difficult to draw up a list of ACTORS, who have fallen martyrs to their tragick characters. The reader may recollect several modern instances.

Baron, who was the French Garrick, had a most elevated notion of his profession; he

used to say, that tragick actors should be nursed on the lap of queens! Nor was his vanity inferiour to his enthusiasm for his profession; for, according to him, the world might see once in a century a *Cæsar*, but that it required a thousand years to produce a *Baron!* The French writers have preserved a variety of little anecdotes, which testify the admirable talents he displayed. They have recorded one observation of his respecting actors, which is not less applicable to poets and to painters. RULES (said this sublime actor as he is called) may teach us not to raise the arms above the head; but if PASSION carries them, it will be well done; PASSION KNOWS MORE THAN ART.

. . . . . .

NATIONAL PRIDE.

WHEN the Khan of the Tartars, who did not possess a house to live in, and only subsisted upon rapine, had finished his dinner, (consisting of camel's milk, and, perhaps, on extraordinary occasions, a few steaks of horses' flesh) it was proclaimed by a herald, "That all the potentates, princes, and great men of the earth, might sit down at table."

Some Frenchmen who had landed on the coast of Guinea were carried before a negro prince. He was seated under a tree; his throne was a large block of wood, and his guards consisted of three or four negroes armed with wooden pikes. This *mighty* monarch asked—"Do they talk much of me in France?"

A Canadian thought he bestowed the greatest praise on an European, when he said—" He is a man like myself."

ORIGIN OF A POPULAR PHRASE.

THE following article is extracted from the ' Instructions of Kikiaoous, King of Mazanderan, to the Prince his Son ;' translated from the Persian, by the celebrated M. Galland.

A taylor of Samarcand, living near the gate that led to the burying-place, had, by his shop-board, *an earthen pot*, hanging upon a nail, into which he threw a little stone when any corpse was carried by, and, at the end of every moon, he counted the contents of his pot, in order to ascertain the number of the deceased. At length the taylor died himself, and, some time after, one that was unacquainted with his death, observing his shop to be deserted, enquired what was become of him ? One of the neighbours of the deceased answered, ' the taylor is *gone to the pot* as well as the rest.'

DIGNITY OF POETS.

IT is related of Piron, a French tragick and comick poet, that being one day conversing with a minister at his levee, a nobleman came in, and that the minister then invited them to his cabinet. Unacquainted with Piron, the nobleman bowed, and insisted on his going first. Piron returned the compliment, and the minister turning round,

said to the nobleman, "Pray take the lead, my Lord, Monsieur Piron is only a poet." On which Piron immediately stepped forward and exclaimed, "Since my rank is known, I will take my place."

BIOGRAPHY OF A MODERN BEAU.

A. B. was born in the year—(no matter what)—his parents were—(no matter who) he had a pleasant chubby countenance, frisked about in his nurse's arms, said *pa* when he was bid, and every body pronounced him a *sweet baby*. After this he began to walk alone, went from one end of the room to the other, spoke *pa* and *ma* and several other words very distinctly, and looked so charming that every body declared he was a *pretty boy*. He was now sent to school, where he learned his letters so well, that in a year or two he could read a short lesson in the spelling book, and repeat it tohis papa and mamma by heart, (on condition of receiving a slice of plumb cake) and was always desired to walk in when they had company—*now* he was a *charming child*. In his progress, by listening to the conversation of those about him, he acquired a perfect memory, as well as the prompt and proper application of common phrases in common speech, which he delivered with such a pleasing accent and unblushing countenance, that he universally acquired the character of—*a wonderful boy for his years*. He was sent to a higher school, and began to study Latin, arithmetick, wri-

ting, &c. Here he equalled at least, if not excelled his fellow scholars in his proficiency, and played so many droll tricks at the expense of his ushers and school-fellows, they had no scruple in pronouncing him—*a clever lad.* He was next sent to college where he outdid all his competitors in the midnight frolick, played an excellent hand at whist, learned to drink his bottle, and was so pleasant in singing a catch or glee, that they all agreed in bestowing upon him the epithet a *promising fellow.* Here too he distinguished himself in certain amours rather of the expensive kind, though they did not extend to higher game than his bedmaker or laundress, daughter ; when his parents were informed of his gallantry, they cried out in extacy—Jack is *a wild dog;* and to which his father added—d--d sensible ! His terms being over, he was sent to London and placed in one of the inns of court, as the proper place to study the law and see the world. Here he formed a new set of acquaintances with whom he ate, drank, gamed, and *saw fights.* He was the life and soul of his company, for he knew more and had more money than most of them ; and the sly old benchers of thi inns shook their heads, and declared he was—*a fine dashing fellow.* In his anxiety to see the world, he frequented all kinds of company, from the club in St. James's to the cellars in St. Giles's, and made such droll remarks on what he saw, and seemed to enter so heartily into every kind os conviviality

that although some thought him mad, yet the majority pronounced him—*a queer dog and no fool.* He, now began to dress in *style* —and keep women *in style*—dine *in style*, and give suppers *in style.* He was a great man at the coffee houses—in the box lobby of the theatres his person was an object—his opinion a law ; and from his general acquaintance with the *fair frail*, people began to consider him a *buck* : In time he learned to judge of horse flesh, frequented the races, betted considerably on the favourite horse of the day and won large sums. Lords now shook hands with him, and grave senators asked his opinion not on *state*, but on *stable* affairs, and he was known in the coffee houses as one of the fraternity ; in a word he was—*a knowing one.* But some how or other, his fortune, which had for some time been in his own hands, began to decrease—he was less successful in his bets—his bills remained unpaid for months—tradesmen began to be clamourous—money must be had—and to get it he ventured on many schemes which the world does not approve of, nor think quite consistent with honesty, and became—*a black legs.* Amidst all this he never was an apostate to the cause of the fair sex, pursued his amours with *inconstant constancy*, and with the advantages of a good person, some art, and some assurance, he was set down for —*a devil among the women.* In the progress of time however he found his affairs so much deranged, that he came to the resolution to

sell the remainder of what he possessed, buy an annuity, and retire from publick life. In managing this matter he made so good a bargain, that even the Jews shook their heads, stroked their beards and swore—"*ash Got is my judges, he is no Chrestian.*" After this he enjoyed himself to a pretty advanced age, having gone through, besides the characters above mentioned, several others, such as *odd fellow—hearty cock—pleasant dog—queer kind of a b.—a rum one* &c. and at last he died at his lodgings at a hair dresser's in Barbican, leaving his moveables and personal effects to an old woman, who swept his room, made his bed, and *tucked him up ;* which occasioned people to say—"ay, he was still the *old man.*" There was not however enough left to bury him, and the parish took this expense off the shoulders of his *wealthy* old *friends*, who signified their concern at his death, by the tender exclamation of—"*poor devil !* what ! is he dead ?—Well, I knew him once, a *fine fellow.*"

"Sic transit gloria mundi."

QUAINT TITLES.

THE prevailing rage to catch the publick ear by some specious or surprising *title*, has rendered many authors as ridiculous, in naming their works, as quacks or mountebanks. We have been pestered with 'Mysteries of the *Black* Tower'—'Mysteries elucidated'—'Mystery of Mysteries'—'My Uncle Thomas'—'Out at last'—'Man as he is not'—

'Woman as she should be :'—and many things which should *not be*. Among others 'St. Godwin, by St. Leon'—on which an irritated wag was revenged by exhibiting at the side of it 'St. Devil, by Satan.'

But novelists are not alone in this prostitution of literature. In professional knowledge there is practised a kind of swindling, equalled only by that political swindling, which has helped many a jockey in to office, in a certain country somewhere this side of the moon. '*Every man his own lawyer*,' and '*Every man his own doctor*,' are titles, by which scribblers induce the unlettered to buy their vile trash. We expect the next new *catch-penny* production will be some lame dissertation, with the equally consistent and pretty title of '*Every man his own wife*.'

Troy Gaz.

PREACHING.

When Dr. S. once preached at St. James's, a by-stander observed, "he did better last year."—"He did not preach at all last year," replied another—"The very thing I meant," answered he.

DOUBLE PUN.

The Earl of Leicester, that unworthy favourite of Queen Elizabeth, forming a park about Cornbury, and thinking to enclose it with posts and rails, was one day calculating the expense : A gentleman who stood by told him he did not go the cheapest way

to work. "How can I do it cheaper?" said my lord of Leicester. "Why," replied the gentleman, "if your lordship will find *posts*, the country will find *railing*."

SELECT SENTENCES.

HE who betrays another's secrets, because he has quarrelled with him, was never worthy of the sacred name of *friend;* a breach of kindness on the one side will not justify a breach of trust on the other.

MORE female characters are lost by lenity than by intrigue.

HE who has debauched a woman is a villain; but if he suffers her, therefore, to be insulted, he is a scoundrel.

GAMING is the vice of hope.

THE girl who has inflamed her passions, by novel-reading, is a *piece* ready charged and primed; the least *spark* (if I may be excused the triple pun) will make her *go off*.

THE voluptuary glories in his passions; the philosopher wishes he had none.

THE habit of reading, though even of indifferent performances, is not a little beneficial; insomuch as it may serve to withdraw the memory from subjects of domestick grief, or direct the mind from thoughts which engender perilous passions: but the advantage of reading *good* books is incalculably great; for though we should not put all, or

any, of its precepts into immediate practice, it is laying in a fund, a treasure of morality, which, sooner or later, may come into use.

The wife who looks for happiness at home must be very circumspect in her conduct abroad; for the moment a husband begins to doubt, he ceases to love.

We are so far from being justified in withholding our assistance from any one, *because he has brought his misfortunes on himself*, that we ought so much the more readily to relieve him; for doubly acute must his sufferings be, who is also conscious of his sins or follies.

Never trust appearances; whatever noise a drum makes 'tis only filled with air.

A good book is the best of friends: you can entertain yourself pleasantly with that when you have not a friend in whom you may confide.

Patiently endure all the attacks of those that envy you; you will by that means conquer them all. Thus fire itself is extinguished, when it meets with nothing that it can burn.

Whatever perfections you have, do not boast of them, because men will not believe you on your own word.

Ignorance is unjust towards all the world.

THE MINSTREL.

SELECTED FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

IMITATION
OF THE "OTIUM DIVOS" OF HORACE.

By Warren Hastings, Esq.

For ease the harrass'd seaman prays,
When equinoctial tempests raise
The cape's surrounding wave;
When hanging o'er the reef, he hears
The crackling mast, and sees or fears
Beneath, his watery grave.

For ease the slow Mahratta spoils,
And hardier Seik erratick toils,
While both their ease forego;
For ease, which neither gold can buy,
Nor robes nor gems, which oft belie
The cover'd heart below.

For neither gold, nor gems, combin'd
Can heal the soul, or suffering mind:
Lo! where their owner lies:
Perch'd on his couch, distemper breathes,
And care, like smoke, in turbid wreaths,
Round the gay ceiling flies.

He who enjoys, nor covets more,
The lands his father held before,
Is of true bliss possess'd;
Let but his mind, unfetter'd, tread
Far as the paths of knowledge lead,
And wise as well as bless'd.

Nor fears his peace of mind annoy,
Lest printed lies his fame destroy,
Which labour'd years have won;
Nor pack'd committees break his rest,

Nor avarice sends him forth in quest
Of climes beneath the sun.

Short is our span ; why then engage
In schemes, for which man's transient age
Was ne'er by Fate consign'd ?
Why slight the gifts of nature's hand ?
What wanderer from his native land
E'er left himself behind ?

The restless thought and wayward will,
And discontent attend him still,
Nor quit him while he lives ;
At sea, care follows in the wind ;
On land, it mounts the pad behind,
Or with the post-boy drives.

He who would happy live to-day,
Must laugh the present ills away,
Nor think of woes to come ;
For come they will, or soon or late,
Since mix'd, at best, is man's estate,
By Heaven's eternal doom.

To ripen'd age Clive liv'd renown'd,
With lacks enrich'd, with honours crown'd,
His valour's well-earn'd meed :
Too long, alas ! he liv'd to hate
His envied lot, and died too late,
From life's oppression freed.

An early death was Elliot's doom :
I saw his opening virtues bloom,
And manly sense unfold,
Too soon to fade. I bade the stone
Record his name, midst hordes unknown,
Unknowing what it told.

To thee, perhaps, the fates may give,
(I wish they may) in health to live,
Herds, flocks and fruitful fields ;
Thy vacant hours in mirth to shine,
With these the muse, already thine,
Her present bounty yields.

For me, O Shore, I only claim
To merit, not to seek for, fame,
The good and just to please;
A state above the fear of want,
Domestick peace, Heaven's choicest grant,
Health, leisure, peace and ease.

ODE TO DEATH,

BY FREDERICK II, KING OF PRUSSIA.

From the French, by Dr. Hawkesworth.

Yet a few *years* or *days* perhaps,
Or *moments* pass with silent lapse,
And time to me shall be no more;
No more the sun these eyes shall view,
Earth o'er these limbs her dust shall strew
And life's fantastick dream be o'er.

Alas! I touch the dreadful brink,
From nature's verge impell'd I sink,
And endless darkness wraps me round!
Yes, Death, is ever at my hand,
Fast by my bed he takes his stand,
And constant at my board is found.

Earth, air, and fire, and water, join
Against this fleeting life of mine,
And where for succour can I fly?
If art with flattering wiles pretend
To shield me like a guardian friend,
By Art, ere Nature bids, I die.

I see this tyrant of the mind,
This idol Flesh to dust consign'd,
Once call'd from dust by power divine:
Its features change, 'tis pale, 'tis cold—
Hence dreadful spectre! to behold
Thy aspect, is to make it mine.

And can I then with guilty pride,
Which fear nor shame can quell or hide,
This flesh still pamper and adorn?

Thus viewing what I soon *shall be*,
Can what I *am* demand the knee,
Or look on aught around with scorn ?

But then this spark that warms, that guides,
That lives, that thinks, what fate betides ?
Can this be dust, a kneaded clod !
This yield to death ! the soul, the mind,
That measures heaven, and mounts the wind,
That knows at once itself and GOD ?

Great Cause of all, above, below,
Who knows thee must forever know,
Immortal and divine !
Thy image on my soul imprest,
Of endless being is the test,
And bids Eternity be mine.

Transporting thought !—but am I sure
That endless life will joy secure ?
Joys only to the just decreed !
The guilty wretch expiring goes,
Where vengeance endless life bestows,
That endless mis'ry may succeed.

Great God, how awful is the scene !
A breath, a transient breath between ;
And can I jest, and laugh and play ?
To earth, alas ! too firmly bound,
Trees, deeply rooted in the ground,
Are shiver'd when they're torn away.

Vain joys, which envy'd greatness gains,
How do ye bind with silken chains,
Which ask Herculean strength to break !
How with new terrours have ye arm'd
The power whose slightest glance alarm'd !
How many deaths of one ye make !

Yet, dumb with wonder, I behold
Man's thoughtless race in errour bold,
Forget or scorn, the *laws* of death ;
With *these* no projects coincide,

Nor vows nor toils, nor hopes *they* guide,
Each thinks he draws immortal breath.
Each blind to fate's approaching hour,
Intrigues, or fights for wealth or power,
And slumb'ring dangers dare provoke:
And he who tott'ring scarce sustains
A century's age, plans future gains,
And feels an unexpected stroke.

Go on, unbridled desp'rate band,
Scorn rocks, gulfs, winds, search sea and land,
And spoil new worlds wherever found.
Seize, haste to seize the glittering prize,
And sighs, and tears, and prayers despise,
Nor spare the temple's holy ground.

They go, succeed, but look again,
The desperate hand you seek in vain,
Now trod in dust the peasant's scorn.
But who, that saw their treasures swell,
That heard th' insatiate vow rebel,
Would e'er have thought them mortal born?

See the world's victor mount his car,
Blood marks his progress wide and far,
Sure he shall reign while ages fly;
No, vanish'd like a morning cloud,
The hero was but just allow'd
To fight, to conquer, and to die.

And is it true, I ask with dread,
That nations heap'd on nations bled
Beneath his chariot's fervid wheel,
With trophies to adorn the spot,
Where his pale corse was left to rot,
And doom'd the hungry reptile's meal?

Yes, fortune weary'd with her play,
Her toy, this hero, casts away,
And scarce the form of man is seen:
Awe chills my breast, my eyes o'erflow,
Around my brows no roses glow,
The cypress-mine, funereal green.

Yet in this hour of grief and fears,
When awful Truth unveil'd appears,
Some power unknown usurps my breast;
Back to the world my thoughts are led,
My feet in folly's labyrinth tread,
And Fancy dreams that life is blest.

How weak an empress is the mind,
Whom Pleasure's flowery wreaths can bind,
And captive to her altars lead!
Weak Reason yields to Frenzy's rage,
And all the world is Folly's stage,
And all that act are fools indeed.

And yet this strange, this sudden flight,
From gloomy cares to gay delight,
This fickleness so light and vain,
In life's delusive transient dream,
Where men nor things are what they seem,
Is all the real good we gain.

EPIGRAM.

"How comes it," says a wealthy cit,
(Discoursing with a man of wit)
"That Fortune doth so seldom shed
Her favours on a poet's head,
While Ignorance throughout the land,
Walks with the Goddess, hand in hand?"
"Let not the matter cause surprize,
'Tis thus," the Muses' son replies:
"Some time ago, but when or where,
I know as little as I care,
Fortune and Phœbus disagreed,
And mortals suffer by the deed;
For when they visit here below,
Their different bounties to bestow,
Wherever one's arriv'd before,
The other always shuns the door."

SONNET.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF CAMOENS.

FROM sorrow free, and tears, and dull despair,
I liv'd contented in a sweet repose:
I heeded not the happier star of those
Whose amorous wiles achiev'd each conquer'd fair;
(Such bliss I deem'd full dearly bought with care:)
Mine was meek Love, that ne'er to frenzy rose,
And for its partners in my soul I chose
Benevolence, that never dreamt a snare,
And Independence, proudly cherish'd there!
—Dead now is happiness—'tis past, 'tis o'er—
And in its place, the thousand thoughts of yore,
Which haunt my melancholy bosom, seem
Like the faint memory of a pleasing dream—
They charm a moment—and they are no more!

THE POET AND THE CRITICK.

"BEAR me," cries Stanza, "to some peaceful shade,
Where not the breath of ether can pervade;
By all the busy plodding world forgot,
And sweet content shall share my humble cot."
"Stay where thou art," cried Censor in reply,
"Nor for the peaceful shade or cottage sigh;
Retirement more secluded from mankind
Than in thy garret thou canst never find;
Let days revolving swell oblivion's store,
And time coin years until his bags run o'er,
Here, undisturb'd, no rude intrusion dread,
For none inquire where Stanza rests his head."

THE DRAMA.

Truth loves open dealing....*Shakespeare.*

THE following observations on theatrical criticism we have read with much satisfaction. They form the prospectus of the *Theatrical Censor*, a work of great literary merit, now publishing at Philadelphia. We present them to our readers as containing sentiments perfectly congenial with ours, and which we are conscious can receive from us no greater embellishment.

"AMONGST the happiest inventions of genius may be classed scenick compositions. The aim of the muse was admirably advanced, when, to language and the lyre, she added the powers and charms of action.

"This species of amusement, however, if improperly managed, is a certain source of evil. To make it useful, "we must show virtue her own feature," vice her deformity. We must "hold the mirror up to nature," and renounce the trash which has so long sullied the pages of the drama.

"The stage is the direct School of Vice, when it presents immoral scenes, when it utters base and corrupt sentiments, under the specious semblance of candour and truth. It becomes a nuisance to society, when a false taste presides over its representations; when the passions are caricatured, when manners are miscopied, when its language

is barbarous, its pronunciation vicious, or its delivery vulgar.

"But, under proper management, the stage becomes the School of Virtue, the School of Manners, the great School of Society. In it is taught whatever is interesting not only to man, but to civilized man. It teaches all that ennobles, all that embellishes human life. It teaches all the decencies of publick and private intercourse. It is the School of Morals; it is the School of Arts; it is the School of Language; it is the School of *Piety*.

Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis;
Concubitu prohibere vago; dare jura maritis.

"For the beneficial direction of these advantages on whom must we depend? On the manager. On him devolves the responsibility, the credit or the discredit. His is the satisfaction in the just and careful discharge of his duty; of the enviable consciousness that his private views are accomplished with publick advantage, and that while he enriches himself, he is bestowing an invaluable treasure on his fellow citizens, on the state. He knows that he is ameliorating and polishing his age and country; and his reward extends far beyond the increased weight of his well-lined purse. He enjoys not only the praise and sanction of persons of taste and letters, but the good wishes of the philosopher—the gratitude of the legislator. With so many noble objects before his eyes, his efforts should be unceasing, as his reward will be glorious.

"A manager, however, is seldom in a situation to make his will his sole guide. His condition is somewhat similar to that of what are called absolute monarchs, but who wear the chains of popular opinion; who may, indeed, make and unmake the attendants in their antichambers, but who would risk their existence if they attempted the subversion of established and general customs. The publick, in the final resort, govern the stage. First, the publick forms the stage; then the stage forms the publick; and again the publick directs the stage. The manager must produce what the publick will sit to hear. He must engage those actors and actresses whom the publick applaud; and

> Such plays alone should please the publick ear
> As Cato's self would not disdain to hear.

And what is a critick? One of the publick, who expresses audibly his opinion, and endeavours to make it that of the majority. His aim is the perfection of the art, the reputation of the manager and performers, and the benefit of the publick. Is he the enemy of the drama? Far from it. He delights in it; he enjoys its honours, he resents its injuries; he laments when it is disgraced. Is he the enemy of the theatre? No. He strives to make it an object of attention; to multiply its attractions; to purge away its defects. Is he the enemy of the performer? Yes: of that performer who neglects his profession; who disfigures the stage; who oc-

cupies a station to which he is inadequate. But, of genius, and the performer who studies to deserve the wreath, is he the enemy? No: he is his active friend; he calls aloud for the general acknowledgment of his merit; he points out his particular excellencies; he labours, perhaps, to rescue him from neglect, and lead him out of the shadow of some dull, but more fortunate, rival;—and though not the most gracious of his undertakings, he strives to cure him of his faults.

"Is he the enemy of the publick? would he proscribe its amusements, or damp its pleasures? He defends, he partakes of the former, and his efforts are the increase of the latter. Is he an ill-humoured caviller? Is he unwilling to be pleased, or to let others be so? Are his criticisms unfounded? Are his opinions false, his taste gross or fantastick? Is he ignorant of what he sets up to judge? If so, pass him by; if he murmur, never heed him: and, for his writings, they will repose in "the tomb of all the Capulets."

"But if his judgment be sane, his purpose is certainly estimable. He is the voice of an enlightened audience; he demands in their name that the ear shall not be offended by those who found their claims on giving it pleasure; that the productions of transcendant genius shall not be so represented as to sully their glory; that elocution and language shall not be debased, where models will necessarily be taken; and finally, that the feelings of the audience shall not be in-

sulted, nor youth misled, where under a salutary regimen, the best affections will be cherished and the purest lessons inculcated. Such are the demands of every discerning auditor.

"These, then, are the pretensions of criticism; these are its objects: and their utility no man will deny. Dramatick criticism never wanted the support of the lovers of the drama; and the list of subscribers to this little work sufficiently proves that there is no deficiency of taste for theatrical amusements on this side the Atlantick."

BOSTON THEATRE.

If you look for a good speech now, you undo me; for what I have to say is of mine own making; and what, indeed, I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring...*Shakes.*

FEB. 28. Shakespeare's *King Henry the Fourth* was performed for the first time these three years, for the benefit of Mr. Cooper, who took leave of the audience in the part of *Sir John Falstaff*. His assumption of this character was honourable to himself, as a votary of the comick muse, and highly gratifying to a brilliant and overflowing audience. Mr. C. was perfect master of the language, and gave it such force and energy in delivery, that not a word was lost. The description of his soldiers, in the fourth act, might defy the most stubborn cynick to preserve the moroseness of his countenance. The voice, the gesture and the gait of *Cooper* were completely swallowed up in the doublet and hose of *Falstaff*. He was deficient in

nothing but ease: and, as use can "almost change the stamp of nature," the time probably is not far distant, when Mr. Cooper's *Falstaff* may be reckoned a master-piece of comick excellence.

Of Mr. Usher in *King Henry* we cannot speak otherwise than well. He was correct, warm and impressive. We should have been more pleased, however, to have seen him in Percy.

To Mr. Twaits in the *Prince of Wales*, during the two first acts, we gave our hearty approbation. The more serious parts were not sufficiently marked by that dignity of deportment which characterizes the hero.—*Worcester* might truly say of *Hotspur*,

> He apprehends a world of figures here,
> But not the form of what he should attend.

March 2. The grand dramatick romance of *Lodoiska* was produced this evening, with entire new scenery, executed by Mr. Milbourne. The fable of the piece has been already published.

Of the character of the performance general commendation might be expressed with rigid propriety. But the office of a censor involves also the *unpleasant duty* of censure upon errours, whether they proceed from want of attention or want talent. We have not the leisure to be specifick in our strictures; and therefore a few lenient comments must suffice for the present.

We have often observed one general fault in the declamation of Mr. Fox;—he is too

flatulent. And it may be added, that where this vice in speaking exists, the soul of all acting or reading, *discrimination* itself, is lost in a hurricane of *sound*. Mr. Fox certainly possesses considerable merit, as a general actor; but he should have remembered, that *Kera Khan*, though a Tartar, has something beside a ferocious look, long whiskers, and an imperative voice, to recommend him. He is actuated by an innate dignity and nobleness of mind; and though goaded by cruel injury, and hurried by impetuous passion, would never

> Have torn, without mercy, that passion to rags,
> Nor resembled stern *Boreas*, untying his bags!

Mr. Darley sung his first air with infinite taste, expression and sweetness. In the execution of "Descend, some warring angel," he was a little deficient in spirit; a defect which was observable throughout the performance of the character. As this, however, is a common charge against all *vocalists*, except Vernon, Webster and Kelly, it is but justice to add that his *acting* efforts were much *above* mediocrity.

Lodoiska had a lovely and interesting representative in Mrs. Darley. Her figure and powers were finely adapted to the character; and it was not without regret we observed, that, in the tender and expressive air, "Ye streams, that round my prison creep," she sung with feeble execution. In other respects, the "captive princess" could not have been better supported.

Mr. Usher sustained the Baron *Lovinski*, with dignified force and spirit. But there is one passage in his soliloquy in the third act, in which the feudal sternness of his character is softened into the tenderest sympathy for the fate of the lost *Lodoiska*.

To Mr. Twaits, in *Varbel*, we render our tribute of unqualified admiration. In *this* character he cannot be surpassed. With an abundant store of *comick salt*, he never sprinkles it without discretion; and though no man alive knows better *when* and *how* to sharpen the sting of a jest, he seems always aware, that

> A cobweb partition but thinly divides
> Those efforts, a critick applauds or derides.

This splendid, expensive and interesting drama was received with universal satisfaction; and we are sorry to say that so liberal and judicious an effort of the manager to preserve the attractions of the theatre, after the departure of Mr. Cooper, has not been crowned with an adequate compensation.

March 7. *The Wife of two Husbands*. This interesting drama seemed to have lost some of the attractions it possessed last season. It was received, however, with general approbation.

March 12. *The Will for the Deed*, a new comedy by T. Dibdin. This piece contains some humour, though not much originality. The principal comick character is *Motto*, a landlord, who, having been bred a herald painter, interlards his conversation with the

mottoes he has painted upon coach doors, corporation arms, &c. This character, perhaps, is not uncommon in real life, though the picture may be too highly coloured. Mr. Twaits personated it with his accustomed humour. *Reference*, the manager of a provincial theatre, whose language is principally composed of quotations, was not quite so happy in his representative. The allusions to the titles of plays were not properly discriminated.

MARCH 17. *A bold Stroke for a Husband*, by Mrs. Cowley. Mrs. Powell's *Olivia* was animated and sprightly. We were much pleased with Mrs. Usher's *Victoria*. In the habiliments of the other sex, her figure, manners and deportment were graceful and modest. We hope to see her often brought forward in characters of this description.—The pantomime which succeeded the play, founded on Lewis's tale of *The Fire King*, was "stale, flat and unprofitable."

MARCH 19. *The Rage*, by Reynolds, afforded us much gratification. *Lady Sarah Savage*, by Mrs. Shaw, we think was a little "over-done." *Sir Paul Perpetual*, by Mr. Fox, we also thought rather too broad a caricature. *Darnley*, by Usher, and *Gingham*, by Twaits, we never wish to see done better. In the modest, tender and virtuous wife, Mrs. Powell is always pleasing; and Mrs. Darley, in the character of *Clara Sedly*, was "the child of nature."—The new pantomime, called *Harlequin in Boston*, fell short of expectation.

March 24. The *Clandestine Marriage* and *The Devil to pay*. Criticism has frequently declared *Lord Ogleby* to be the best of all Mr. Bernard's personations. It would therefore be superfluous to point out the particular excellencies of what all acknowledge to be superlatively excellent.—*Lovewell* by Mr Fox was imperfect. If he possesses that principle called *gratitude*, he must be conscious of the infinite obligations he is under to the rest of the company, and particularly to *Lord Ogleby;* who, amidst the tortures of the gout and asthma, so kindly assisted him in the recollection of his part. We take this opportunity to repeat what we have before asserted—that Mr. Fox might make a respectable actor if he would endeavour to correct some of his errours, and appear in such parts only as are fitted to his figure and talents. But, like Nick Bottom, his "humour is for a tyrant, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split." He would be more agreeable if he would sometimes imitate his illustrious prototype of Athens more closely, and "speak in a monstrous little voice."—We cheerfully pronounce Mr. Darley the best representative of *Canton* we have ever seen. As the evening's entertainments were for the benefit of this gentleman,—respectable in private life, and the most scientifick singer that has ever appeared on our stage,—it was with extreme regret we witnessed the "beggarly account of empty boxes."—We should not have noticed Mr. Downie's *Brush*, had he not, in the

drunken scene, so unnaturally "o'erstept the modesty of nature." We would ask Mr. D. upon what authority he pronounces *duty, stupid,—juty, schupid?*

In the performance of *Mrs. Heidleberg*, Mrs. Shaw did not receive the applause she merited. It has given us many unpleasant sensations to observe the late repeated attempts of some ill-natured persons, to interrupt the performance, and injure the feelings of this lady, by raising a *hiss*. "That's villainous, and shews a pitiful *disposition* in the fool that *practises* it." Notwithstanding the improprieties observable in some of her performances, we do not hesitate to declare, that, on the score of useful talent, she is generally deserving of approbation.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

Shakespeare's *King Lear*, altered and adapted to the stage by Kemble, will be brought forward in a few days for the benefit of Mr. Usher.

Mr. Cooper made his first appearance at New-York, March 5, in Hamlet. The critics of the city think his representation of the royal Dane to be much improved. "*Curatii*," a writer in the Morning Chronicle, to whom we have generally been indebted for our theatrical intelligence from New-York, says, "Mr. C. has happily laid aside the ranting which he was accustomed to introduce into this personation, and instead of seeing, as

formerly, the boisterous, angry *actor*, we now view the grief-worn, melancholy *Hamlet*."

Saturday evening, March 8, Mr. Cooper and the whole company volunteered their services, and gave the use of the theatre, for the benefit of a Miss Dellinger, whose father, a short time before, in a fit of despondency, put a period to his life.

A new musical entertainment, called *Tars from Tripoli*, has been several times performed at New-York.

Mr. Cooper is now performing at Philadelphia, where he is engaged for nine nights. He began the 17th of March, in the character of Macbeth.

The following compliment to Mr. C. appeared in the Philadelphia Gazette, the morning after his first peformance.

If manly sense—if nature link'd with art;
If thorough knowledge of the human heart;
If powers of acting, vast and unconfin'd;
If fewest faults, with greatest beauties join'd;
If strong expression, and strange powers, which lie
Within the magick circle of the eye;
If feelings which few hearts like his can know,
And which no face as well as his can shew,
Deserve the preference—*Cooper*, take the chair,
Nor quit it, till thou place an equal there.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

THE present number closes the first volume of the Polyanthos. The number and respectability of its subscribers far exceed expectation; and no exertions shall be wanting to make it worthy a continuance of their patronage. It has hitherto been embellished with but few *native* pro-

ductions: but hopes are still cherished, that to the inclemency of the wintry skies, which lowered on its humble birth, the genial rays of Phœbus will succeed, and cause it to produce foliage of the noblest nature, and flowers of the finest fragrance. If cultured by the hand of liberality and watered by the streams of munificence, it cannot fail to flourish.

The theatrical criticisms in the last number, though not dictated by prejudice or ill-nature, have disturbed the repose of some, kindled the resentment of others, and created many personal enemies to the editor. Our labours in that department were begun with an irrevocable determination to adhere strictly to impartiality; to bestow liberal commendation upon merit; and to withhold it from errour and absurdity. If this principle has not been followed, it is not from peevishness or malevolence, but want of discernment. The remarks which produced the *flutter in the green-room*, and so loudly called for some "sweet oblivious antidote," we not only "powerfully and potently believe" to be just, but "hold it honesty to have it thus set down." Those whom it may concern are assured, that their *publick scribbling* or *private threats* produce no intimidation; and it is more from principles of benevolence than fear, that impertinence has not received its merited chastisement.

To Correspondents.

A communication "No. 2," from Chelmsford, is postponed for reasons given last month. If the writer can, under any other title, *cheat mankind into the road of honour*, his productions will be acceptable.

Contemplator, No. 3, is unavoidably omitted.

C. H. K. is received.

INDEX TO VOLUME FIRST.

PROSE.

	Page
AMERICAN Antiquities	39
America	159
Biography of the Rev. J. Belknap	5
of Col. T. Butler	13
of T. A. Cooper	73
of Mr. Fennel	187
of G. R. Minot	217
of a Modern Beau	261
of Commodore Preble	145
of Maj. Gen. Putnam 115, 149,	228
of John Tobin	86
Beauties of the Drama 33, 167,	249
Books of Love and Devotion	184
Clifton the American Poet	125
Contemplator 90,	158
Dignity of Poets	260
Double Pun	261
Douglas	185
Dramatick Anecdotes 122,	190
Drama 59, 135, 205,	275
Essay on Periodical Performances	17
Effusion of a Melancholy Hour	102
Enchanted Tapestry	114
Friendship	49
Golden verses of Pythagoras	97
Gossamour 56,	198
Hell	112
Historical Anecdotes 162,	253
History of Magnetism	242
Hieroglyphicks	183
Interesting Narrative	23
Judicial Eloquence	245
Knowledge	46
Knowledge of Nature in Shakespeare	42
Lope de Vega	234
Learning	45
Modern Poetry	38
National Pride	239
Omens	26
Origin of a popular phrase	260
Preaching	275
Philip the Third	109
Popular Writings	108
Power of inward feelings	49
Presumption	42
Progress of old age in new studies	111
Publius Lentulus's Letter	44
Quaint Titles	264
Regulation of Desire	48
Select Sentences 51, 199,	266
Sentiments of the multitude	43
Sketches of Criticism	93
Spencer, Johnson and Shakespeare	179
Titles of sovreigns	181
Tragick Actors	267
Theatrical Chit Chat 144, 216,	285
Wooden Leg	192

POETRY.

Advice to a Friend	133
To a Butterfly	57
On a Butterfly	204
Canzon from Camoens 53,	57
Canzonet, do. 56,	132
Epitaph	133
Epigram	273
Imitation of Horace	268
Life	201
Lines on the Passaick	203
Ode to Death	270
Power of Love	53
Reply Churlish	134
Sonnet to Hope	58
from Camoens 134,	274
written at midnight	413
The Poet and Critick	274
To Sensibility	281
The Wish	134
Wealth of the Cottage	203